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*Beatrice*

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THE HISTORY  
OF  
HENRY ESMOND, ESQ.

*A COLONEL IN THE SERVICE OF HER  
MAJESTY QUEEN ANNE*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

DENIS DUVAL

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY



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THE  
HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND.

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BOOK III.

CONTAINING THE END OF MR. ESMOND'S ADVENTURES  
IN ENGLAND.

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CHAPTER I.

I COME TO AN END OF MY BATTLES AND BRUISES.

THAT feverish desire to gain a little reputation which Esmond had had, left him now perhaps that he had attained some portion of his wish, and the great motive of his ambition was over. His desire for military honor was that it might raise him in Beatrix's eyes. 'T was next to nobility and wealth, the only kind of rank she valued. It was the stake quickest won or lost too; for law is a very long game that requires a life to practise; and to be distinguished in letters or the Church would not have forwarded the poor gentleman's plans in the least. So he had no suit to play but the red one, and he played it; and this, in truth, was the reason of his speedy

promotion; for he exposed himself more than most gentlemen do, and risked more to win more. Is he the only man that hath set his life against a stake which may be not worth the winning? Another risks his life (and his honor, too, sometimes,) against a bundle of bank-notes, or a yard of blue ribbon, or a seat in Parliament; and some for the mere pleasure and excitement of the sport; as a field of a hundred huntsmen will do, each out-bawling and out-galloping the other at the tail of a dirty fox, that is to be the prize of the foremost happy conqueror.

When he heard this news of Beatrix's engagement in marriage, Colonel Esmond knocked under to his fate, and resolved to surrender his sword, that could win him nothing now he cared for; and in this dismal frame of mind he determined to retire from the regiment, to the great delight of the captain next in rank to him, who happened to be a young gentleman of good fortune, who eagerly paid Mr. Esmond a thousand guineas for his majority in Webb's regiment, and was knocked on the head the next campaign. Perhaps Esmond would not have been sorry to share his fate. He was more the Knight of the Woful Countenance than ever he had been. His moodiness must have made him perfectly odious to his friends under the tents, who like a jolly fellow, and laugh at a melancholy warrior always sighing after Dulcinea at home.

Both the ladies of Castlewood approved of Mr. Esmond quitting the army, and his kind General coincided in his wish of retirement and helped in the transfer of his commission, which brought a pretty sum into his pocket. But when the Commander-in-Chief came home, and was forced, in spite of himself, to appoint Lieutenant-General Webb to the command



of a division of the army in Flanders, the Lieutenant-General prayed Colonel Esmond so urgently to be his aide-de-camp and military secretary, that Esmond could not resist his kind patron's entreaties, and again took the field, not attached to any regiment, but under Webb's orders. What must have been the continued agonies of fears<sup>1</sup> and apprehensions which racked the gentle breasts of wives and matrons in those dreadful days, when every Gazette brought accounts of deaths and battles, and when the present anxiety over, and the beloved person escaped, the doubt still remained that a battle might be fought, possibly, of which the next Flanders letter would bring the account; so they, the poor tender creatures, had to go on sickening and trembling through the whole campaign. Whatever these terrors were on the part of Esmonds' mistress (and that tenderest of women must have felt them most keenly for both her sons, as she called them), she never allowed them outwardly to appear, but hid her apprehension as she did her charities and devotion. 'T was only by chance that Esmond, wandering in Kensington, found his mistress coming out of a mean cottage there, and heard that she had a score of poor retainers, whom she visited and comforted in their sickness and poverty, and who blessed her daily. She attended the early church daily (though of a Sunday, especially, she encouraged and advanced all sorts of cheerfulness and innocent gayety in her little household): and by notes entered into a table-book of hers at this time, and devotional compositions writ with a sweet artless fervor, such as the best divines could not surpass, showed how fond her heart was, how humble and pious her spirit, what pangs of apprehension she

<sup>1</sup> What indeed? Psm. xci. 2, 3, 7. — R. E.

endured silently, and with what a faithful reliance she committed the care of those she loved to the awful Dispenser of death and life.

As for her ladyship at Chelsey, Esmond's newly adopted mother, she was now of an age when the danger of any second party doth not disturb the rest much. She cared for trumps more than for most things in life. She was firm enough in her own faith, but no longer very bitter against ours. She had a very good-natured, easy French director, Monsieur Gauthier by name, who was a gentleman of the world, and would take a hand of cards with Dean Atterbury, my lady's neighbor at Chelsey, and was well with all the High Church party. No doubt Monsieur Gauthier knew what Esmond's peculiar position was, for he corresponded with Holt, and always treated Colonel Esmond with particular respect and kindness; but for good reasons the Colonel and the Abbé never spoke on this matter together, and so they remained perfect good friends.

All the frequenters of my Lady of Chelsey's house were of the Tory and High Church party. Madam Beatrix was as frantic about the King as her elderly kinswoman: she wore his picture on her heart; she had a piece of his hair; she vowed he was the most injured, and gallant, and accomplished, and unfortunate, and beautiful of princes. Steele, who quarrelled with very many of his Tory friends, but never with Esmond, used to tell the Colonel that his kinswoman's house was a rendezvous of Tory intrigues; that Gauthier was a spy; that Atterbury was a spy; that letters were constantly going from that house to the Queen at St. Germain; on which Esmond, laughing, would reply, that they used to say in the army the Duke of Marlborough was a spy too, and as much in correspondence with that

family as any Jesuit. And without entering very eagerly into the controversy, Esmond had frankly taken the side of his family. It seemed to him that King James the Third was undoubtedly King of England by right: and at his sister's death it would be better to have him than a foreigner over us. No man admired King William more; a hero and a conqueror, the bravest, justest, wisest of men — but 't was by the sword he conquered the country, and held and governed it by the very same right that the great Cromwell held it, who was truly and greatly a sovereign. But that a foreign despotic Prince, out of Germany, who happened to be descended from King James the First, should take possession of this empire, seemed to Mr. Esmond a monstrous injustice — at least, every Englishman had a right to protest, and the English Prince, the heir-at-law, the first of all. What man of spirit with such a cause would not back it? What man of honor with such a crown to win would not fight for it? But that race was destined. That Prince had himself against him, an enemy he could not overcome. He never dared to draw his sword, though he had it. He let his chances slip by as he lay in the lap of opera-girls, or snivelled at the knees of priests asking pardon; and the blood of heroes, and the devotedness of honest hearts, and endurance, courage, fidelity, were all spent for him in vain.

But let us return to my Lady of Chelsey, who, when her son Esmond announced to her ladyship that he proposed to make the ensuing campaign, took leave of him with perfect alacrity, and was down to piquet with her gentlewoman before he had well quitted the room on his last visit. "Tierce to a king," were the last words he ever heard her say: the game of life was pretty nearly over for the good lady, and three months

afterwards she took to her bed, where she flickered out without any pain, so the Abbé Gauthier wrote over to Mr. Esmond, then with his General on the frontier of France. The Lady Castlewood was with her at her ending, and had written too, but these letters must have been taken by a privateer in the packet that brought them; for Esmond knew nothing of their contents until his return to England.

My Lady Castlewood had left everything to Colonel Esmond, "as a reparation for the wrong done to him:" 't was writ in her will. But her fortune was not much for it never had been large, and the honest Viscountess had wisely sunk most of the money she had upon an annuity which terminated with her life. However, there was the house and furniture, plate and pictures at Chelsey, and a sum of money lying at her merchant's, Sir Josiah Child, which altogether would realize a sum of near three hundred pounds per annum, so that Mr. Esmond found himself, if not rich, at least easy for life. Likewise there were the famous diamonds which had been said to be worth fabulous sums, though the goldsmith pronounced they would fetch no more than four thousand pounds. These diamonds, however, Colonel Esmond reserved, having a special use for them: but the Chelsey house, plate, goods, etc., with the exception of a few articles which he kept back, were sold by his orders; and the sums resulting from the sale invested in the public securities so as to realize the aforesaid annual income of three hundred pounds.

Having now something to leave, he made a will and despatched it home. The army was now in presence of the enemy; and a great battle expected every day. 'T was known that the General-in Chief was in disgrace, and the parties at home strong against him,

and there was no stroke this great and resolute player would not venture to recall his fortune when it seemed desperate. Frank Castlewood was with Colonel Esmond; his General having gladly taken the young nobleman on to his staff. His studies of fortifications at Bruxelles were over by this time. The fort he was besieging had yielded, I believe, and my lord had not only marched in with flying colors, but marched out again. He used to tell his boyish wickednesses with admirable humor, and was the most charming young scapegrace in the army.

'T is needless to say that Colonel Esmond had left every penny of his little fortune to this boy. It was the Colonel's firm conviction that the next battle would put an end to him: for he felt aweary of the sun, and quite ready to bid that and the earth farewell. Frank would not listen to his comrade's gloomy forebodings, but swore they would keep his birthday at Castlewood that autumn, after the campaign. He had heard of the engagement at home. "If Prince Eugene goes to London," says Frank, "and Trix can get hold of him, she'll jilt Ashburnham for his Highness. I tell you, she used to make eyes at the Duke of Marlborough, when she was only fourteen, and ogling poor little Blandford. I would n't marry her, Harry — no, not if her eyes were twice as big. I'll take my fun. I'll enjoy for the next three years every possible pleasure. I'll sow my wild oats then, and marry some quiet, steady, modest, sensible viscountess; hunt my harriers; and settle down at Castlewood. Perhaps I'll represent the county — no, damme, *you* shall represent the county. You have the brains of the family. By the Lord, my dear old Harry, you have the best head and the kindest heart in all the army; and every man says so — and

when the Queen dies, and the King comes back, why should n't you go to the House of Commons, and be a Minister, and be made a Peer, and that sort of thing? *You* be shot in the next action! I wager a dozen of Burgundy you are not touched. Mohun is well of his wound. He is always with Corporal John now. As soon as ever I see his ugly face I'll spit in it. I took lessons of Father—of Captain Holt at Bruxelles. What a man that is! He knows everything." Esmond bade Frank have a care; that Father Holt's knowledge was rather dangerous; not, indeed, knowing as yet how far the Father had pushed his instructions with his young pupil.

The gazetteers and writers, both of the French and English side, have given accounts sufficient of that bloody battle of Blarignies or Malplaquet, which was the last and the hardest earned of the victories of the great Duke of Marlborough. In that tremendous combat near upon two hundred and fifty thousand men were engaged, more than thirty thousand of whom were slain or wounded (the Allies lost twice as many men as they killed of the French, whom they conquered): and this dreadful slaughter very likely took place because a great general's credit was shaken at home, and he thought to restore it by a victory. If such were the motives which induced the Duke of Marlborough to venture that prodigious stake, and desperately sacrifice thirty thousand brave lives, so that he might figure once more in a Gazette, and hold his places and pensions a little longer, the event defeated the dreadful and selfish design, for the victory was purchased at a cost which no nation, greedy of glory as it may be, would willingly pay for any triumph. The gallantry of the French was as remarkable as the furious bravery of their assailants.

We took a few score of their flags, and a few pieces of their artillery; but we left twenty thousand of the bravest soldiers of the world round about the intrenched lines, from which the enemy was driven. He retreated in perfect good order; the panic-spell seemed to be broke, under which the French had labored ever since the disaster of Hochstedt; and, fighting now on the threshold of their country, they showed an heroic ardor of resistance, such as had never met us in the course of their aggressive war. Had the battle been more successful, the conqueror might have got the price for which he waged it. As it was (and justly, I think), the party adverse to the Duke in England were indignant at the lavish extravagance of slaughter, and demanded more eagerly than ever the recall of a chief whose cupidity and desperation might urge him further still. After this bloody fight of Malplaquet, I can answer for it, that in the Dutch quarters and our own, and amongst the very regiments and commanders whose gallantry was most conspicuous upon this frightful day of carnage, the general cry was, that there was enough of the war. The French were driven back into their own boundary, and all their conquests and booty of Flanders disgorged. As for the Prince of Savoy, with whom our Commander-in-Chief, for reasons of his own, consorted more closely than ever, 't was known that he was animated not merely by a political hatred, but by personal rage against the old French King: the Imperial Generalissimo never forgot the slight put by Louis upon the Abbé de Savoie; and in the humiliation or ruin of his most Christian Majesty, the Holy Roman Emperor found his account. But what were these quarrels to us, the free citizens of England and Holland? Despot as he was, the French monarch was yet the

chief of European civilization, more venerable in his age and misfortunes than at the period of his most splendid successes; whilst his opponent was but a semi-barbarous tyrant, with a pillaging, murderous horde of Croats and Pandours, composing a half of his army, filling our camp with their strange figures, bearded like the miscreant Turks their neighbors, and carrying into Christian warfare their native heathen habits of rapine, lust, and murder. Why should the best blood in England and France be shed in order that the Holy Roman and Apostolic master of these ruffians should have his revenge over the Christian king? And it was to this end we were fighting; for this that every village and family in England was deploring the death of beloved sons and fathers. We dared not speak to each other, even at table, of Malplaquet, so frightful were the gaps left in our army by the cannon of that bloody action. 'Twas heart-rending for an officer who had a heart to look down his line on a parade-day afterwards, and miss hundreds of faces of comrades — humble or of high rank — that had gathered but yesterday full of courage and cheerfulness round the torn and blackened flags. Where were our friends? As the great Duke reviewed us, riding along our lines with his fine suite of prancing aides-de-camp and generals, stopping here and there to thank an officer with those eager smiles and bows of which his Grace was always lavish, scarce a huzza could be got for him, though Cadogan, with an oath, rode up and cried — “D—n you, why don't you cheer?” But the men had no heart for that: not one of them but was thinking, “Where's my comrade? — where's my brother that fought by me, or my dear captain that led me yesterday?” 'Twas the most gloomy pa-



geant I ever looked on; and the "Te Deum" sung by our chaplains, the most woful and dreary satire.

Esmond's general added one more to the many marks of honor which he had received in the front of a score of battles, and got a wound in the groin, which laid him on his back; and you may be sure he consoled himself by abusing the Commander-in-Chief, as he lay groaning, — "Corporal John's as fond of me," he used to say, "as King David was of General Uriah; and so he always gives me the post of danger." He persisted, to his dying day, in believing that the Duke intended he should be beat at Wynendael, and sent him purposely with a small force, hoping that he might be knocked on the head there. Esmond and Frank Castlewood both escaped without hurt, though the division which our General commanded suffered even more than any other, having to sustain not only the fury of the enemy's cannonade, which was very hot and well served, but the furious and repeated charges of the famous Maison-du-Roy, which we had to receive and beat off again and again, with volleys of shot and hedges of iron, and our four lines of musqueteers and pikemen. They said the King of England charged us no less than twelve times that day, along with the French Household. Esmond's late regiment, General Webb's own Fusileers, served in the division which their Colonel commanded. The General was thrice in the centre of the square of the Fusileers, calling the fire at the French charges, and, after the action, his Grace the Duke of Berwick sent his compliments to his old regiment and their Colonel for their behavior on the field.

We drank my Lord Castlewood's health and majority, the 25th of September, the army being then before Mons: and here Colonel Esmond was not so

fortunate as he had been in actions much more dangerous, and was hit by a spent ball just above the place where his former wound was, which caused the old wound to open again, fever, spitting of blood, and other ugly symptoms, to ensue; and, in a word, brought him near to death's door. The kind lad, his kinsman, attended his elder comrade with a very praiseworthy affectionateness and care until he was pronounced out of danger by the doctors, when Frank went off, passed the winter at Bruxelles, and besieged, no doubt, some other fortress there. Very few lads would have given up their pleasures so long and so gayly as Frank did; his cheerful prattle soothed many long days of Esmond's pain and languor. Frank was supposed to be still at his kinsman's bedside for a month after he had left it, for letters came from his mother at home full of thanks to the younger gentleman for his care of his elder brother (so it pleased Esmond's mistress now affectionately to style him); nor was Mr. Esmond in a hurry to undeceive her, when the good young fellow was gone for his Christmas holiday. It was as pleasant to Esmond on his couch to watch the young man's pleasure at the idea of being free, as to note his simple efforts to disguise his satisfaction on going away. There are days when a flask of champagne at a cabaret, and a red-cheeked partner to share it, are too strong temptations for any young fellow of spirit. I am not going to play the moralist, and cry "Fie." For ages past, I know how old men preach, and what young men practise; and that patriarchs have had their weak moments too, long since Father Noah toppled over after discovering the vine. Frank went off, then, to his pleasures at Bruxelles, in which capital many young fellows of our army declared they found infinitely greater diver-

sion even than in London: and Mr. Henry Esmond remained in his sick-room, where he writ a fine comedy, that his mistress pronounced to be sublime, and that was acted no less than three successive nights in London in the next year.

Here, as he lay nursing himself, ubiquitous Mr. Holt reappeared, and stopped a whole month at Mons, where he not only won over Colonel Esmond to the King's side in politics (that side being always held by the Esmond family); but where he endeavored to reopen the controversial question between the churches once more, and to recall Esmond to that religion in which, in his infancy, he had been baptized. Holt was a casuist, both dexterous and learned, and presented the case between the English church and his own in such a way that those who granted his premises ought certainly to allow his conclusions. He touched on Esmond's delicate state of health, chance of dissolution, and so forth; and enlarged upon the immense benefits that the sick man was likely to forego — benefits which the Church of England did not deny to those of the Roman communion, as how should she, being derived from that church, and only an offshoot from it? But Mr. Esmond said that his church was the church of his country, and to that he chose to remain faithful: other people were welcome to worship and to subscribe any other set of articles, whether at Rome or at Augsburg. But if the good Father meant that Esmond should join the Roman communion for fear of consequences, and that all England ran the risk of being damned for heresy, Esmond, for one, was perfectly willing to take his chance of the penalty along with the countless millions of his fellow-countrymen, who were bred in the same faith, and along with some of the noblest, the truest, the purest, the wisest,

the most pious and learned men and women in the world.

As for the political question, in that Mr. Esmond could agree with the Father much more readily, and had come to the same conclusion, though, perhaps, by a different way. The right divine, about which Dr. Sacheverel and the High Church party in England were just now making a bother, they were welcome to hold as they chose. If Richard Cromwell, and his father before him had been crowned and anointed (and bishops enough would have been found to do it), it seemed to Mr. Esmond that they would have had the right divine just as much as any Plantagenet, or Tudor, or Stuart. But the desire of the country being unquestionably for an hereditary monarchy, Esmond thought an English king out of St. Germain was better and fitter than a German prince from Herrenhausen, and that if he failed to satisfy the nation, some other Englishman might be found to take his place; and so, though with no frantic enthusiasm, or worship of that monstrous pedigree which the Tories chose to consider divine, he was ready to say, "God save King James!" when Queen Ann went the way of kings and commoners.

"I fear, Colonel, you are no better than a republican at heart," says the priest with a sigh.

"I am an Englishman," says Harry, "and take my country as I find her. The will of the nation being for church and king, I am for church and king too; but English church and English king; and that is why your church is n't mine, though your king is."

Though they lost the day at Malplaquet, it was the French who were elated by that action, whilst the conquerors were dispirited by it; and the enemy gathered together a larger army than ever, and made

prodigious efforts for the next campaign. Marshal Berwick was with the French this year; and we heard that Maréchal Villars was still suffering of his wound, was eager to bring our Duke to action, and vowed he would fight us in his coach. Young Castlewood came flying back from Bruxelles, as soon as he heard that fighting was to begin; and the arrival of the Chevalier de St. George was announced about May. "It's the King's third campaign, and it's mine," Frank liked saying. He was come back a greater Jacobite than ever, and Esmond suspected that some fair conspirators at Bruxelles had been inflaming the young man's ardor. Indeed, he owned that he had a message from the Queen, Beatrix's god-mother, who had given her name to Frank's sister the year before he and his sovereign were born.

However desirous Marshal Villars might be to fight, my Lord Duke did not seem disposed to indulge him this campaign. Last year his Grace had been all for the Whigs and Hanoverians; but finding, on going to England, his country cold towards himself, and the people in a ferment of High Church loyalty, the Duke comes back to his army cooled towards the Hanoverians, cautious with the Imperialists, and particularly civil and polite towards the Chevalier de St. George. 'Tis certain that messengers and letters were continually passing between his Grace and his brave nephew, the Duke of Berwick, in the opposite camp. No man's caresses were more opportune than his Grace's, and no man ever uttered expressions of regard and affection more generously. He professed to Monsieur de Torcy, so Mr. St. John told the writer, quite an eagerness to be cut in pieces for the exiled Queen and her family; nay more, I believe, this year he parted with a portion of the most precious part of himself — his money —

which he sent over to the royal exiles. Mr. Tunstal, who was in the Prince's service, was twice or thrice in and out of our camp; the French, in theirs of Arlieu and about Arras. A little river, the Canihe I think 't was called (but this is writ away from books and Europe; and the only map the writer hath of these scenes of his youth, bears no mark of this little stream), divided our pickets from the enemy's. Our sentries talked across the stream, when they could make themselves understood to each other, and when they could not, grinned, and handed each other their brandy-flasks or their pouches of tobacco. And one fine day of June, riding thither with the officer who visited the outposts (Colonel Esmond was taking an airing on horseback, being too weak for military duty), they came to this river, where a number of English and Scots were assembled, talking to the good-natured enemy on the other side.

Esmond was especially amused with the talk of one long fellow, with a great curling red mustache, and blue eyes, that was half a dozen inches taller than his swarthy little comrades on the French side of the stream, and being asked by the Colonel, saluted him, and said that he belonged to the Royal Cravats.

From his way of saying "Royal Cravat," Esmond at once knew that the fellow's tongue had first wagged on the banks of the Liffey, and not the Loire; and the poor soldier — a deserter probably — did not like to venture very deep into French conversation, lest his unlucky brogue should peep out. He chose to restrict himself to such few expressions in the French language as he thought he had mastered easily; and his attempt at disguise was infinitely amusing. Mr. Esmond whistled "Lillibullero," at which Teague's eyes began to twinkle, and then flung him a dollar,

when the poor boy broke out with a "God bless — that is, Dieu benisse votre honor," that would infallibly have sent him to the provost-marshal had he been on our side of the river.

Whilst this parley was going on, three officers on horseback, on the French side, appeared at some little distance, and stopped as if eying us, when one of them left the other two, and rode close up to us who were by the stream. "Look, look!" says the Royal Cravat, with great agitation, "pas lui, that's he; not him, l'autre," and pointed to the distant officer on a chestnut horse, with a cuirass shining in the sun, and over it a broad blue ribbon.

"Please to take Mr. Hamilton's services to my Lord Marlborough — my Lord Duke," says the gentleman in English: and, looking to see that the party were not hostilely disposed, he added, with a smile, "There's a friend of yours, gentlemen, yonder; he bids me to say that he saw some of your faces on the 11th of September last year."

As the gentleman spoke, the other two officers rode up, and came quite close. We knew at once who it was. It was the King, then two-and-twenty years old, tall and slim, with deep brown eyes, that looked melancholy, though his lips wore a smile. We took off our hats and saluted him. No man, sure, could see for the first time, without emotion, the youthful inheritor of so much fame and misfortune. It seemed to Mr. Esmond that the Prince was not unlike young Castlewood, whose age and figure he resembled. The Chevalier de St. George acknowledged the salute and looked at us hard. Even the idlers on our side of the river set up a hurrah. As for the Royal Cravat he ran to the Prince's stirrup, knelt down and kissed his boot, and bawled and looked a hundred ejacula-

tions and blessings. The prince bade the aide-de-camp give him a piece of money; and when the party saluting us had ridden away, Cravat spat upon the piece of gold by way of benediction, and swaggered away, pouching his coin and twirling his honest carrotty mustache.

The officer in whose company Esmond was, the same little captain of Handyside's regiment, Mr. Sterne, who had proposed the garden at Lille, when my Lord Mohun and Esmond had their affair, was an Irishman too, and as brave a little soul as ever wore a sword. "Bedad," says Roger Sterne, "that long fellow spoke French so beautiful that I should n't have known he was n't a foreigner till he broke out with his hulla-ballooing, and only an Irish calf can bellow like that." And Roger made another remark in his wild way, in which there was sense as well as absurdity — "If that young gentleman," says he "would but ride over to our camp, instead of Villars's, toss up his hat and say, 'Here am I, the King, who'll follow me?' by the Lord, Esmond, the whole army would rise and carry him home again, and beat Villars, and take Paris by the way."

The news of the Prince's visit was all through the camp quickly, and scores of ours went down in hopes to see him. Major Hamilton, whom we had talked with, sent back by a trumpet several silver pieces for officers with us. Mr. Esmond received one of these; and that medal, and a recompense not uncommon amongst Princes, were the only rewards he ever had from a Royal person. whom he endeavored not very long after to serve.

Esmond quitted the army almost immediately after this, following his General home; and, indeed, being advised to travel in the fine weather and attempt to



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THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE.



take no further part in the campaign. But he heard from the army, that of the many who crowded to see the Chevalier de St. George, Frank Castlewood had made himself most conspicuous: my Lord Viscount riding across the little stream bareheaded to where the Prince was, and dismounting and kneeling before him to do him homage. Some said that the Prince had actually knighted him, but my lord denied that statement, though he acknowledged the rest of the story, and said:—"From having been out of favor with Corporal John," as he called the Duke, "before his Grace warned him not to commit those follies, and smiled on him cordially ever after."

"And he was so kind to me," Frank writ, "that I thought I would put in a good word for Master Harry, but when I mentioned your name he looked as black as thunder, and said he had never heard of you."

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## CHAPTER II.

### I GO HOME, AND HARP ON THE OLD STRING.

AFTER quitting Mons and the army, and as he was waiting for a packet at Ostend, Esmond had a letter from his young kinsman Castlewood at Bruxelles, conveying intelligence whereof Frank besought him to be the bearer to London, and which caused Colonel Esmond no small anxiety.

The young scapegrace, being one-and-twenty years old, and being anxious to sow his "wild otes," as he wrote, had married Mademoiselle de Wertheim, daughter of Count de Wertheim, Chamberlain to the Emperor, and having a post in the Household of the Governor of the Netherlands.

"P. S.," the young gentleman wrote: "Clotilda is *older than me*, which perhaps may be objected to her: but I am so *old a raik* that the age makes no difference, and I am *determined* to reform. We were married at St. Gudule, by Father Holt. She is heart and soul for the *good cause*. And here the cry is *Vif-le-Roy*, which my mother will *join in*, and Trix too. Break this news to 'em gently: and tell Mr. Finch, my agent, to press the people for their rents, and send me the *ryno* anyhow. Clotilda sings, and plays on the Spinnet *beautifully*. She is a fair beauty. And if it's a son, you shall stand *Godfather*. I'm going to leave the army, having had *enuf of soldiering*; and my Lord Duke *recommends* me. I shall pass the winter here: and stop at least until Clo's lying in. I call her *old Clo*, but nobody else shall. She is the cleverest woman in all Bruxelles: understanding painting, music, poetry, and perfect at *cookery and puddens*. I boded with the Count,

that's how I came to know her. There are four Counts her brothers. One an Abbey — three with the Prince's army. They have a lawsuit for *an immense fortune*: but are now in a *pore way*. Break this to mother, who'll take anything from you. And write, and bid Finch write *amediatly*. Hostel de l'Aigle Noire, Bruxelles, Flanders."

So Frank had married a Roman Catholic lady, and an heir was expected, and Mr. Esmond was to carry this intelligence to his mistress at London. 'T was a difficult embassy; and the Colonel felt not a little tremor as he neared the capital.

He reached his inn late, and sent a messenger to Kensington to announce his arrival and visit the next morning. The messenger brought back news that the Court was at Windsor, and the fair Beatrix absent and engaged in her duties there. Only Esmond's mistress remained in her house at Kensington. She appeared in court but once in the year; Beatrix was quite the mistress and ruler of the little mansion, inviting the company thither, and engaging in every conceivable frolic of town pleasure. Whilst her mother, acting as the young lady's protectress and elder sister, pursued her own path, which was quite modest and secluded.

As soon as ever Esmond was dressed (and he had been awake long before the town), he took a coach for Kensington, and reached it so early that he met his dear mistress coming home from morning prayers. She carried her prayer-book, never allowing a footman to bear it, as everybody else did: and it was by this simple sign Esmond knew what her occupation had been. He called to the coachman to stop, and jumped out as she looked towards him. She wore her hood as usual, and she turned quite pale when she saw him. To feel that kind little hand near to

his heart seemed to give him strength. They were soon at the door of her ladyship's house — and within it.

With a sweet sad smile she took his hand and kissed it.

"How ill you have been: how weak you look, my dear Henry," she said.

'Tis certain the Colonel did look like a ghost, except that ghosts do not look very happy, 'tis said. Esmond always felt so on returning to her after absence, indeed whenever he looked in her sweet kind face.

"I am come back to be nursed by my family," says he. "If Frank had not taken care of me after my wound, very likely I should have gone altogether."

"Poor Frank, good Frank!" says his mother. "You'll always be kind to him, my lord," she went on. "The poor child never knew he was doing you a wrong."

"My lord!" cries out Colonel Esmond. "What do you mean, dear lady?"

"I am no lady," says she; "I am Rachel Esmond, Francis Esmond's widow, my lord. I cannot bear that title. Would we never had taken it from him who has it now. But we did all in our power, Henry: we did all in our power; and my lord and I — that is —"

"Who told you this tale, dearest lady?" asked the Colonel.

"Have you not had the letter I writ you? I writ to you at Mons directly I heard it," says Lady Esmond.

"And from whom?" again asked Colonel Esmond — and his mistress then told him that on her death-bed the Dowager Countess, sending for her, had presented her with this dismal secret as a legacy. "'T was very



malicious of the Dowager," Lady Esmond said, "to have had it so long, and to have kept the truth from me." "Cousin Rachel," she said, — and Esmond's mistress could not forbear smiling as she told the story — "Cousin Rachel," cries the Dowager, "I have sent for you, as the doctors say I may go off any day in this dysentery; and to ease my conscience of a great load that has been on it. You always have been a poor creature and unfit for great honor, and what I have to say won't, therefore, affect you so much. You must know, Cousin Rachel, that I have left my house, plate, and furniture, three thousand pounds in money, and my diamonds that my late revered Saint and Sovereign, King James, presented me with, to my Lord Viscount Castlewood."

"To my Frank?" says Lady Castlewood; "I was in hopes —"

"To Viscount Castlewood, my dear; Viscount Castlewood and Baron Esmond of Shandon in the Kingdom of Ireland, Earl and Marquis of Esmond under patent of his Majesty King James the Second, conferred upon my husband the late Marquis — for I am Marchioness of Esmond before God and man."

"And have you left poor Harry nothing, dear Marchioness?" asks Lady Castlewood (she hath told me the story completely since with her quiet arch way; the most charming any woman ever had: and I set down the narrative here at length, so as to have done with it). "And have you left poor Harry nothing?" asks my dear lady: "for you know, Henry," she says with her sweet smile, "I used always to pity Esau — and I think I am on his side — though papa tried very hard to convince me the other way."

"Poor Harry!" says the old lady. "So you want something left to poor Harry: he, — he! (reach me

the drops, Cousin). Well, then, my dear, since you want poor Harry to have a fortune, you must understand that ever since the year 1691, a week after the battle of the Boyne, where the Prince of Orange defeated his royal sovereign and father, for which crime he is now suffering in flames (ugh! ugh!) Henry Esmond hath been Marquis of Esmond and Earl of Castlewood in the United Kingdom, and Baron and Viscount Castlewood of Shandon in Ireland, and a Baronet—and his eldest son will be, by courtesy, styled Earl of Castlewood—he! he! What do you think of that, my dear?”.

“Gracious mercy! how long have you known this?” cries the other lady (thinking perhaps that the old Marchioness was wandering in her wits).

“My husband, before he was converted, was a wicked wretch,” the sick sinner continued. “When he was in the Low Countries he seduced a weaver’s daughter; and added to his wickedness by marrying her. And then he came to this country and married me—a poor girl—a poor innocent young thing—I say,”—“though she was past forty, you know, Harry, when she married: and as for being innocent”—“Well,” she went on, “I knew nothing of my lord’s wickedness for three years after our marriage, and after the burial of our poor little boy I had it done over again, my dear: I had myself married by Father Holt in Castlewood chapel, as soon as ever I heard the creature was dead—and having a great illness then, arising from another sad disappointment I had, the priest came and told me that my lord had a son before our marriage, and that the child was at nurse in England; and I consented to let the brat be brought home, and a queer little melancholy child it was when it came.

"Our intention was to make a priest of him: and he was bred for this, until you perverted him from it, you wicked woman. And I had again hopes of giving an heir to my lord, when he was called away upon the King's business, and died fighting gloriously at the Boyne water.

"Should I be disappointed — I owed your husband no love, my dear, for he had jilted me in the most scandalous way; and I thought there would be time to declare the little weaver's son for the true heir. But I was carried off to prison, where your husband was so kind to me — urging all his friends to obtain my release, and using all his credit in my favor — that I relented towards him, especially as my director counselled me to be silent; and that it was for the good of the King's service that the title of our family should continue with your husband the late viscount, whereby his fidelity would be always secured to the King. And a proof of this is, that a year before your husband's death, when he thought of taking a place under the Prince of Orange, Mr. Holt went to him, and told him what the state of the matter was, and obliged him to raise a large sum for his Majesty; and engaged him in the true cause so heartily, that we were sure of his support on any day when it should be considered advisable to attack the usurper. Then his sudden death came; and there was a thought of declaring the truth. But 't was determined to be best for the King's service to let the title still go with the younger branch; and there's no sacrifice a Castlewood would n't make for that cause, my dear.

"As for Colonel Esmond, he knew the truth already." ("And then, Harry," my mistress said, "she told me of what had happened at my dear hus-

band's death-bed.") "He doth not intend to take the title, though it belongs to him. But it eases my conscience that you should know the truth, my dear. And your son is lawfully Viscount Castlewood so long as his cousin doth not claim the rank."

This was the substance of the Dowager's revelation. Dean Atterbury had knowledge of it, Lady Castlewood said, and Esmond very well knows how: that divine being the clergyman for whom the late lord had sent on his death-bed: and when Lady Castlewood would instantly have written to her son, and conveyed the truth to him, the Dean's advice was that a letter should be writ to Colonel Esmond rather; that the matter should be submitted to his decision, by which alone the rest of the family were bound to abide.

"And can my dearest lady doubt what that will be?" says the Colonel.

"It rests with you, Harry, as the head of our house."

"It was settled twelve years since, by my dear lord's bedside," says Colonel Esmond. "The children must know nothing of this. Frank and his heirs after him must bear our name. 'Tis his rightfully; I have not even a proof of that marriage of my father and mother, though my poor lord, on his death-bed, told me that Father Holt had brought such a proof to Castlewood. I would not seek it when I was abroad. I went and looked at my poor mother's grave in her convent. What matter to her now? No court of law on earth, upon my mere word, would deprive my Lord Viscount and set me up. I am the head of the house, dear lady; but Frank is Viscount of Castlewood still. And rather than disturb him, I would turn monk, or disappear in America."

As he spoke so to his dearest mistress, for whom he would have been willing to give up his life, or to make any sacrifice any day, the fond creature flung herself down on her knees before him, and kissed both his hands in an outbreak of passionate love and gratitude, such as could not but melt his heart, and make him feel very proud and thankful that God had given him the power to show his love for her, and to prove it by some little sacrifice on his own part. To be able to bestow benefits or happiness on those one loves is sure the greatest blessing conferred upon a man — and what wealth or name, or gratification of ambition or vanity, could compare with the pleasure Esmond now had of being able to confer some kindness upon his best and dearest friends ?

“Dearest saint,” says he — “purest soul, that has had so much to suffer, that has blest the poor lonely orphan with such a treasure of love. ’Tis for me to kneel, not for you : ’t is for me to be thankful that I can make you happy. Hath my life any other aim ? Blessed be God that I can serve you ! What pleasure, think you, could all the world give me compared to that ? ”

“Don’t raise me,” she said, in a wild way, to Esmond, who would have lifted her. “Let me kneel — let me kneel, and — and — worship you.”

Before such a partial judge as Esmond’s dear mistress owned herself to be, any cause which he might plead was sure to be given in his favor ; and accordingly he found little difficulty in reconciling her to the news whereof he was bearer, of her son’s marriage to a foreign lady, Papist though she was. Lady Castlewood never could be brought to think so ill of that religion as other people in England thought of it : she held that ours was undoubtedly a branch

of the Catholic church, but that the Roman was one of the main stems on which, no doubt, many errors had been grafted (she was, for a woman, extraordinarily well versed in this controversy, having acted, as a girl, as secretary to her father, the late dean, and written many of his sermons, under his dictation); and if Frank had chosen to marry a lady of the church of south Europe, as she would call the Roman communion, there was no need why she should not welcome her as a daughter-in-law: and accordingly she wrote to her new daughter a very pretty, touching letter (as Esmond thought, who had cognizance of it before it went), in which the only hint of reproof was a gentle remonstrance that her son had not written to herself, to ask a fond mother's blessing for that step which he was about taking. "Castlewood knew very well," so she wrote to her son, "that she never denied him anything in her power to give, much less would she think of opposing a marriage that was to make his happiness, as she trusted, and keep him out of wild courses, which had alarmed her a good deal:" and she besought him to come quickly to England, to settle down in his family house of Castlewood ("it is his family house," says she, to Colonel Esmond, "though only his own house by your forbearance") and to receive the accout of her stewardship during his ten years' minority. By care and frugality, she had got the estate into a better condition than ever it had been since the Parliamentary wars; and my lord was now master of a pretty small income, not encumbered of debts, as it had been, during his father's ruinous time. "But in saving my son's fortune," says she, "I fear I have lost a great part of my hold on him." And, indeed, this was the case: her ladyship's daughter complaining that their mother did all

for Frank, and nothing for her; and Frank himself being dissatisfied at the narrow, simple way of his mother's living at Walcote, where he had been brought up more like a poor parson's son than a young nobleman that was to make a figure in the world. 'T was this mistake in his early training, very likely, that set him so eager upon pleasure when he had it in his power; nor is he the first lad that has been spoiled by the over-careful fondness of women. No training is so useful for children, great or small, as the company of their betters in rank or natural parts; in whose society they lose the over-weening sense of their own importance, which stay-at-home people very commonly learn.

But, as a prodigal that's sending in a schedule of his debts to his friends, never puts all down, and, you may be sure, the rogue keeps back some immense swingeing bill, that he does n't dare to own; so the poor Frank had a very heavy piece of news to break to his mother, and which he had n't the courage to introduce into his first confession. Some misgivings Esmond might have, upon receiving Frank's letter, and knowing into what hands the boy had fallen; but whatever these misgivings were, he kept them to himself, not caring to trouble his mistress with any fears that might be groundless.

However, the next mail which came from Bruxelles, after Frank had received his mother's letters there, brought back a joint composition from himself and his wife, who could spell no better than her young scapegrace of a husband, full of expressions of thanks, love, and duty to the Dowager Viscountess, as my poor lady now was styled; and along with this letter (which was read in a family council, namely, the Viscountess, Mistress Beatrix, and the writer of

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this memoir, and which was pronounced to be vulgar by the Maid of Honor, and felt to be so by the other two), there came a private letter for Colonel Esmond from poor Frank, with another dismal commission for the Colonel to execute, at his best opportunity; and this was to announce that Frank had seen fit, "by the exhortation of Mr. Holt, the influence of his Clotilda, and the blessing of heaven and the saints," says my lord, demurely, "to change his religion, and be received into the bosom of that church of which his sovereign, many of his family, and the greater part of the civilized world, were members." And his lordship added a postscript, of which Esmond knew the inspiring genius very well, for it had the genuine twang of the Seminary, and was quite unlike poor Frank's ordinary style of writing and thinking; in which he reminded Colonel Esmond that he too was, by birth, of that church; and that his mother and sister should have his lordship's prayers to the saints (an inestimable benefit, truly!) for their conversion.

If Esmond had wanted to keep this secret, he could not; for a day or two after receiving this letter, a notice from Bruxelles appeared in the "Post-Boy" and other prints, announcing that "a young Irish lord, the Viscount C-stlew-d, just come to his majority, and who had served the last campaigns with great credit, as aide-de-camp to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, had declared for the Popish religion at Bruxelles, and had walked in a procession barefoot, with a wax-taper in his hand." The notorious Mr. Holt, who had been employed as a Jacobite agent during the last reign, and many times pardoned by King William, had been, the "Post-Boy" said, the agent of this conversion.

The Lady Castlewood was as much cast down by



this news as Miss Beatrix was indignant at it. "So," says she, "Castlewood is no longer a home for us, Mother. Frank's foreign wife will bring her confessor, and there will be frogs for dinner; and all Tusher's and my grandfather's sermons are flung away upon my brother. I used to tell you that you killed him with the catechism, and that he would turn wicked as soon as he broke from his mammy's leading-strings. Oh, Mother, you would not believe that the young scapegrace was playing you tricks, and that sneak of a Tusher was not a fit guide for him. Oh, those parsons, I hate 'em all!" says Mistress Beatrix, clapping her hands together; yes, whether they wear cassocks and buckles, or beards and bare feet. There's a horrid Irish wretch who never misses a Sunday at Court, and who pays me compliments there, the horrible man; and if you want to know what parsons are, you should see his behavior, and hear him talk of his own cloth. They're all the same, whether they're bishops, or bonzes, or Indian fakirs. They try to domineer, and they frighten us with kingdom come; and they wear a sanctified air in public, and expect us to go down on our knees and ask their blessing; and they intrigue, and they grasp, and they backbite, and they slander worse than the worst courtier or the wickedest old woman. I heard this Mr. Swift sneering at my Lord Duke of Marlborough's courage the other day. He! that Teague from Dublin! because his Grace is not in favor, dares to say this of him; and he says this that it may get to her Majesty's ear, and to coax and wheedle Mrs. Masham. They say the Elector of Hanover has a dozen of mistresses in his court at Herrenhausen, and if he comes to be king over us, I wager that the bishops and Mr. Swift, that wants to be one, will coax and wheedle them. Oh,

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those priests and their grave airs! I'm sick of their square toes and their rustling cassocks. I should like to go to a country where there was not one, or turn Quaker, and get rid of 'em; and I would, only the dress is not becoming, and I've much too pretty a figure to hide it. Have n't I, Cousin?" and here she glanced at her person and the looking-glass, which told her rightly that a more beautiful shape and face never were seen.

"I made that onslaught on the priests," says Miss Beatrix, afterwards, "in order to divert my poor dear mother's anguish about Frank. Frank is as vain as a girl, Cousin. Talk of us girls being vain, what are *we* to you?" It was easy to see that the first woman who chose would make a fool of him, or the first robe — I count a priest and a woman all the same. We are always caballing; we are not answerable for the fibs we tell; we are always cajoling and coaxing, or threatening; and we are always making mischief, Colonel Esmond — mark my word for that, who know the world, sir, and have to make my way in it. I see as well as possible how Frank's marriage hath been managed. The Count, our papa-in-law, is always away at the coffee-house. The Countess, our mother, is always in the kitchen looking after the dinner. The Countess, our sister, is at the spinet. When my lord comes to say he is going on the campaign, the lovely Clotilda bursts into tears, and faints — so; he catches her in his arms — no, sir, keep your distance, Cousin, if you please — she cries on his shoulder, and he says, 'Oh, my divine, my adored, my beloved Clotilda, are you sorry to part with me?' 'Oh, my Francisco,' says she, 'oh, my lord!' and at this very instant mamma and a couple of young brothers, with mus-taches and long rapiers, come in from the kitchen,

where they have been eating bread and onions. Mark my word, you will have all this woman's relations at Castlewood three months after she has arrived there. The old count and countess, and the young counts and all the little countesses her sisters. Counts! every one of these wretches says he is a count. Guiscard, that stabbed Mr. Harvey, said he was a count; and I believe he was a barber. All Frenchmen are barbers — Fiddledee! don't contradict me — or else dancing-masters, or else priests." And so she rattled on.

"Who was it taught *you* to dance, Cousin Beatrix?" says the Colonel.

She laughed out the air of a minuet, and swept a low curtsy, coming up to the recover with the prettiest little foot in the world pointed out. Her mother came in as she was in this attitude; my lady had been in her closet, having taken poor Frank's conversion in a very serious way; the madcap girl ran up to her mother, put her arms round her waist, kissed her, tried to make her dance, and said: "Don't be silly, you kind little mamma, and cry about Frank turning Papist. What a figure he must be, with a white sheet and a candle, walking in a procession barefoot!" And she kicked off her little slippers (the wonderfulest little shoes with wonderful tall red heels: Esmond pounced upon one as it fell close beside him), and she put on the drollest little *moue*, and marched up and down the room holding Esmond's cane by way of taper. Serious as her mood was, Lady Castlewood could not refrain from laughing; and as for Esmond he looked on with that delight with which the sight of this fair creature always inspired him: never had he seen any woman so arch, so brilliant, and so beautiful.

Having finished her march, she put out her foot for her slipper. The Colonel knelt down: "If you will be Pope I will turn Papist," says he; and her Holiness gave him gracious leave to kiss the little stockinged foot before he put the slipper on.

Mamma's feet began to pat on the floor during this operation, and Beatrix, whose bright eyes nothing escaped, saw that little mark of impatience. She ran up and embraced her mother, with her usual cry of, "Oh, you silly little mamma: your feet are quite as pretty as mine," says she: "they are, Cousin, though she hides 'em; but the shoemaker will tell you that he makes for both off the same last."

"You are taller than I am, dearest," says her mother, blushing over her whole sweet face—"and —and it is your hand, my dear, and not your foot he wants you to give him;" and she said it with a hysteric laugh, that had more of tears than laughter in it; laying her head on her daughter's fair shoulder, and hiding it there. They made a very pretty picture together, and looked like a pair of sisters—the sweet simple matron seeming younger than her years, and her daughter, if not older, yet somehow, from a commanding manner and grace which she possessed above most women, her mother's superior and protectress.

"But oh!" cries my mistress, recovering herself after this scene, and returning to her usual sad tone, "'tis a shame that we should laugh and be making merry on a day when we ought to be down on our knees and asking pardon."

"Asking pardon for what?" says saucy Mrs. Beatrix—"because Frank takes it into his head to fast on Fridays and worship images? You know if you had been born a Papist, Mother, a Papist you

would have remained to the end of your days. 'Tis the religion of the King and of some of the best quality. For my part, I'm no enemy to it, and think Queen Bess was not a penny better than Queen Mary."

"Hush, Beatrix! Do not jest with sacred things, and remember of what parentage you come," cries my lady. Beatrix was ordering her ribbons, and adjusting her tucker, and performing a dozen provokingly pretty ceremonies, before the glass. The girl was no hypocrite at least. She never at that time could be brought to think but of the world and her beauty; and seemed to have no more sense of devotion than some people have of music, that cannot distinguish one air from another. Esmond saw this fault in her, as he saw many others—a bad wife would Beatrix Esmond make, he thought, for any man under the degree of a Prince. She was born to shine in great assemblies, and to adorn palaces, and to command everywhere—to conduct an intrigue of politics, or to glitter in a queen's train. But to sit at a homely table, and mend the stockings of a poor man's children! that was no fitting duty for her, or at least one that she wouldn't have broke her heart in trying to do. She was a princess, though she had scarce a shilling to her fortune; and one of her subjects—the most abject and devoted wretch, sure, that ever drivelled at a woman's knees—was this unlucky gentleman; who bound his good sense, and reason, and independence, hand and foot, and submitted them to her.

And who does not know how ruthlessly women will tyrannize when they are let to domineer? and who does not know how useless advice is? I could give good counsel to my descendants, but I know they'll follow

their own way, for all their grandfather's sermon. A man gets his own experience about women, and will take nobody's hearsay; nor, indeed, is the young fellow worth a fig that would. 'Tis I that am in love with my mistress, not my old grandmother that counsels me: 'tis I that have fixed the value of the thing I would have, and know the price I would pay for it. It may be worthless to you, but 'tis all my life to me. Had Esmond possessed the Great Mogul's crown and all his diamonds, or all the Duke of Marlborough's money, or all the ingots sunk at Vigo, he would have given them all for this woman. A fool he was, if you will; but so is a sovereign a fool, that will give half a principality for a little crystal as big as a pigeon's egg, and called a diamond: so is a wealthy nobleman a fool, that will face danger or death, and spend half his life, and all his tranquillity, caballing for a blue ribbon; so is a Dutch merchant a fool, that hath been known to pay ten thousand crowns for a tulip. There's some particular prize we all of us value, and that every man of spirit will venture his life for. With this, it may be to achieve a great reputation for learning; with that, to be a man of fashion, and the admiration of the town; with another, to consummate a great work of art or poetry, and go to immortality that way; and with another, for a certain time of his life, the sole object and aim is a woman.

Whilst Esmond was under the domination of this passion, he remembers many a talk he had with his intimates, who used to rally Our Knight of the Rueful Countenance at his devotion, whereof he made no disguise, to Beatrice; and it was with replies such as the above he met his friends' satire. "Granted, I am a fool," says he, "and no better than you; but you are no better than I. You have your folly you

labor for; give me the charity of mine. What flatteries do you, Mr. St. John, stoop to whisper in the ears of a queen's favorite? What nights of labor doth not the laziest man in the world endure, foregoing his bottle, and his boon companions, foregoing Lais, in whose lap he would like to be yawning, that he may prepare a speech full of lies, to cajole three hundred stupid country-gentlemen in the House of Commons, and get the hiccupping cheers of the October Club! What days will you spend in your jolting chariot." (Mr. Esmond often rode to Windsor, and especially, of later days, with the Secretary.) "What hours will you pass on your gouty feet—and how humbly will you kneel down to present a despatch—you, the proudest man in the world, that has not knelt to God since you were a boy, and in that posture whisper, flatter, adore almost, a stupid woman, that's often boozy with too much meat and drink, when Mr. Secretary goes for his audience! If my pursuit is vanity, sure yours is too." And then the Secretary would fly out in such a rich flow of eloquence, as this pen cannot pretend to recall; advocating his scheme of ambition, showing the great good he would do for his country, when he was the undisputed chief of it; backing his opinion with a score of pat sentences from Greek and Roman authorities (of which kind of learning he made rather an ostentatious display), and scornfully vaunting the very arts and meannesses by which fools were to be made to follow him, opponents to be bribed or silenced, doubters converted, and enemies overawed.

"I am Diogenes," says Esmond, laughing, "that is taken up for a ride in Alexander's chariot. I have no desire to vanquish Darius or to tame Bucephalus. I do not want what you want, a great name or a high

place: to have them would bring me no pleasure. But my moderation is taste, not virtue; and I know that what I do want is as vain as that which you long after. Do not grudge me my vanity, if I allow yours; or rather, let us laugh at both indifferently, and at ourselves, and at each other."

"If your charmer holds out," says St. John, "at this rate she may keep you twenty years besieging her, and surrender by the time you are seventy, and she is old enough to be a grandmother. I do not say the pursuit of a particular woman is not as pleasant a pastime as any other kind of hunting," he added; "only, for my part, I find the game won't run long enough. They knock under too soon — that's the fault I find with 'em."

"The game which you pursue is in the habit of being caught, and used to being pulled down," says Mr. Esmond.

"But *Dulcinea del Toboso* is peerless, eh?" says the other. "Well, honest Harry, go and attack windmills — perhaps thou art not more mad than other people," St. John added, with a sigh.



### CHAPTER III.

#### A PAPER OUT OF THE "SPECTATOR."

DO TH any young gentleman of my progeny, who may read his old grandfather's papers, chance to be presently suffering under the passion of Love? There is a humiliating cure, but one that is easy and almost specific for the malady — which is, to try an alibi. Esmond went away from his mistress and was cured a half-dozen times; he came back to her side, and instantly fell ill again of the fever. He vowed that he could leave her and think no more of her, and so he could pretty well, at least, succeed in quelling that rage and longing he had whenever he was with her; but as soon as he returned he was as bad as ever again. Truly a ludicrous and pitiable object, at least exhausting everybody's pity but his dearest mistress's, Lady Castlewood's, in whose tender breast he reposed all his dreary confessions, and who never tired of hearing him and pleading for him.

Sometimes Esmond would think there was hope. Then again he would be plagued with despair, at some impertinence or coquetry of his mistress. For days they would be like brother and sister, or the dearest friends — she, simple, fond, and charming — he, happy beyond measure at her good behavior. But this would all vanish on a sudden. Either he would be too pressing, and hint his love, when she would rebuff him instantly, and give his vanity a box on the ear; or he would be jealous, and with

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perfect good reason, of some new admirer that had sprung up, or some rich young gentleman newly arrived in the town, that this incorrigible flirt would set her nets and baits to draw in. If Esmond remonstrated, the little rebel would say — “Who are you? I shall go my own way, sirrah, and that way is towards a husband, and I don’t want *you* on the way. I am for your betters, Colonel, for your betters: do you hear that? You might do if you had an estate and were younger; only eight years older than I, you say! pish, you are a hundred years older. You are an old, old Graveairs, and I should make you miserable, that would be the only comfort I should have in marrying you. But you have not money enough to keep a cat decently after you have paid your man his wages, and your landlady her bill. Do you think I am going to live in a lodging, and turn the mutton at a string whilst your honor nurses the baby? Fiddlestick, and why did you not get this nonsense knocked out of your head when you were in the wars? You are come back more dismal and dreary than ever. You and mamma are fit for each other. You might be Darby and Joan, and play cribbage to the end of your lives.”

“At least you own to your worldiness, my poor Trix,” says her mother,

“Worldliness. Oh, my pretty lady! Do you think that I am a child in the nursery, and to be frightened by Bogey! Worldliness, to be sure; and pray, Madam, where is the harm of wishing to be comfortable? When you are gone, you dearest old woman, or when I am tired of you and have run away from you, where shall I go? Shall I go and be head nurse to my Popish sister-in-law, take the children their physic, and whip ’em, and put ’em to bed when they are naughty?

Shall I be Castlewood's upper servant, and perhaps marry Tom Tusher? *Merci!* I have been long enough Frank's humble servant. Why am I not a man? I have ten times his brains, and had I worn the — well, don't let your ladyship be frightened — had I worn a sword and periwig instead of this mantle and commode to which nature has condemned me — (though 't is a pretty stuff, too — Cousin Esmond! you will go to the Exchange to-morrow, and get the exact counterpart of this ribbon, sir; do you hear?) — I would have made our name talked about. So would Graveairs here have made something out of our name if he had represented it. My Lord Graveairs would have done very well. Yes, you have a very pretty way, and would have made a very decent, grave speaker." And here she began to imitate Esmond's way of carrying himself and speaking to his face, and so ludicrously that his mistress burst out a-laughing, and even he himself could see there was some likeness in the fantastical malicious caricature.

"Yes," says she, "I solemnly vow, own, and confess, that I want a good husband. Where's the harm of one? My face is my fortune. Who'll come? — buy, buy, buy! I cannot toil, neither can I spin, but I can play twenty-three games on the cards. I can dance the last dance, I can hunt the stag, and I think I could shoot flying. I can talk as wicked as any woman of my years, and know enough stories to amuse a sulky husband for at least one thousand and one nights. I have a pretty taste for dress, diamonds, gambling, and old china. I love sugar-plums, Malines lace (that you brought me, Cousin, is very pretty), the opera, and everything that is useless and costly. I have got a monkey and a little black boy — Pompey, sir, go and give a dish of chocolate to Colonel Grave-

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airs, — and a parrot and a spaniel, and I must have a husband. Cupid, you hear ? ”

“ Iss, Missis ! ” says Pompey, a little grinning negro Lord Peterborrow gave her, with a bird of Paradise in his turban, and a collar with his mistress’s name on it.

“ Iss, Missis ! ” says Beatrix, imitating the child. “ And if husband not come, Pompey must go fetch one.”

And Pompey went away grinning with his chocolate tray as Miss Beatrix ran up to her mother and ended her sally of mischief in her common way, with a kiss — no wonder that upon paying such a penalty her fond judge pardoned her.

When Mr. Esmond came home, his health was still shattered; and he took a lodging near to his mistresses, at Kensington, glad enough to be served by them, and to see them day after day. He was enabled to see a little company — and of the sort he liked best. Mr. Steele and Mr. Addison both did him the honor to visit him; and drank many a glass of good claret at his lodging, whilst their entertainer, through his wound, was kept to diet, drink, and gruel. These gentlemen were Whigs, and great admirers of my Lord Duke of Marlborough; and Esmond was entirely of the other party. But their different views of politics did not prevent the gentlemen from agreeing in private, nor from allowing, on one evening when Esmond’s kind old patron, Lieutenant-General Webb, with a stick and a crutch, hobbled up to the Colonel’s lodging (which was prettily situate at Knightsbridge, between London and Kensington, and looking over the Gardens), that the Lieutenant-General was a noble and gallant soldier — and even that he had been hardly used in the Wynendael affair. He took his

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revenge in talk, that must be confessed; and if Mr. Addison had had a mind to write a poem about Wyndendael, he might have heard from the commander's own lips the story a hundred times over.

Mr. Esmond, forced to be quiet, betook himself to literature for a relaxation, and composed his comedy, whereof the prompter's copy lieth in my walnut escritoire, sealed up and docketed, "The Faithful Fool, a Comedy, as it was performed by her Majesty's Servants." 'T was a very sentimental piece; and Mr. Steele, who had more of that kind of sentiment than Mr. Addison, admired it, whilst the other rather sneered at the performance; though he owned that, here and there, it contained some pretty strokes. He was bringing out his own play of "Cato" at the time, the blaze of which quite extinguished Esmond's farthing candle; and his name was never put to the piece, which was printed as by a Person of Quality. Only nine copies were sold, though Mr. Dennis, the great critic, praised it, and said 't was a work of great merit; and Colonel Esmond had the whole impression burned one day in a rage, by Jack Lockwood, his man.

All this comedy was full of bitter satiric strokes against a certain young lady. The plot of the piece was quite a new one. A young woman was represented with a great number of suitors, selecting a pert fribble of a peer, in place of the hero (but ill-acted, I think, by Mr. Wilks, the Faithful Fool), who persisted in admiring her. In the fifth act, Teraminta was made to discover the merits of Eugenio (the F. F.), and to feel a partiality for him too late; for he announced that he had bestowed his hand and estate upon Rosaria, a country lass, endowed with every virtue. But it must be owned that the audi-

ence yawned through the play; and that it perished on the third night, with only half a dozen persons to behold its agonies. Esmond and his two mistresses came to the first night, and Miss Beatrix fell asleep; whilst her mother, who had not been to a play since King James the Second's time, thought the piece, though not brilliant, had a very pretty moral.

Mr. Esmond dabbled in letters, and wrote a deal of prose and verse at this time of leisure. When displeased with the conduct of Miss Beatrix, he would compose a satire, in which he relieved his mind. When smarting under the faithlessness of women, he dashed off a copy of verses, in which he held the whole sex up to scorn. One day, in one of these moods, he made a little joke, in which (swearing him to secrecy) he got his friend Dick Steele to help him; and, composing a paper, he had it printed exactly like Steele's paper, and by his printer, and laid on his mistress's breakfast-table the following —

"SPECTATOR.

"No. 341.

"Tuesday, April 1, 1712.

*Mutato nomine de te Fabula narratur.* — HORACE.  
Thyself the moral of the Fable see. — CREECH.

"Jocasta is known as a woman of learning and fashion, and as one of the most amiable persons of this court and country. She is at home two mornings of the week, and all the wits and a few of the beauties of London flock to her assemblies. When she goes abroad to Tunbridge or the Bath, a retinue of adorers rides the journey with her; and besides the London beaux, she has a crowd of admirers at the Wells, the polite amongst the natives of Sussex and Somerset pressing round her tea-tables, and being anxious for a nod from her chair. Jocasta's acquaintance is thus very numerous. Indeed, 't is one smart writer's work to keep her visiting-book — a strong footman is engaged to carry it; and it would require a much

stronger head even than Jocasta's own to remember the names of all her dear friends.

"Either at Epsom Wells or at Tunbridge (for of this important matter Jocasta cannot be certain) it was her ladyship's fortune to become acquainted with a young gentleman, whose conversation was so sprightly, and manners amiable, that she invited the agreeable young spark to visit her if ever he came to London, where her house in Spring Garden should be open to him. Charming as he was, and without any manner of doubt a pretty fellow, Jocasta hath such a regiment of the like continually marching round her standard, that 't is no wonder her attention is distracted amongst them. And so, though this gentleman made a considerable impression upon her, and touched her heart for at least three-and-twenty minutes, it must be owned that she has forgotten his name. He is a dark man, and may be eight-and-twenty years old. His dress is sober, though of rich materials. He has a mole on his forehead over his left eye; has a blue ribbon to his cane and sword, and wears his own hair.

"Jocasta was much flattered by beholding her admirer (for that everybody admires who sees her is a point which she never can for a moment doubt) in the next pew to her at St. James's Church last Sunday; and the manner in which he appeared to go to sleep during the sermon — though from under his fringed eyelids it was evident he was casting glances of respectful rapture towards Jocasta — deeply moved and interested her. On coming out of church, he found his way to her chair, and made her an elegant bow as she stepped into it. She saw him at Court afterwards, where he carried himself with a most distinguished air, though none of her acquaintances knew his name; and the next night he was at the play, where her ladyship was pleased to acknowledge him from the side-box.

"During the whole of the comedy she racked her brains so to remember his name that she did not hear a word of the piece: and having the happiness to meet him once more in the lobby of the playhouse, she went up to him in a flutter, and bade him remember that she kept two nights in the week, and that she longed to see him at Spring Garden.

"He appeared on Tuesday, in a rich suit, showing a very fine taste both in the tailor and wearer ; and though a knot of us were gathered round the charming Jocasta, fellows who pretended to know every face upon the town, not one could tell the gentleman's name in reply to Jocasta's eager inquiries, flung to the right and left of her as he advanced up the room with a bow that would become a duke.

"Jocasta acknowledged this salute with one of those smiles and curtsies of which that lady hath the secret. She curtsies with a languishing air, as if to say, 'You are come at last. I have been pining for you : ' and then she finishes her victim with a killing look, which declares : 'O Philander! I have no eyes but for you.' Camilla hath as good a curtsy perhaps, and Thalestris much such another look ; but the glance and the curtsy together belong to Jocasta of all the English beauties alone.

" 'Welcome to London, sir,' says she. 'One can see you are from the country by your looks.' She would have said 'Epsom,' or 'Tunbridge,' had she remembered rightly at which place she had met the stranger ; but, alas ! she had forgotten.

"The gentleman said he had been in town but three days ; and one of his reasons for coming hither was to have the honor of paying his court to Jocasta.

"She said the waters had agreed with her but indifferently.

" 'The waters were for the sick,' the gentleman said : 'the young and beautiful came but to make them sparkle. And as the clergyman read the service on Sunday,' he added, 'your ladyship reminded me of the angel that visited the pool.' A murmur of approbation saluted this sally. Manilio, who is a wit when he is not at cards, was in such a rage that he revoked when he heard it.

"Jocasta was an angel visiting the waters ; but at which of the Bethesdas ? She was puzzled more and more ; and, as her way always is, looked the more innocent and simple, the more artful her intentions were.

" 'We were discoursing,' says she, 'about spelling of names and words when you came. Why should we say "gould" and write "gold," and call "china" "chayney," and "Cavendish" "Candish," and "Cholmondeley" "Chumley" ? If we call



"Pulteney" "Poltney," why should n't we call "poultry" "pultry" — and —

"Such an enchantress as your ladyship," says he, 'is mistress of all sorts of spells.' But this was Dr. Swift's pun, and we all knew it.

"And — and how do you spell your name ?' says she, coming to the point at length ; for this sprightly conversation had lasted much longer than is here set down, and been carried on through at least three dishes of tea.

"Oh, Madam," says he, '*I spell my name with the y.*' And laying down his dish, my gentleman made another elegant bow, and was gone in a moment.

"Jocasta hath had no sleep since this mortification, and the stranger's disappearance. If balked in anything, she is sure to lose her health and temper ; and we, her servants, suffer, as usual, during the angry fits of our Queen. Can you help us, Mr. Spectator, who know everything, to read this riddle for her, and set at rest all our minds ? We find in her list, Mr. Berty, Mr. Smith, Mr. Pike, Mr. Tyler — who may be Mr. Bertie, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Pyke, Mr. Tiler, for what we know. She hath turned away the clerk of her visiting-book, a poor fellow with a great family of children. Read me this riddle, good Mr. Shortface, and oblige your admirer — *ŒDIPUS.*"

"THE TRUMPET COFFEE-HOUSE, WHITEHALL.

"MR. SPECTATOR, — I am a gentleman but little acquainted with the town, though I have had a University education, and passed some years serving my country abroad, where my name is better known than in the coffee-houses and St. James's.

"Two years since my uncle died, leaving me a pretty estate in the county of Kent ; and being at Tunbridge Wells last summer, after my mourning was over, and on the look-out, if truth must be told, for some young lady who would share with me the solitude of my great Kentish house, and be kind to my tenantry (for whom a woman can do a great deal more good than the best-intentioned man can), I was greatly fascinated by a young lady of London, who was the toast of all the company at the Wells. Every one knows Saccharissa's beauty ; and I think, Mr. Spectator, no one better than herself.

"My table-book informs me that I danced no less than seven-and-twenty sets with her at the Assembly. I treated her to the fiddles twice. I was admitted on several days to her lodging, and received by her with a great deal of distinction, and, for a time, was entirely her slave. It was only when I found, from common talk of the company at the Wells, and from narrowly watching one, who I once thought of asking the most sacred question a man can put to a woman, that I became aware how unfit she was to be a country gentleman's wife; and that this fair creature was but a heartless worldly jilt, playing with affections that she never meant to return, and, indeed, incapable of returning them. 'Tis admiration such women want, not love that touches them; and I can conceive, in her old age, no more wretched creature than this lady will be, when her beauty hath deserted her, when her admirers have left her, and she hath neither friendship nor religion to console her.

"Business calling me to London, I went to St. James's Church last Sunday, and there opposite me sat my beauty of the Wells. Her behavior during the whole service was so pert, languishing, and absurd; she flirted her fan, and ogled and eyed me in a manner so indecent, that I was obliged to shut my eyes, so as actually not to see her, and whenever I opened them beheld hers (and very bright they are) still staring at me. I fell in with her afterwards at Court, and at the playhouse; and here nothing would satisfy her but she must elbow through the crowd and speak to me, and invite me to the Assembly, which she holds at her house, not very far from Ch-r-ng Cr-ss.

"Having made her a promise to attend, of course I kept my promise; and found the young lady in the midst of a half-dozen of card-tables, and a crowd of wits and admirers. I made the best bow I could, and advanced towards her; and saw by a peculiar puzzled look in her face, though she tried to hide her perplexity, that she had forgotten even my name.

"Her talk, artful as it was, convinced me that I had guessed aright. She turned the conversation most ridiculously upon the spelling of names and words; and I replied with as ridiculous fulsome compliments as I could pay her: indeed, one in which I compared her to an angel visiting the sick wells, went

a little too far; nor should I have employed it, but that the allusion came from the Second Lesson last Sunday, which we both had heard, and I was pressed to answer her.

"Then she came to the question, which I knew was awaiting me, and asked how I *spell* my name? 'Madam,' says I, turning on my heel, 'I spell it with a *y*.' And so I left her, wondering at the light-heartedness of the town-people, who forget and make friends so easily, and resolved to look elsewhere for a partner for your constant reader,

"CYMON WYLDGOATS."

"You know my real name, Mr. Spectator, in which there is no such a letter as *hupsilon*. But if the lady, whom I have called Saccharissa, wonders that I appear no more at the tea-tables, she is hereby respectfully informed the reason *y*."

The above is a parable, whereof the writer will now expound the meaning. Jocasta was no other than Miss Esmond, Maid of Honor to her Majesty. She had told Mr. Esmond this little story of having met a gentleman somewhere, and forgetting his name, when the gentleman, with no such malicious intentions as those of "Cymon" in the above fable, made the answer simply as above; and we all laughed to think how little Mistress Jocasta-Beatrix had profited by her artifice and precautions.

As for Cymon, he was intended to represent yours and her very humble servant, the writer of the apologue and of this story, which we had printed on a "Spectator" paper at Mr. Steele's office, exactly as those famous journals were printed, and which was laid on the table at breakfast in place of the real newspaper. Mistress Jocasta, who had plenty of wit, could not live without her "Spectator" to her tea; and this sham "Spectator" was intended to convey to the young woman that she herself was a flirt, and that Cymon was a gentleman of honor and resolution, see-

ing all her faults, and determined to break the chains once and forever.

For though enough hath been said about this love-business already — enough, at least, to prove to the writer's heirs what a silly fond fool their old grandfather was, who would like them to consider him as a very wise old gentleman; yet not near all has been told concerning this matter, which, if it were allowed to take in Esmond's journal the space it occupied in his time, would weary his kinsmen and women of a hundred years' time beyond all endurance; and form such a diary of folly and drivelling, raptures and rage, as no man of ordinary vanity would like to leave behind him.

The truth is, that, whether she laughed at him or encouraged him; whether she smiled or was cold, and turned her smiles on another; worldly and ambitious, as he knew her to be; hard and careless, as she seemed to grow with her court life, and a hundred admirers that came to her and left her; Esmond, do what he would, never could get Beatrix out of his mind; thought of her constantly at home or away. If he read his name in a Gazette, or escaped the shot of a cannon-ball or a greater danger in the campaign, as has happened to him more than once, the instant thought after the honor achieved or the danger avoided, was, "What will *she* say of it?" "Will this distinction or the idea of this peril elate her or touch her, so as to be better inclined towards me?" He could no more help this passionate fidelity of temper than he could help the eyes he saw with — one or the other seemed a part of his nature; and knowing every one of her faults as well as the keenest of her detractors, and the folly of an attachment to such a woman, of which the fruition could never

bring him happiness for above a week, there was yet a charm about this Circe from which the poor deluded gentleman could not free himself; and for a much longer period than Ulysses (another middle-aged officer, who had travelled much, and been in the foreign wars), Esmond felt himself enthralled and besotted by the wiles of this enchantress. Quit her! He could no more quit her, as the Cymon of this story was made to quit his false one, than he could lose his consciousness of yesterday. She had but to raise her finger, and he would come back from ever so far; she had but to say I have discarded such and such an adorer, and the poor infatuated wretch would be sure to come and rôder about her mother's house, willing to be put on the ranks of suitors, though he knew he might be cast off the next week. If he were like Ulysses in his folly, at least she was in so far like Penelope that she had a crowd of suitors, and undid day after day and night after night the handiwork of fascination and the web of coquetry with which she was wont to allure and entertain them.

Part of her coquetry may have come from her position about the Court, where the beautiful maid of honor was the light about which a thousand beaux came and fluttered; where she was sure to have a ring of admirers round her, crowding to listen to her repartees as much as to admire her beauty; and where she spoke and listened to much free talk, such as one never would have thought the lips or ears of Rachel Castlewood's daughter would have uttered or heard. When in waiting at Windsor or Hampton, the Court ladies and gentlemen would be making riding parties together; Mrs. Beatrix in a horseman's coat and hat, the foremost after the stag-hounds and over the park fences, a crowd of young fellows at her

heels. If the English country ladies at this time were the most pure and modest of any ladies in the world — the English town and court ladies permitted themselves words and behavior that were neither modest nor pure; and claimed, some of them, a freedom which those who love that sex most would never wish to grant them. The gentlemen of my family that follow after me (for I don't encourage the ladies to pursue any such studies), may read in the works of Mr. Congreve, and Dr. Swift and others, what was the conversation and what the habits of our time.

The most beautiful woman in England in 1712, when Esmond returned to this country, a lady of high birth, and though of no fortune to be sure, with a thousand fascinations of wit and manners, Beatrix Esmond was now six-and-twenty years old, and Beatrix Esmond still. Of her hundred adorers she had not chosen one for a husband; and those who had asked had been jilted by her; and more still had left her. A succession of near ten years' crops of beauties had come up since her time, and had been reaped by proper *husbandmen*, if we may make an agricultural simile, and had been housed comfortably long ago. Her own contemporaries were sober mothers by this time; girls with not a tithe of her charms, or her wit, having made good matches, and now claiming precedence over the spinster who but lately had derided and outshone them. The young beauties were beginning to look down on Beatrix as an old maid, and sneer, and call her one of Charles II.'s ladies, and ask whether her portrait was not in the Hampton Court Gallery? But still she reigned, at least in one man's opinion, superior over all the little misses that were the toasts of the young lads; and in Esmond's eyes was ever perfectly lovely and young.

Who knows how many were nearly made happy by possessing her, or, rather, how many were fortunate in escaping this siren? 'T is a marvel to think that her mother was the purest and simplest woman in the whole world, and that this girl should have been born from her. I am inclined to fancy, my mistress, who never said a harsh word to her children (and but twice or thrice only to one person), must have been too fond and pressing with the maternal authority; for her son and her daughter both revolted early; nor after their first flight from the nest could they ever be brought back quite to the fond mother's bosom. Lady Castlewood, and perhaps it was as well, knew little of her daughter's life and real thoughts. How was she to apprehend what passes in Queen's ante-chambers and at Court tables? Mrs. Beatrix asserted her own authority so resolutely that her mother quickly gave in. The Maid of Honor had her own equipage; went from home and came back at her own will: her mother was alike powerless to resist her or to lead her, or to command or to persuade her.

She had been engaged once, twice, thrice, to be married, Esmond believed. When he quitted home, it hath been said, she was promised to my Lord Ashburnham, and now, on his return, behold his lordship was just married to Lady Mary Butler, the Duke of Ormonde's daughter, and his fine houses, and twelve thousand a year of fortune, for which Miss Beatrix had rather coveted him, was out of her power. To her Esmond could say nothing in regard to the breaking of this match; and, asking his mistress about it, all Lady Castlewood answered was: "do not speak to me about it, Harry. I cannot tell you how or why they parted, and I fear to inquire. I have told you

before, that with all her kindness, and wit, and generosity, and that sort of splendor of nature she has, I can say but little good of poor Beatrix, and look with dread at the marriage she will form. Her mind is fixed on ambition only, and making a great figure; and, this achieved, she will tire of it as she does of everything. Heaven help her husband, whoever he shall be! My Lord Ashburnham was a most excellent young man, gentle and yet manly, of very good parts, so they told me, and as my little conversation would enable me to judge: and a kind temper—kind and enduring I'm sure he must have been, from all that he had to endure. But he quitted her at last, from some crowning piece of caprice or tyranny of hers; and now he has married a young woman that will make him a thousand times happier than my poor girl ever could."

The rupture, whatever its cause was (I heard the scandal, but indeed shall not take pains to repeat at length in this diary the trumpery coffee-house story), caused a good deal of low talk; and Mr. Esmond was present at my lord's appearance at the Birthday with his bride, over whom the revenge that Beatrix took was to look so imperial and lovely that the modest downcast young lady could not appear beside her, and Lord Ashburnham, who had his reasons for wishing to avoid her, slunk away quite shamefaced, and very early. This time his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, whom Esmond had seen about her before, was constant at Miss Beatrix's side: he was one of the most splendid gentlemen of Europe, accomplished by books, by travel, by long command of the best company, distinguished as a statesman, having been ambassador in King William's time, and a noble speaker in the Scots' Parliament, where he had led the party that was

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against the Union, and though now five or six and forty years of age, a gentleman so high in stature, accomplished in wit, and favored in person, that he might pretend to the hand of any Princess in Europe.

"Should you like the Duke for a cousin?" says Mr. Secretary St. John, whispering to Colonel Esmond in French; "it appears that the widower consoles himself."

But to return to our little "Spectator" paper and the conversation which grew out of it. Miss Beatrix at first was quite *bit* (as the phrase of that day was) and did not "smoke" the authorship of the story; indeed Esmond had tried to imitate as well as he could Mr. Steele's manner (as for the other author of the "Spectator," his prose style I think is altogether inimitable); and Dick, who was the idlest and best-natured of men, would have let the piece pass into his journal and go to posterity as one of his own lucubrations, but that Esmond did not care to have a lady's name whom he loved sent forth to the world in a light so unfavorable. Beatrix pished and psha'd over the paper; Colonel Esmond watching with no little interest her countenance as she read it.

"How stupid your friend Mr. Steele becomes!" cries Miss Beatrix. "Epsom and Tunbridge! Will he never have done with Epsom and Tunbridge, and with beaux at church, and Jocastas and Lindamiras? Why does he not call women Nelly and Betty, as their godfathers and godmothers did for them in their baptism?"

"Beatrix, Beatrix!" says her mother, "speak gravely of grave things."

"Mamma thinks the Church Catechism came from heaven, I believe," says Beatrix, with a laugh, "and was brought down by a bishop from a mountain. Oh,

how I used to break my heart over it! Besides, I had a Popish godmother, Mamma; why did you give me one?"

"I gave you the Queen's name," says her mother blushing. "And a very pretty name it is," said somebody else.

Beatrix went on reading — "Spell my name with a y — why, you wretch," says she, turning round to Colonel Esmond, "you have been telling my story to Mr. Steele — or stop — you have written the paper yourself to turn me into ridicule. For shame, sir!"

Poor Mr. Esmond felt rather frightened, and told a truth, which was nevertheless an entire falsehood. "Upon my honor," says he, "I have not even read the 'Spectator' of this morning." Nor had he, for that was not the "Spectator" but a sham newspaper put in its place.

She went on reading: her face rather flushed as she read. "No," she says, "I think you could n't have written it. I think it must have been Mr. Steele when he was drunk — and afraid of his horrid vulgar wife. Whenever I see an enormous compliment to a woman, and some outrageous panegyric about female virtue, I always feel sure that the Captain and his better half have fallen out over-night, and that he has been brought home tipsy, or has been found out in —"

"Beatrix!" cries the Lady Castlewood.

"Well, Mamma! Do not cry out before you are hurt. I am not going to say anything wrong. I won't give you more annoyance than I can help, you pretty kind mamma. Yes, and your little Trix is a naughty little Trix, and she leaves undone those things which she ought to have done, and does those things which she ought not to have done, and there's

— well now — I won't go on. Yes, I will, unless you kiss me." And with this the young lady lays aside her paper, and runs up to her mother and performs a variety of embraces with her ladyship, saying as plain as eyes could speak to Mr. Esmond — "There, sir: would not *you* like to play the very same pleasant game?"

"Indeed, Madam, I would," says he.

"Would what?" asked Miss Beatrix.

"What you meant when you looked at me in that provoking way," answers Esmond.

"What a confessor!" cries Beatrix, with a laugh.

"What is it Henry would like, my dear?" asks her mother, the kind soul, who was always thinking what we would like, and how she could please us.

The girl runs up to her — "Oh, you silly kind mamma," she says, kissing her again, "that's what Harry would like;" and she broke out into a great joyful laugh; and Lady Castlewood blushed as bashful as a maid of sixteen.

"Look at her, Harry," whispers Beatrix, running up, and speaking in her sweet low tones. "Does n't the blush become her? Is n't she pretty? She looks younger than I am, and I am sure she is a hundred million thousand times better."

Esmond's kind mistress left the room, carrying her blushes away with her.

"If we girls at Court could grow such roses as that," continues Beatrix, with her laugh, "what would n't we do to preserve 'em? We'd clip their stalks and put 'em in salt and water. But those flowers don't bloom at Hampton Court and Windsor, Henry." She paused for a minute, and the smile fading away from her April face, gave place to a menacing shower of tears: "Oh, how good she is,

Harry," Beatrix went on to say. "Oh, what a saint she is! Her goodness frightens me. I'm not fit to live with her. I should be better I think if she were not so perfect. She has had a great sorrow in her life, and a great secret; and repented of it. It could not have been my father's death. She talks freely about that; nor could she have loved him very much — though who knows what we women do love, and why?"

"What, and why, indeed," says Mr. Esmond.

"No one knows," Beatrix went on, without noticing this interruption except by a look, "what my mother's life is. She hath been at early prayer this morning: she passes hours in her closet; if you were to follow her thither, you would find her at prayers now. She tends the poor of the place — the horrid dirty poor! She sits through the curate's sermons — oh, those dreary sermons! And you see *on a beau dire*; but good as they are, people like her are not fit to commune with us of the world. There is always, as it were, a third person present, even when I and my mother are alone. She can't be frank with me quite; who is always thinking of the next world, and of her guardian angel, perhaps that's in company. Oh, Harry, I'm jealous of that guardian angel!" here broke out Mistress Beatrix. "It's horrid, I know; but my mother's life is all for heaven, and mine — all for earth. We can never be friends quite; and then, she cares more for Frank's little finger than she does for me — I know she does: and she loves you, sir, a great deal too much; and I hate you for it. I would have had her all to myself; but she would n't. In my childhood, it was my father she loved (oh, how could she? I remember him kind and handsome, but so stupid, and not being able to speak after drink-

ing wine); and then it was Frank; and now, it is heaven and the clergyman. How I would have loved her! From a child I used to be in a rage that she loved anybody but me; but she loved you all better — all, I know she did. And now, she talks of the blessed consolation of religion. Dear soul! she thinks she is happier for believing, as she must, that we are all of us wicked and miserable sinners; and this world is only a *pied-à-terre* for the good, where they stay for a night, as we do, coming from Walcote, at that great, dreary, uncomfortable Hounslow Inn, in those horrid beds — oh, do you remember those horrid beds? — and the chariot comes and fetches them to heaven the next morning.”

“Hush, Beatrix,” says Mr. Esmond.

“Hush, indeed. You are a hypocrite, too, Henry, with your grave airs and your glum face. We are all hypocrites. O dear me! We are all alone, alone, alone,” says poor Beatrix, her fair breast heaving with a sigh.

“It was I that writ every line of that paper, my dear,” says Mr. Esmond. “You are not so worldly as you think yourself, Beatrix, and better than we believe you. The good we have in us we doubt of; and the happiness that’s to our hand we throw away. You bend your ambition on a great marriage and establishment — and why? You’ll tire of them when you win them; and be no happier with a coronet on your coach —”

“Than riding pillion with Lubin to market,” says Beatrix. “Thank you, Lubin!”

“I’m a dismal shepherd, to be sure,” answers Esmond, with a blush; “and require a nymph that can tuck my bed-clothes up, and make me water-gruel. Well, Tom Lockwood can do that. He took me out

of the fire upon his shoulders, and nursed me through my illness as love will scarce ever do. Only good wages, and a hope of my clothes, and the contents of my portmanteau. How long was it that Jacob served an apprenticeship for Rachel ? ”

“ For mamma ? ” says Beatrix. “ It is mamma your honor wants, and that I should have the happiness of calling you papa ? ”

Esmond blushed again. “ I spoke of a Rachel that a shepherd courted five thousand years ago ; when shepherds were longer lived than now. And my meaning was, that since I saw you first after our separation — a child you were then — ”

“ And I put on my best stockings to captivate you, I remember, sir — ”

“ You have had my heart ever since then, such as it was ; and such as you were, I cared for no other woman. What little reputation I have won, it was that you might be pleased with it : and indeed, it is not much ; and I think a hundred fools in the army have got and deserved quite as much. Was there something in the air of that dismal old Castlewood that made us all gloomy, and dissatisfied, and lonely under its ruined old roof ? We were all so, even when together and united, as it seemed, following our separate schemes, each as we sat round the table.”

“ Dear, dreary old place ! ” cries Beatrix. “ Mamma hath never had the heart to go back thither since we left it, when — never mind how many years ago.” And she flung back her curls, and looked over her fair shoulder at the mirror superbly, as if she said, “ Time, I defy you.”

“ Yes,” says Esmond, who had the art, as she owned, of divining many of her thoughts. “ You can afford to look in the glass still ; and only be pleased

by the truth it tells you. As for me, do you know what my scheme is? I think of asking Frank to give me the Virginian estate King Charles gave our grandfather. (She gave a superb curtsy, as much as to say, 'Our grandfather, indeed! Thank you, Mr. Bastard.') Yes, I know you are thinking of my bar sinister, and so am I. A man cannot get over it in this country; unless, indeed, he wears it across a king's arms, when 't is a highly honorable coat; and I am thinking of retiring into the plantations, and building myself a wigwam in the woods, and perhaps, if I want company, suiting myself with a squaw. We will send your ladyship furs over for the winter; and, when you are old, we'll provide you with tobacco. I am not quite clever enough, or not rogue enough—I know not which—for the Old World. I may make a place for myself in the New, which is not so full; and found a family there. When you are a mother yourself, and a great lady, perhaps I shall send you over from the plantation some day a little barbarian that is half Esmond half Mohock, and you will be kind to him for his father's sake, who was, after all, your kinsman; and whom you loved a little."

"What folly you are talking, Harry," says Miss Beatrix, looking with her great eyes.

"'Tis sober earnest," says Esmond. And, indeed, the scheme had been dwelling a good deal in his mind for some time past, and especially since his return home, when he found how hopeless, and even degrading to himself, his passion was. "No," says he, then: "I have tried half a dozen times now. I can bear being away from you well enough; but being with you is intolerable" (another low curtsy on Mistress Beatrix's part), "and I will go. I have

enough to buy axes and guns for my men, and beads and blankets for the savages; and I'll go and live amongst them."

"*Mon ami*," she says quite kindly, and taking Esmond's hand, with an air of great compassion, "you can't think that in our position anything more than our present friendship is possible. You are our elder brother — as such we view you, pitying your misfortune, not rebuking you with it. Why, you are old enough and grave enough to be our father. I always thought you a hundred years old, Harry, with your solemn face and grave air. I feel as a sister to you, and can no more. Is n't that enough, sir?" And she put her face quite close to his — who knows with what intention?

"It's too much," says Esmond, turning away. "I can't bear this life, and shall leave it. I shall stay, I think, to see you married, and then freight a ship, and call it the 'Beatrice,' and bid you all —"

Here the servant, flinging the door open, announced his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, and Esmond started back with something like an imprecation on his lips, as the nobleman entered, looking splendid in his star and green ribbon. He gave Mr. Esmond just that gracious bow which he would have given to a lackey who fetched him a chair or took his hat, and seated himself by Miss Beatrice, as the poor Colonel went out of the room with a hang-dog look.

Esmond's mistress was in the lower room as he passed down stairs. She often met him as he was coming away from Beatrice; and she beckoned him into the apartment.

"Has she told you, Harry?" Lady Castlewood said.

"She has been very frank — very," says Esmond.



"But — but about what is going to happen?"

"What is going to happen?" says he, his heart beating.

"His Grace the Duke of Hamilton has proposed to her," says my lady. "He made his offer yesterday. They will marry as soon as his mourning is over; and you have heard his Grace is appointed Ambassador to Paris; and the Ambassadress goes with him."

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## CHAPTER IV.

### BEATRIX'S NEW SUITOR.

THE gentleman whom Beatrix had selected was, to be sure, twenty years older than the Colonel, with whom she quarrelled for being too old; but this one was but a nameless adventurer, and the other the greatest duke in Scotland, with pretensions even to a still higher title. My Lord Duke of Hamilton had, indeed, every merit belonging to a gentleman, and he had had the time to mature his accomplishments fully, being upwards of fifty years old when Madam Beatrix selected him for a bridegroom. Duke Hamilton, then Earl of Arran, had been educated at the famous Scottish university of Glasgow, and, coming to London, became a great favorite of Charles the Second, who made him a lord of his bedchamber, and afterwards appointed him ambassador to the French king, under whom the Earl served two campaigns as his Majesty's aide-de-camp; and he was absent on this service when King Charles died.

King James continued my lord's promotion — made him Master of the Wardrobe and Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse; and his lordship adhered firmly to King James, being of the small company that never quitted that unfortunate monarch till his departure out of England; and then it was, in 1688, namely, that he made the friendship with Colonel Francis Esmond, that had always been, more or less, maintained in the two families.

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The Earl professed a great admiration for King William always, but never could give him his allegiance; and was engaged in more than one of the plots in the late great King's reign which always ended in the plotters' discomfiture, and generally in their pardon, by the magnanimity of the King. Lord Arran was twice prisoner in the Tower during this reign, undauntedly saying, when offered his release, upon parole not to engage against King William, that he would not give his word, because "he was sure he could not keep it"; but, nevertheless, he was both times discharged without any trial; and the King bore this noble enemy so little malice, that when his mother, the Duchess of Hamilton, of her own right, resigned her claim on her husband's death, the Earl was, by patent signed at Loo, 1690, created Duke of Hamilton, Marquis of Clydesdale, and Earl of Arran, with precedency from the original creation. His Grace took the oaths and his seat in the Scottish Parliament in 1700: was famous there for his patriotism and eloquence, especially in the debates about the Union Bill, which Duke Hamilton opposed with all his strength, though he would not go the length of the Scottish gentry, who were for resisting it by force of arms. 'T was said he withdrew his opposition all of a sudden, and in consequence of letters from the King at St. Germain's, who entreated him on his allegiance not to thwart the Queen his sister in this measure; and the Duke, being always bent upon effecting the King's return to his kingdom through a reconciliation between his Majesty and Queen Anne, and quite averse to his landing with arms and French troops, held aloof, and kept out of Scotland during the time when the Chevalier de St. George's descent from Dunkirk was projected,

passing his time in Engand in his great estate in Staffordshire.

When the Whigs went out of office in 1710, the Queen began to show his Grace the very greatest marks of her favor. He was created Duke of Brandon and Baron of Dutton in England; having the Thistle already originally bestowed on him by King James the Second, his Grace was now promoted to the honor of the Garter—a distinction so great and illustrious, that no subject hath ever borne them hitherto together. When this objection was made to her Majesty, she was pleased to say, "Such a subject as the Duke of Hamilton has a pre-eminent claim to every mark of distinction which a crowned head can confer. I will henceforth wear both orders myself."

At the Chapter held at Windsor in October, 1712, the Duke and other knights, including Lord-Treasurer, the new-created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, were installed; and a few days afterwards his Grace was appointed Ambassador-Extraordinary to France, and his equipages, plate, and liveries commanded, of the most sumptuous kind, not only for his Excellency the Ambassador, but for her Excellency the Ambassadress, who was to accompany him. Her arms were already quartered on the coach panels, and her brother was to hasten over on the appointed day to give her away.

His lordship was a widower, having married, in 1698, Elizabeth, daughter of Digby Lord Gerard, by which marriage great estates came into the Hamilton family; and out of these estates came, in part, that tragic quarrel which ended the Duke's career.

From the loss of a tooth to that of a mistress there's no pang that is not bearable. The apprehen-

sion is much more cruel than the certainty; and we make up our mind to the misfortune when 'tis irremediable, part with the tormentor, and mumble our crust on t'other side of the jaws. I think Colonel Esmond was relieved when a ducal coach-and-six came and whisked his charmer away out of his reach, and placed her in a higher sphere. As you have seen the nymph in the opera-machine go up to the clouds at the end of the piece where Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, and all the divine company of Olympians are seated, and quaver out her last song as a goddess: so when this portentous elevation was accomplished in the Esmond family, I am not sure that every one of us did not treat the divine Beatrix with special honors; at least the saucy little beauty carried her head with a toss of supreme authority, and assumed a touch-me-not air, which all her friends very good-humoredly bowed to.

An old army acquaintance of Colonel Esmond, honest Tom Trett, who had sold his company, married a wife, and turned merchant in the city, was dreadfully gloomy for a long time, though living in a fine house on the river, and carrying on a great trade to all appearance. At length Esmond saw his friend's name in the Gazette as a bankrupt: and a week after this circumstance my bankrupt walks into Mr. Esmond's lodging with a face perfectly radiant with good-humor, and as jolly and careless as when they had sailed from Southampton ten years before for Vigo. "This bankruptcy," says Tom, "has been hanging over my head these three years; the thought hath prevented my sleeping, and I have looked at poor Polly's head on t'other pillow, and then towards my razor on the table, and thought to put an end to myself, and so give my woes the slip. But now we are

bankrupts: Tom Trett pays as many shillings in the pound as he can; his wife has a little cottage at Fulham, and her fortune secured to herself. I am afraid neither of bailiff nor of creditor: and for the last six nights have slept easy." So it was that when Fortune shook her wings and left him, honest Tom cuddled himself up in his ragged virtue, and fell asleep.

Esmond did not tell his friend how much his story applied to Esmond too; but he laughed at it, and used it; and having fairly struck his docket in this love transaction, determined to put a cheerful face on his bankruptcy. Perhaps Beatrix was a little offended at his gayety. "Is this the way, sir, that you receive the announcement of your misfortune," says she, "and do you come smiling before me as if you were glad to be rid of me?"

Esmond would not be put off from his good-humor, but told her the story of Tom Trett and his bankruptcy. "I have been hankering after the grapes on the wall," says he, "and lost my temper because they were beyond my reach; was there any wonder? They're gone now, and another has them—a taller man than your humble servant has won them." And the Colonel made his cousin a low bow.

"A taller man, Cousin Esmond!" says she. "A man of spirit would have scaled the wall, sir, and seized them! A man of courage would have fought for 'em, not gaped for 'em."

"A Duke has but to gape and they drop into his mouth," says Esmond, with another low bow.

"Yes, sir," says she, "a Duke is a taller man than you. And why should I not be grateful to one such as his Grace, who gives me his heart and his great name? It is a great gift he honors me with; I know 't is a bargain between us; and I accept it, and will

do my utmost to perform my part of it. 'Tis no question of sighing and philandering between a nobleman of his Grace's age and a girl who hath little of that softness in her nature. Why should I not own that I am ambitious, Harry Esmond; and if it be no sin in a man to covet honor, why should a woman too not desire it? Shall I be frank with you, Harry, and say that if you had not been down on your knees, and so humble, you might have fared better with me? A woman of my spirit, Cousin, is to be won by gallantry, and not by sighs and rueful faces. All the time you are worshipping and singing hymns to me, I know very well I am no goddess, and grow weary of the incense. So would you have been weary of the goddess too — when she was called Mrs. Esmond, and got out of humor because she had not pin-money enough, and was forced to go about in an old gown. Eh! Cousin, a goddess in a mob-cap, that has to make her husband's gruel, ceases to be divine — I am sure of it. I should have been sulky and scolded; and of all the proud wretches in the world Mr. Esmond is the proudest, let me tell him that. You never fall into a passion; but you never forgive, I think. Had you been a great man, you might have been good-humored; but being nobody, sir, you are too great a man for me; and I'm afraid of you, Cousin — there! and I won't worship you, and you'll never be happy except with a woman who will. Why, after I belonged to you, and after one of my tantrums, you would have put the pillow over my head some night, and smothered me, as the black man does the woman in the play that you're so fond of. What's the creature's name? — Desdemona. You would, you little black-dyed Othello!"

"I think I should, Beatrix," says the Colonel.

"And I want no such ending. I intend to live to be a hundred, and to go to ten thousand routs and balls, and to play cards every night of my life till the year eighteen hundred. And I like to be the first of my company, sir; and I like flattery and compliments, and you give me none; and I like to be made to laugh, sir, and who's to laugh at *your* dismal face, I should like to know? and I like a coach-and-six or a coach-and-eight; and I like diamonds, and a new gown every week; and people to say — 'That's the Duchess — How well her Grace looks — Make way for Madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre — Call her Excellency's people' — that's what I like. And as for you, you want a woman to bring your slippers and cap, and to sit at your feet, and cry, 'O caro! O bravo!' whilst you read your Shakespeares and Miltons and stuff. Mamma would have been the wife for you, had you been a little older, though you look ten years older than she does — you do, you glum-faced, blue-bearded, little old man! You might have sat, like Darby and Joan, and flattered each other; and billed and cooed like a pair of old pigeons on a perch. I want my wings and to use them, sir." And she spread out her beautiful arms, as if indeed she could fly off like the pretty "Gawrie," whom the man in the story was enamored of.

"And what will your Peter Wilkins say to your flight?" says Esmond, who never admired this fair creature more than when she rebelled and laughed at him.

"A duchess knows her place," says she, with a laugh. "Why, I have a son already made for me, and thirty years old (my Lord Arran), and four daughters. How they will scold, and what a rage they will be in, when I come to take the head of the table! But I



give them only a month to be angry ; at the end of that time they shall love me every one, and so shall Lord Arran, and so shall all his Grace's Scots vassals and followers in the Highlands. I'm bent on it; and when I take a thing in my head, 't is done. His Grace is the greatest gentleman in Europe, and I'll try and make him happy; and, when the King comes back, you may count on my protection, Cousin Esmond — for come back the King will and shall; and I'll bring him back from Versailles, if he comes under my hoop."

"I hope the world will make you happy, Beatrix," says Esmond, with a sigh. "You'll be Beatrix till you are my Lady Duchess — will you not? I shall then make your Grace my very lowest bow."

"None of these sighs and this satire, Cousin," she says. "I take his Grace's great bounty thankfully — yes, thankfully; and will wear his honors becomingly. I do not say he hath touched my heart; but he has my gratitude, obedience, admiration — I have told him that, and no more; and with that his noble heart is content. I have told him all — even the story of that poor creature that I was engaged to — and that I could not love; and I gladly gave his word back to him, and jumped for joy to get back my own. I am twenty-five years old."

"Twenty-six, my dear," says Esmond.

"Twenty-five, sir — I choose to be twenty-five; and in eight years no man hath ever touched my heart. Yes — you did once, for a little, Harry, when you came back after Lille, and engaging with that murderer Mohun, and saving Frank's life. I thought I could like you; and mamma begged me hard, on her knees, and I did — for a day. But the old chill came over me, Henry, and the old fear of you and your melan-

choly ; and I was glad when you went away, and engaged with my Lord Ashburnham, that I might hear no more of you, that's the truth. You are too good for me, somehow. I could not make you happy, and should break my heart in trying, and not being able to love you. But if you had asked me when we gave you the sword, you might have had me, sir, and we both should have been miserable by this time. I talked with that silly lord all night just to vex you and mamma, and I succeeded, did n't I ? How frankly we can talk of these things ! It seems a thousand years ago : and, though we are here sitting in the same room, there is a great wall between us. My dear, kind, faithful, gloomy old cousin ! I can like now, and admire you too, sir, and say that you are brave, and very kind, and very true, and a fine gentleman for all — for all your little mishap at your birth," says she, wagging her arch head.

"And now, sir," says she, with a curtsy, "we must have no more talk except when mamma is by, as his Grace is with us ; for he does not half like you, Cousin, and is jealous as the black man in your favorite play."

Though the very kindness of the words stabbed Mr. Esmond with the keenest pang, he did not show his sense of the wound by any look of his (as Beatrix, indeed, afterwards owned to him), but said, with a perfect command of himself and an easy smile, "The interview must not end yet, my dear, until I have had my last word. Stay, here comes your mother" (indeed she came in here with her sweet anxious face, and Esmond going up kissed her hand respectfully). "My dear lady may hear, too, the last words, which are no secrets, and are only a parting benediction accompanying a present for your marriage from an old

gentleman your guardian ; for I feel as if I was the guardian of all the family, and an old old fellow that is fit to be the grandfather of you all ; and in this character let me make my Lady Duchess her wedding present. They are the diamonds my father's widow left me. I had thought Beatrix might have had them a year ago ; but they are good enough for a duchess, though not bright enough for the handsomest woman in the world." And he took the case out of his pocket in which the jewels were, and presented them to his cousin.

She gave a cry of delight, for the stones were indeed very handsome, and of great value ; and the next minute the necklace was where Belinda's cross is in Mr. Pope's admirable poem, and glittering on the whitest and most perfectly-shaped neck in all England.

The girl's delight at receiving these trinkets was so great, that after rushing to the looking-glass and examining the effect they produced upon that fair neck which they surrounded, Beatrix was running back with her arms extended, and was perhaps for paying her cousin with a price, that he would have liked no doubt to receive from those beautiful rosy lips of hers, but at this moment the door opened, and his Grace the bridegroom elect was announced.

He looked very black upon Mr. Esmond, to whom he made a very low bow indeed, and kissed the hand of each lady in his most ceremonious manner. He had come in his chair from the palace hard by, and wore his two stars of the Garter and the Thistle.

"Look, my Lord Duke," says Mistress Beatrix, advancing to him, and showing the diamonds on her breast.

"Diamonds," says his Grace. "H'm ! they seem pretty."

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"They are a present on my marriage," says Beatrix.

"From her Majesty?" asks the Duke. "The Queen is very good."

"From my Cousin Henry — from our Cousin Henry" — cry both the ladies in a breath.

"I have not the honor of knowing the gentleman. I thought that my Lord Castlewood had no brother: and that on your ladyship's side there were no nephews."

"From our cousin, Colonel Henry Esmond, my lord," says Beatrix, taking the Colonel's hand very bravely, — "who was left guardian to us by our father, and who has a hundred times shown his love and friendship for our family."

"The Duchess of Hamilton receives no diamonds but from her husband, Madam," says the Duke — "may I pray you to restore these to Mr. Esmond?"

"Beatrix Esmond may receive a present from our kinsman and benefactor, my Lord Duke," says Lady Castlewood, with an air of great dignity. "She is my daughter yet: and if her mother sanctions the gift — no one else hath the right to question it."

"Kinsman and benefactor!" says the Duke. "I know of no kinsman: and I do not choose that my wife should have for benefactor a —"

"My lord!" says Colonel Esmond.

"I am not here to bandy words," says his Grace: "frankly I tell you that your visits to this house are too frequent, and that I choose no presents for the Duchess of Hamilton from gentlemen that bear a name they have no right to."

"My lord!" breaks out Lady Castlewood, "Mr. Esmond hath the best right to that name of any man in the world: and 't is 'as old and as honorable as your Grace's."

My Lord Duke smiled, and looked as if Lady Castlewood was mad, that was so talking to him.

"If I called him benefactor," said my mistress, "it is because he has been so to us — yes, the noblest, the truest, the bravest, the dearest of benefactors. He would have saved my husband's life from Mohun's sword. He did save my boy's, and defended him from that villain. Are those no benefits?"

"I ask Colonel Esmond's pardon," says his Grace, if possible more haughty than before. "I would say not a word that should give him offence, and thank him for his kindness to your ladyship's family. My Lord Mohun and I are connected, you know, by marriage — though neither by blood nor friendship; but I must repeat what I said, that my wife can receive no presents from Colonel Esmond."

"My daughter may receive presents from the Head of our House: my daughter may thankfully take kindness from her father's, her mother's, her brother's dearest friend; and be grateful for one more benefit besides the thousand we owe him," cries Lady Esmond.

"What is a string of diamond stones compared to that affection he hath given us — our dearest preserver and benefactor? We owe him not only Frank's life, but our all — yes, our all," says my mistress, with a heightened color and a trembling voice. "The title we bear is his, if he would claim it. 'Tis we who have no right to our name: not he that's too great for it. He sacrificed his name at my dying lord's bedside — sacrificed it to my orphan children; gave up rank and honor because he loved us so nobly. His father was Viscount of Castlewood and Marquis of Esmond before him; and he is his father's lawful son and true heir, and we are the recipients of his bounty, and he the chief of a house that's as old as your own.

And if he is content to forego his name that my child may bear it, we love him and honor him and bless him under whatever name he bears" — and here the fond and affectionate creature would have knelt to Esmond again, but that he prevented her; and Beatrix, running up to her with a pale face and a cry of alarm, embraced her and said, "Mother, what is this?"

"T is a family secret, my Lord Duke," says Colonel Esmond: "poor Beatrix knew nothing of it; nor did my lady till a year ago. And I have as good a right to resign my title as your Grace's mother to abdicate hers to you."

"I should have told everything to the Duke of Hamilton," said my mistress, "had his Grace applied to me for my daughter's hand, and not to Beatrix. I should have spoken with you this very day in private, my lord, had not your words brought about this sudden explanation — and now 't is fit Beatrix should hear it; and know, as I would have all the world know, what we owe to our kinsman and patron."

And then in her touching way, and having hold of her daughter's hand, and speaking to her rather than my Lord Duke, Lady Castlewood told the story which you know already — lauding up to the skies her kinsman's behavior. On his side Mr. Esmond explained the reasons that seemed quite sufficiently cogent with him, why the succession in the family, as at present it stood, should not be disturbed; and he should remain as he was, Colonel Esmond.

"And Marquis of Esmond, my lord," says his Grace, with a low bow. "Permit me to ask your lordship's pardon for words that were uttered in ignorance; and to beg for the favor of your friendship. To be allied to you, sir, must be an honor under









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whatever name you are known" (so his Grace was pleased to say); "and in return for the splendid present you make my wife, your kinswoman, I hope you will please to command any service that James Douglas can perform. I shall never be easy until I repay you a part of my obligations at least; and ere very long, and with the mission her Majesty hath given me," says the Duke, "that may perhaps be in my power. I shall esteem it as a favor, my lord, if Colonel Esmond will give away the bride."

"And if he will take the usual payment in advance, he is welcome," says Beatrix, stepping up to him; and, as Esmond kissed her, she whispered, "Oh, why did n't I know you before?"

My Lord Duke was as hot as a flame at this salute, but said never a word: Beatrix made him a proud curtsy, and the two ladies quitted the room together.

"When does your Excellency go for Paris?" asks Colonel Esmond.

"As soon after the ceremony as may be," his Grace answered. "Tis fixed for the first of December: it cannot be sooner. The equipage will not be ready till then. The Queen intends the embassy should be very grand—and I have law business to settle. That ill-omened Mohun has come, or is coming, to London again: we are in a lawsuit about my late Lord Gerard's property; and he hath sent to me to meet him."

## CHAPTER V.

### MOHUN APPEARS FOR THE LAST TIME IN THIS HISTORY.

BESIDES my Lord Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who for family reasons had kindly promised his protection and patronage to Colonel Esmond, he had other great friends in power now, both able and willing to assist him, and he might, with such allies, look forward to as fortunate advancement in civil life at home as he had got rapid promotion abroad. His Grace was magnanimous enough to offer to take Mr. Esmond as secretary on his Paris embassy, but no doubt he intended that proposal should be rejected; at any rate, Esmond could not bear the thoughts of attending his mistress farther than the church-door after her marriage, and so declined that offer which his generous rival made him.

Other gentlemen in power were liberal at least of compliments and promises to Colonel Esmond. Mr. Harley, now become my Lord Oxford and Mortimer, and installed Knight of the Garter on the same day as his Grace of Hamilton had received the same honor, sent to the Colonel to say that a seat in Parliament should be at his disposal presently, and Mr. St. John held out many flattering hopes of advancement to the Colonel when he should enter the House. Esmond's friends were all successful, and the most successful and triumphant of all was his dear old commander, General Webb, who was now appointed

Lieutenant-General of the Land Forces, and received with particular honor by the Ministry, by the Queen, and the people out of doors, who huzzaed the brave chief when they used to see him in his chariot going to the House or to the Drawing-room, or hobbling on foot to his coach from St. Stephen's upon his glorious old crutch and stick, and cheered him as loud as they had ever done Marlborough.

That great Duke was utterly disgraced; and honest old Webb dated all his Grace's misfortunes from Wynendael, and vowed that Fate served the traitor right. Duchess Sarah had also gone to ruin; she had been forced to give up her keys, and her places, and her pensions:—"Ah, ah!" says Webb, "she would have locked up three millions of French crowns with her keys had I but been knocked on the head, but I stopped that convoy at Wynendael." Our enemy Cardonnel was turned out of the House of Commons (along with Mr. Walpole) for malversation of public money. Cadogan lost his place of Lieutenant of the Tower. Marlborough's daughters resigned their posts of ladies of the bedchamber; and so complete was the Duke's disgrace, that his son-in-law, Lord Bridgewater, was absolutely obliged to give up his lodgings at St. James's, and had his half-pension, as Master of the Horse, taken away. But I think the lowest depth of Marlborough's fall was when he humbly sent to ask General Webb when he might wait upon him; he who had commanded the stout old General, who had injured him and sneered at him, who had kept him dangling in his ante-chamber, who could not even after his great service condescend to write him a letter in his own hand. The nation was as eager for peace as ever it had been hot for war. The Prince of Savoy came amongst us, had his audience of the

Queen, and got his famous Sword of Honor, and strove with all his force to form a Whig party together, to bring over the young Prince of Hanover—to do anything which might prolong the war, and consummate the ruin of the old sovereign whom he hated so implacably. But the nation was tired of the struggle: so completely wearied of it that not even our defeat at Denain could rouse us into any anger, though such an action so lost two years before would have set all England in a fury. 'Twas easy to see that the great Marlborough was not with the army. Eugene was obliged to fall back in a rage, and forego the dazzling revenge of his life. 'Twas in vain the Duke's side asked, "Would we suffer our arms to be insulted? Would we not send back the only champion who could repair our honor?" The nation had had its bellyful of fighting; nor could taunts or outcries goad up our Britons any more.

For a statesman that was always prating of liberty, and had the grandest philosophic maxims in his mouth, it must be owned that Mr. St. John sometimes rather acted like a Turkish than a Greek philosopher, and especially fell foul of one unfortunate set of men, the men of letters, with a tyranny a little extraordinary in a man who professed to respect their calling so much. The literary controversy at this time was very bitter, the Government side was the winning one, the popular one, and I think might have been the merciful one. 'Twas natural that the opposition should be peevish and cry out: some men did so from their hearts, admiring the Duke of Marlborough's prodigious talents, and deploring the disgrace of the greatest general the world ever knew: 'twas the stomach that caused other patriots to grumble, and such men cried out because they were poor, and

paid to do so. Against these my Lord Bolingbroke never showed the slightest mercy, whipping a dozen into prison or into the pillory without the least commiseration.

From having been a man of arms Mr. Esmond had now come to be a man of letters, but on a safer side than that in which the above-cited poor fellows ventured their liberties and ears. There was no danger on ours, which was the winning side; besides, Mr. Esmond pleased himself by thinking that he writ like a gentleman if he did not always succeed as a wit.

Of the famous wits of that age, who have rendered Queen Anne's reign illustrious, and whose works will be in all Englishmen's hands in ages yet to come, Mr. Esmond saw many, but at public places chiefly; never having a great intimacy with any of them, except with honest Dick Steele and Mr. Addison, who parted company with Esmond, however, when that gentleman became a declared Tory, and lived on close terms with the leading persons of that party. Addison kept himself to a few friends, and very rarely opened himself except in their company. A man more upright and conscientious than he it was not possible to find in public life, and one whose conversation was so various, easy, and delightful. Writing now in my mature years, I own that I think Addison's politics were the right, and were my time to come over again, I would be a Whig in England and not a Tory; but with people that take a side in politics, 'tis men rather than principles that commonly bind them. A kindness or a slight puts a man under one flag or the other, and he marches with it to the end of the campaign. Esmond's master in war was injured by Marlborough, and hated him:

and the lieutenant fought the quarrels of his leader. Webb coming to London was used as a weapon by Marlborough's enemies (and true steel he was, that honest chief); nor was his aide-de-camp, Mr. Esmond, an unfaithful or unworthy partisan. 'Tis strange here, and on a foreign soil, and in a land that is independent in all but the name (for that the North American colonies shall remain dependants on yonder little island for twenty years more, I never can think), to remember how the nation at home seemed to give itself up to the domination of one or other aristocratic party, and took a Hanoverian king, or a French one, according as either prevailed. And while the Tories, the October Club gentlemen, the High Church parsons that held by the Church of England, were for having a Papist king, for whom many of their Scottish and English leaders, firm churchmen all, laid down their lives with admirable loyalty and devotion; they were governed by men who had notoriously no religion at all, but used it as they would use any opinion for the purpose of forwarding their own ambition. The Whigs, on the other hand, who professed attachment to religion and liberty too, were compelled to send to Holland or Hanover for a monarch around whom they could rally. A strange series of compromises is that English History; compromise of principle, compromise of party, compromise of worship! The lovers of English freedom and independence submitted their religious consciences to an Act of Parliament; could not consolidate their liberty without sending to Zell or the Hague for a king to live under; and could not find amongst the proudest people in the world a man speaking their own language, and understanding their laws, to govern them. The Tory and High Church



patriots were ready to die in defence of a Papist family that had sold us to France; the great Whig nobles, the sturdy republican recusants who had cut off Charles Stuart's head for treason, were fain to accept a king whose title came to him through a royal grandmother, whose own royal grandmother's head had fallen under Queen Bess's hatchet. And our proud English nobles sent to a petty German town for a monarch to come and reign in London; and our prelates kissed the ugly hands of his Dutch mistresses, and thought it no dishonor. In England you can but belong to one party or t'other, and you take the house you live in with all its encumbrances, its retainers, its antique discomforts, and ruins even; you patch up, but you never build up anew. Will we of the new world submit much longer, even nominally, to this ancient British superstition? There are signs of the times which make me think that ere long we shall care as little about King George here, and peers temporal and peers spiritual, as we do for King Canute or the Druids.

This chapter began about the wits, my grandson may say, and hath wandered very far from their company. The pleasantest of the wits I knew were the Doctors Garth and Arbuthnot, and Mr. Gay, the author of "Trivia," the most charming kind soul that ever laughed at a joke or cracked a bottle. Mr. Prior I saw, and he was the earthen pot swimming with the pots of brass down the stream, and always and justly frightened lest he should break in the voyage. I met him both at London and Paris, where he was performing piteous congees to the Duke of Shrewsbury, not having courage to support the dignity which his undeniable genius and talent had won him, and writing coaxing letters to Secretary St. John, and

thinking about his plate and his place, and what on earth should become of him should his party go out. The famous Mr. Congreve I saw a dozen of times at Button's, a splendid wreck of a man, magnificently attired, and though gouty and almost blind, bearing a brave face against fortune.

The great Mr. Pope (of whose prodigious genius I have no words to express my admiration) was quite a puny lad at this time, appearing seldom in public places. There were hundreds of men, wits, and pretty fellows frequenting the theatres and coffee-houses of that day — whom "*nunc perscribere longum est.*" Indeed I think the most brilliant of that sort I ever saw was not till fifteen years afterwards, when I paid my last visit in England, and met young Harry Fielding, son of the Fielding that served in Spain and afterwards in Flanders with us, and who for fun and humor seemed to top them all. As for the famous Dr. Swift, I can say of him, "*Vidi tantum.*" He was in London all these years up to the death of the Queen; and in a hundred public places where I saw him, but no more; he never missed Court of a Sunday, where once or twice he was pointed out to your grandfather. He would have sought me out eagerly enough had I been a great man with a title to my name, or a star on my coat. At Court the Doctor had no eyes but for the very greatest. Lord Treasurer and St. John used to call him Jonathan, and they paid him with this cheap coin for the service they took of him. He writ their lampoons, fought their enemies, flogged and bullied in their service, and it must be owned with a consummate skill and fierceness. 'T is said he hath lost his intellect now, and forgotten his wrongs and his rage against mankind. I have always thought of him and

of Marlborough as the two greatest men of that age. I have read his books (who doth not know them?) here in our calm woods, and imagine a giant to myself as I think of him, a lonely fallen Prometheus, groaning as the vulture tears him. Prometheus I saw, but when first I ever had any words with him, the giant stepped out of a sedan chair in the Poultry, whither he had come with a tipsy Irish servant parading before him, who announced him, bawling out his Reverence's name, whilst his master below was as yet haggling with the chairman. I disliked this Mr. Swift, and heard many a story about him, of his conduct to men, and his words to women. He could flatter the great as much as he could bully the weak; and Mr. Esmond, being younger and hotter in that day than now, was determined, should he ever meet this dragon, not to run away from his teeth and his fire.

Men have all sorts of motives which carry them onwards in life, and are driven into acts of desperation, or it may be of distinction, from a hundred different causes. There was one comrade of Esmond's, an honest little Irish lieutenant of Handyside's, who owed so much money to a camp sutler, that he began to make love to the man's daughter, intending to pay his debt that way; and at the battle of Malplaquet, flying away from the debt and lady too, he rushed so desperately on the French lines, that he got his company; and came a captain out of the action, and had to marry the sutler's daughter after all, who brought him his cancelled debt to her father as poor Roger's fortune. To run out of the reach of bill and marriage, he ran on the enemy's pikes; and as these did not kill him he was thrown back upon t'other horn of his dilemma. Our great Duke at the same battle was fighting, not the French, but the Tories in

England; and risking his life and the army's, not for his country but for his pay and places, and for fear of his wife at home, that only being in life whom he dreaded. I have asked about men in my own company (new drafts of poor country boys were perpetually coming over to us during the wars, and brought from the ploughshare to the sword), and found that a half of them under the flags were driven thither on account of a woman: one fellow was jilted by his mistress and took the shilling in despair; another jilted the girl, and fled from her and the parish to the tents where the law could not disturb him. Why go on particularizing? What can the sons of Adam and Eve expect, but to continue in that course of love and trouble their father and mother set out on? Oh, my grandson! I am drawing nigh to the end of that period of my history when I was acquainted with the great world of England and Europe; my years are past the Hebrew poet's limit, and I say unto thee, all my troubles and joys too, for that matter, have come from a woman; as thine will when thy destined course begins. 'Twas a woman that made a soldier of me, that set me intriguing afterwards; I believe I would have spun smocks for her had she so bidden me; what strength I had in my head I would have given her; hath not every man in his degree had his Omphale and Delilah? Mine befooled me on the banks of the Thames, and in dear old England; thou mayest find thine own by Rappahannock.

To please that woman then I tried to distinguish myself as a soldier, and afterwards as a wit and a politician; as to please another I would have put on a black cassock and a pair of bands, and had done so but that a superior fate intervened to defeat that project. And I say, I think the world is like Captain

Esmond's company I spoke of anon; and could you see every man's career in life, you would find a woman clogging him; or clinging round his march and stopping him; or cheering him and goading him; or beckoning him out of her chariot, so that he goes up to her, and leaves the race to be run without him; or bringing him the apple, and saying "Eat"; or fetching him the daggers and whispering "Kill! yonder lies Duncan, and a crown, and an opportunity."

Your grandfather fought with more effect as a politician than as a wit; and having private animosities and grievances of his own and his General's against the great Duke in command of the army, and more information on military matters than most writers, who had never seen beyond the fire of a tobacco-pipe at "Wills's," he was enabled to do good service for that cause which he embarked in, and for Mr. St. John and his party. But he disdained the abuse in which some of the Tory writers indulged; for instance, Dr. Swift, who actually chose to doubt the Duke of Marlborough's courage, and was pleased to hint that his Grace's military capacity was doubtful: nor were Esmond's performances worse for the effect they were intended to produce (though no doubt they could not injure the Duke of Marlborough nearly so much in the public eyes as the malignant attacks of Swift did, which were carefully directed so as to blacken and degrade him), because they were writ openly and fairly by Mr. Esmond, who made no disguise of them, who was now out of the army, and who never attacked the prodigious courage and talents, only the selfishness and rapacity, of the chief.

The Colonel then, having writ a paper for one of the Tory journals, called the "Post-Boy" (a letter upon Bouchain, that the town talked about for two

whole days, when the appearance of an Italian singer supplied a fresh subject for conversation), and having business at the Exchange, where Mistress Beatrix wanted a pair of gloves or a fan very likely, Esmond went to correct his paper, and was sitting at the printer's, when the famous Dr. Swift came in, his Irish fellow with him that used to walk before his chair, and bawled out his master's name with great dignity.

Mr. Esmond was waiting for the printer too, whose wife had gone to the tavern to fetch him, and was meantime engaged in drawing a picture of a soldier on horseback for a dirty little pretty boy of the printer's wife, whom she had left behind her.

"I presume you are the editor of the 'Post-Boy,' sir?" says the Doctor, in a grating voice that had an Irish twang; and he looked at the Colonel from under his two bushy eyebrows with a pair of very clear blue eyes. His complexion was muddy, his figure rather fat, his chin double. He wore a shabby cassock, and a shabby hat over his black wig, and he pulled out a great gold watch, at which he looks very fierce.

"I am but a contributor Dr. Swift," says Esmond, with the little boy still on his knee. He was sitting with his back in the window, so that the Doctor could not see him.

"Who told you I was Dr. Swift?" says the Doctor, eying the other very haughtily.

"Your Reverence's valet bawled out your name," says the Colonel. "I should judge you brought him from Ireland?"

"And pray, sir, what right have you to judge whether my servant came from Ireland or no? I want to speak with your employer, Mr. Leach. I'll thank ye go fetch him."

"Where's your papa, Tommy?" asks the Colonel of the child, a smutty little wretch in a frock.

Instead of answering, the child begins to cry; the Doctor's appearance had no doubt frightened the poor little imp.

"Send that squalling little brat about his business, and do what I bid ye, sir," says the Doctor.

"I must finish the picture first for Tommy," says the Colonel, laughing. "Here, Tommy, will you have your Pandour with whiskers or without?"

"Whisters," says Tommy, quite intent on the picture.

"Who the devil are ye, sir?" cries the Doctor; "are ye a printer's man or are ye not?" — he pronounced it like *naught*.

"Your Reverence need n't raise the devil to ask who I am," says Colonel Esmond. "Did you ever hear of Dr. Faustus, little Tommy? or Friar Bacon, who invented gunpowder, and set the Thames on fire?"

Mr. Swift turned quite red, almost purple. "I did not intend any offence, sir," says he.

"I dare say, sir, you offended without meaning," says the other, dryly.

"Who are ye, sir? Do you know who I am, sir? You are one of the pack of Grub Street scribblers that my friend Mr. Secretary hath laid by the heels. How dare ye, sir, speak to me in this tone?" cries the Doctor, in a great fume.

"I beg your honor's humble pardon if I have offended your honor," says Esmond, in a tone of great humility. "Rather than be sent to the Compter, or be put in the pillory, there's nothing I would n't do. But Mrs. Leach, the printer's lady, told me to mind Tommy whilst she went for her husband to the tavern, and I dare n't leave the child lest he should fall into the fire; but if your Reverence will hold him —"

"I take the little beast!" says the Doctor, starting back. "I am engaged to your betters, fellow. Tell Mr. Leach that when he makes an appointment with Dr. Swift he had best keep it, do ye hear? And keep a respectful tongue in your head, sir, when you address a person like me."

"I'm but a poor broken-down soldier," says the Colonel, "and I've seen better days, though I am forced now to turn my hand to writing. We can't help our fate, sir."

"You're the person that Mr. Leach hath spoken to me of, I presume. Have the goodness to speak civilly when you are spoken to — and tell Leach to call at my lodgings in Bury Street, and bring the papers with him to-night at ten o'clock. And the next time you see me, you'll know me, and be civil, Mr. Kemp."

Poor Kemp, who had been a lieutenant at the beginning of the war, and fallen into misfortune, was the writer of the "Post-Boy," and now took honest Mr. Leach's pay in place of her Majesty's. Esmond had seen this gentleman, and a very ingenious, hard-working honest fellow he was, toiling to give bread to a great family, and watching up many a long winter night to keep the wolf from his door. And Mr. St. John, who had liberty always on his tongue, had just sent a dozen of the opposition writers into prison, and one actually into the pillory, for what he called libels, but libels not half so violent as those writ on our side. With regard to this very piece of tyranny, Esmond had remonstrated strongly with the Secretary, who laughed and said the rascals were served quite right; and told Esmond a joke of Swift's regarding the matter. Nay, more, this Irishman, when St. John was about to pardon a poor wretch condemned to death for rape, absolutely prevented the Secretary from exercising this act of good-nature, and boasted that he



had had the man hanged ; and great as the Doctor's genius might be, and splendid his ability, Esmond for one would affect no love for him, and never desired to make his acquaintance. The Doctor was at Court every Sunday assiduously enough, a place the Colonel frequented but rarely, though he had a great inducement to go there in the person of a fair maid of honor of her Majesty's ; and the airs and patronage Mr. Swift gave himself, forgetting gentlemen of his country whom he knew perfectly, his loud talk at once insolent and servile, nay, perhaps his very intimacy with Lord Treasurer and the Secretary, who indulged all his freaks and called him Jonathan, you may be sure, were remarked by many a person of whom the proud priest himself took no note, during that time of his vanity and triumph.

'T was but three days after the 15th of November, 1712 (Esmond minds him well of the date), that he went by invitation to dine with his General, the foot of whose table he used to take on these festive occasions, as he had done at many a board, hard and plentiful, during the campaign. This was a great feast, and of the latter sort ; the honest old gentleman loved to treat his friends splendidly : his Grace of Ormonde, before he joined his army as generalissimo, my Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, one of her Majesty's Secretaries of State, my Lord Orkney, that had served with us abroad, being of the party. His Grace of Hamilton, Master of the Ordnance, and in whose honor the feast had been given, upon his approaching departure as Ambassador to Paris, had sent an excuse to General Webb at two o'clock, but an hour before the dinner : nothing but the most immediate business, his Grace said, should have prevented him having the pleasure of drinking a parting glass

to the health of General Webb. His absence disappointed Esmond's old chief, who suffered much from his wounds besides; and though the company was grand, it was rather gloomy. St. John came last, and brought a friend with him: "I'm sure," says my General, bowing very politely, "my table hath always a place for Dr. Swift."

Mr. Esmond went up to the Doctor with a bow and a smile: — "I gave Dr. Swift's message," says he, "to the printer: I hope he brought your pamphlet to your lodgings in time." Indeed poor Leach had come to his house very soon after the Doctor left it, being brought away rather tipsy from the tavern by his thrifty wife; and he talked of Cousin Swift in a maudlin way, though of course Mr. Esmond did not allude to this relationship. The Doctor scowled, blushed, and was much confused, and said scarce a word during the whole of dinner. A very little stone will sometimes knock down these Goliaths of wit; and this one was often discomfited when met by a man of any spirit; he took his place sulkily, put water in his wine that the others drank plentifully, and scarce said a word.

The talk was about the affairs of the day, or rather about persons than affairs: my Lady Marlborough's fury, her daughters in old clothes and mob-caps looking out from their windows and seeing the company pass to the Drawing-room; the gentleman-usher's horror when the Prince of Savoy was introduced to her Majesty in a tie-wig, no man out of a full-bottomed periwig ever having kissed the Royal hand before; about the Mohawks and the damage they were doing, rushing through the town, killing and murdering. Some one said the ill-omened face of Mohun had been seen at the theatre the night before,

and Macartney and Meredith with him. Meant to be a feast, the meeting, in spite of drink and talk, was as dismal as a funeral. Every topic started subsided into gloom. His Grace of Ormonde went away because the conversation got upon Denain, where we had been defeated in the last campaign. Esmond's General was affected at the allusion to this action too, for his comrade of Wynendael, the Count of Nassau Woudenbourg, had been slain there. Mr. Swift, when Esmond pledged him, said he drank no wine, and took his hat from the peg and went away, beckoning my Lord Bolingbroke to follow him; but the other bade him take his chariot and save his coach-hire—he had to speak with Colonel Esmond; and when the rest of the company withdrew to cards, these two remained behind in the dark.

Bolingbroke always spoke freely when he had drunk freely. His enemies could get any secret out of him in that condition; women were even employed to ply him, and take his words down. I have heard that my Lord Stair, three years after, when the Secretary fled to France and became the Pretender's Minister, got all the information he wanted by putting female spies over St. John in his cups. He spoke freely now:—"Jonathan knows nothing of this for certain, though he suspects it, and by George, Webb will take an Archbishopric, and Jonathan a—no,—damme—Jonathan will take an Archbishopric from James, I warrant me, gladly enough. Your Duke hath the string of the whole matter in his hand," the Secretary went on. "We have that which will force Marlborough to keep his distance, and he goes out of London in a fortnight. Prior hath his business; he left me this morning, and mark me, Harry, should fate carry off our august, our beloved,

our most gouty and plethoric Queen, and Defender of the Faith, la bonne cause triomphera. A la santé de la bonne cause ! Everything good comes from France. Wine comes from France ; give us another bumper to the bonne cause." We drank it together.

"Will the bonne cause turn Protestant ?" asked Mr. Esmond.

"No, hang it," says the other, "he'll defend our Faith as in duty bound, but he'll stick by his own. The Hind and the Panther shall run in the same car, by Jove. Righteousness and peace shall kiss each other : and we'll have Father Massillon to walk down the aisle of St. Paul's, cheek by jowl with Dr. Sacheverel. Give us more wine ; here's a health to the bonne cause, kneeling — damme, let's drink it kneeling." He was quite flushed and wild with wine as he was talking.

"And suppose," says Esmond, who always had this gloomy apprehension, "the bonne cause should give us up to the French, as his father and uncle did before him ?"

"Give us up to the French !" starts up Bolingbroke ; "is there any English gentleman that fears that ? You who have seen Blenheim and Ramillies, afraid of the French ! Your ancestors and mine, and brave old Webb's yonder, have met them in a hundred fields, and our children will be ready to do the like. Who's he that wishes for more men from England ? My Cousin Westmoreland ? Give us up to the French, pshaw !"

"His uncle did," says Mr. Esmond.

"And what happened to his grandfather ?" broke out St. John, filling out another bumper. "Here's to the greatest monarch England ever saw ; here's to the Englishman that made a kingdom of her. Our

great King came from Huntingdon, not Hanover; our fathers didn't look for a Dutchman to rule us. Let him come and we'll keep him, and we'll show him Whitehall. If he's a traitor let us have him here to deal with him; and then there are spirits here as great as any that have gone before. There are men here that can look at danger in the face and not be frightened at it. Traitor! treason! what names are these to scare you and me? Are all Oliver's men dead, or his glorious name forgotten in fifty years? Are there no men equal to him, think you, as good — ay, as good? God save the King! and, if the monarchy fails us, God save the British Republic!"

He filled another great bumper, and tossed it up and drained it wildly, just as the noise of rapid carriage-wheels approaching was stopped at our door, and after a hurried knock and a moment's interval, Mr. Swift came into the hall, ran up stairs to the room we were dining in, and entered it with a perturbed face. St. John, excited with drink, was making some wild quotation out of Macbeth, but Swift stopped him.

"Drink no more, my lord, for God's sake!" says he. "I come with the most dreadful news."

"Is the Queen dead?" cries out Bolingbroke, seizing on a water-glass.

"No, Duke Hamilton is dead: he was murdered an hour ago by Mohun and Macartney; they had a quarrel this morning; they gave him not so much time as to write a letter. He went for a couple of his friends, and he is dead, and Mohun, too, the bloody villain, who was set on him. They fought in Hyde Park just before sunset; the Duke killed Mohun, and Macartney came up and stabbed him, and the dog is fled. I

have your chariot below; send to every part of the country and apprehend that villain; come to the Duke's house and see if any life be left in him."

"Oh, Beatrix, Beatrix," thought Esmond, "and here ends my poor girl's ambition!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### POOR BEATRIX.

THERE had been no need to urge upon Esmond the necessity of a separation between him and Beatrix; Fate had done that completely; and I think from the very moment poor Beatrix had accepted the Duke's offer, she began to assume the majestic air of a Duchess, nay, Queen Elect, and to carry herself as one sacred and removed from us common people. Her mother and kinsman both fell into her ways, the latter scornfully perhaps, and uttering his usual gibes at her vanity and his own. There was a certain charm about this girl of which neither Colonel Esmond nor his fond mistress could forego the fascination; in spite of her faults and her pride and wilfulness, they were forced to love her; and, indeed, might be set down as the two chief flatterers of the brilliant creature's court.

Who, in the course of his life, hath not been so bewitched, and worshipped some idol or another? Years after this passion hath been dead and buried, along with a thousand other worldly cares and ambitions, he who felt it can recall it out of its grave, and admire, almost as fondly as he did in his youth, that lovely queenly creature. I invoke that beautiful spirit from the shades and love her still; or rather I should say such a past is always present to a man; such a passion once felt forms a part of his whole

being, and cannot be separated from it; it becomes a portion of the man of to-day, just as any great faith or conviction, the discovery of poetry, the awakening of religion, ever afterwards influence him; just as the wound I had at Blenheim, and of which I wear the scar, hath become part of my frame and influenced my whole body, nay, spirit subsequently, though 't was got and healed forty years ago. Parting and forgetting! What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the Truths of our life, never leave us. Surely, they cannot separate from our consciousness; shall follow it whithersoever that shall go, and are of their nature divine and immortal.

With the horrible news of this catastrophe, which was confirmed by the weeping domestics at the Duke's own door, Esmond rode homewards as quick as his lazy coach would carry him, devising all the time how he should break the intelligence to the person most concerned in it; and if a satire upon human vanity could be needed, that poor soul afforded it in the altered company and occupations in which Esmond found her. For days before, her chariot had been rolling the street from mercer to toyshop—from goldsmith to laceman: her taste was perfect, or at least the fond bridegroom had thought so, and had given her entire authority over all tradesmen, and for all the plate, furniture and equipages, with which his Grace the Ambassador wished to adorn his splendid mission. She must have her picture by Kneller, a duchess not being complete without a portrait, and a noble one he made, and actually sketched in, on a cushion, a coronet which she was about to wear. She vowed she would wear it at King James the Third's coronation, and never a princess in the land



would have become ermine better. Esmond found the ante-chamber crowded with milliners and toyshop women; obsequious goldsmiths with jewels, salvers, and tankards; and mercers' men with hangings, and velvets, and brocades. My Lady Duchess elect was giving audience to one famous silversmith from Exeter Change, who brought with him a great chased salver, of which he was pointing out the beauties as Colonel Esmond entered. "Come," says she, "Cousin, and admire the taste of this pretty thing." I think Mars and Venus were lying in the golden bower; that one gilt Cupid carried off the war-god's casque — another his sword — another his great buckler, upon which my Lord Duke Hamilton's arms with ours were to be engraved — and a fourth was kneeling down to the reclining goddess with the ducal coronet in her hands, God help us! The next time Mr. Esmond saw that piece of plate, the arms were changed, the ducal coronet had been replaced by a viscount's; it formed part of the fortune of the thrifty goldsmith's own daughter, when she married my Lord Viscount Squanderfield two years after.

"Isn't this a beautiful piece?" says Beatrix, examining it, and she pointed out the arch graces of the Cupids, and the fine carving of the languid prostrate Mars. Esmond sickened as he thought of the warrior dead in his chamber, his servants and children weeping around him; and of this smiling creature attiring herself, as it were, for that nuptial death-bed. "'T is a pretty piece of vanity," says he, looking gloomily at the beautiful creature: there were flambeaux in the room lighting up the brilliant mistress of it. She lifted up the great gold salver with her fair arms.

"Vanity!" says she, haughtily. "What is vanity in you, sir, is propriety in me. You ask a Jewish

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price for it, Mr. Graves; but have it I will, if only to spite Mr. Esmond."

"Oh, Beatrix, lay it down!" says Mr. Esmond. "Herodias! you know not what you carry in the charger."

She dropped it with a clang; the eager goldsmith running to seize his fallen ware. The lady's face caught the fright from Esmond's pale countenance, and her eyes shone out like beacons of alarm:—"What is it, Henry!" says she, running to him, and seizing both his hands. "What do you mean by your pale face and gloomy tones?"

"Come away, come away!" says Esmond, leading her: she clung frightened to him, and he supported her upon his heart, bidding the scared goldsmith leave them. The man went into the next apartment, staring with surprise, and hugging his precious charger.

"Oh, my Beatrix, my sister!" says Esmond, still holding in his arms the pallid and affrighted creature, "you have the greatest courage of any woman in the world; prepare to show it now, for you have a dreadful trial to bear."

She sprang away from the friend who would have protected her:—"Hath he left me?" says she. "We had words this morning: he was very gloomy, and I angered him: but he dared not, he dared not!" As she spoke a burning blush flushed over her whole face and bosom. Esmond saw it reflected in the glass by which she stood, with clenched hands, pressing her swelling heart.

"He has left you," says Esmond, wondering that rage rather than sorrow was in her looks.

"And he is alive," cried Beatrix, "and you bring me this commission! He has left me, and you haven't dared to avenge me! You, that pretend







Yours as anciently  
Wm Thackeray



to be the champion of our house, have let me suffer this insult! Where is Castlewood? I will go to my brother."

"The Duke is not alive, Beatrix," said Esmond.

She looked at her cousin wildly, and fell back to the wall as though shot in the breast:—"And you come here, and—and—you killed him?"

"No; thank heaven!" her kinsman said. "The blood of that noble heart doth not stain my sword! In its last hour it was faithful to thee, Beatrix Esmond. Vain and cruel woman! kneel and thank the awful heaven which awards life and death, and chastises pride, that the noble Hamilton died true to you; at least that 't was not your quarrel, or your pride, or your wicked vanity, that drove him to his fate. He died by the bloody sword which already had drank your own father's blood. O woman, O sister! to that sad field where two corpses are lying—for the murderer died too by the hand of the man he slew—can you bring no mourners but your revenge and your vanity? God help and pardon thee, Beatrix, as he brings this awful punishment to your hard and rebellious heart."

Esmond had scarce done speaking, when his mistress came in. The colloquy between him and Beatrix had lasted but a few minutes, during which time Esmond's servant had carried the disastrous news through the household. The army of Vanity Fair, waiting without, gathered up all their fripperies and fled aghast. Tender Lady Castlewood had been in talk above with Dean Atterbury, the pious creature's almoner and director; and the Dean had entered with her as a physician whose place was at a sick-bed. Beatrix's mother looked at Esmond and ran towards her daughter, with a pale face and open heart and



hands, all kindness and pity. But Beatrix passed her by, nor would she have any of the medicaments of the spiritual physician. "I am best in my own room, and by myself," she said. Her eyes were quite dry; nor did Esmond ever see them otherwise, save once, in respect to that grief. She gave him a cold hand as she went out: "Thank you, brother," she said, in a low voice, and with a simplicity more touching than tears; "all you have said is true and kind, and I will go away and ask pardon." The three others remained behind, and talked over the dreadful story. It affected Dr. Atterbury more even than us, as it seemed. The death of Mohun, her husband's murderer, was more awful to my mistress than even the Duke's unhappy end. Esmond gave at length what particulars he knew of their quarrel, and the cause of it. The two noblemen had long been at war with respect to the Lord Gerard's property, whose two daughters my Lord Duke and Mohun had married. They had met by appointment that day at the lawyer's in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; had words which, though they appeared very trifling to those who heard them, were not so to men exasperated by long and previous enmity. Mohun asked my Lord Duke where he could see his Grace's friends, and within an hour had sent two of his own to arrange this deadly duel. It was pursued with such fierceness, and sprung from so trifling a cause, that all men agreed at the time that there was a party, of which these three notorious brawlers were but agents, who desired to take Duke Hamilton's life away. They fought three on a side, as in that tragic meeting twelve years back, which hath been recounted already, and in which Mohun performed his second murder. They rushed in, and closed upon each other at once without any

feints or crossing of swords even, and stabbed one at the other desperately, each receiving many wounds; and Mohun having his death-wound, and my Lord Duke lying by him, Macartney came up and stabbed his Grace as he lay on the ground, and gave him the blow of which he died. Colonel Macartney denied this, of which the horror and indignation of the whole kingdom would nevertheless have him guilty, and fled the country, whither he never returned.

What was the real cause of the Duke Hamilton's death? — a paltry quarrel that might easily have been made up, and with a ruffian so low, base, profligate, and degraded with former crimes and repeated murders, that a man of such renown and princely rank as my Lord Duke might have disdained to sully his sword with the blood of such a villain. But his spirit was so high that those who wished his death knew that his courage was like his charity, and never turned any man away; and he died by the hands of Mohun, and the other two cut-throats that were set on him. The Queen's ambassador to Paris died, the loyal and devoted servant of the House of Stuart, and a Royal Prince of Scotland himself, and carrying the confidence, the repentance of Queen Anne along with his own open devotion, and the good-will of millions in the country more, to the Queen's exiled brother and sovereign.

That party to which Lord Mohun belonged had the benefit of his service, and now were well rid of such a ruffian. He, and Meredith, and Macartney, were the Duke of Marlborough's men; and the two colonels had been broke but the year before for drinking perdition to the Tories. His Grace was a Whig now and a Hanoverian, and as eager for war as Prince Eugene himself. I say not that he was privy to Duke

Hamilton's death, I say that his party profited by it; and that three desperate and bloody instruments were found to effect that murder.

As Esmond and the Dean walked away from Kensington discoursing of this tragedy, and how fatal it was to the cause which they both had at heart, the street-criers were already out with their broadsides, shouting through the town the full, true, and horrible account of the death of Lord Mohun and Duke Hamilton in a duel. A fellow had got to Kensington, and was crying it in the square there at very early morning, when Mr. Esmond happened to pass by. He drove the man from under Beatrix's very window, whereof the casement had been set open. The sun was shining though 't was November: he had seen the market-carts rolling into London, the guard relieved at the palace, the laborers trudging to their work in the gardens between Kensington and the City — the wandering merchants and hawkers filling the air with their cries. The world was going to its business again, although dukes lay dead and ladies mourned for them; and kings, very likely, lost their chances. So night and day pass away, and to-morrow comes, and our place knows us not. Esmond thought of the courier, now galloping on the North road to inform him, who was Earl of Arran yesterday, that he was Duke of Hamilton to-day, and of a thousand great schemes, hopes, ambitions, that were alive in the gallant heart, beating a few hours since, and now in a little dust quiescent.

## CHAPTER VII.

### I VISIT CASTLEWOOD ONCE MORE.

Thus, for a third time, Beatrix's ambitious hopes were circumvented, and she might well believe that a special malignant fate watched and pursued her, tearing her prize out of her hand just as she seemed to grasp it, and leaving her with only rage and grief for her portion. Whatever her feelings might have been of anger or of sorrow, (and I fear me that the former emotion was that which most tore her heart,) she would take no confidant, as people of softer natures would have done under such a calamity; her mother and her kinsman knew that she would disdain their pity, and that to offer it would be but to infuriate the cruel wound which fortune had inflicted. We knew that her pride was awfully humbled and punished by this sudden and terrible blow; she wanted no teaching of ours to point out the sad moral of her story. Her fond mother could give but her prayers, and her kinsman his faithful friendship and patience to the unhappy, stricken creature; and it was only by hints, and a word or two uttered months afterwards, that Beatrix showed she understood their silent commiseration, and on her part was secretly thankful for their forbearance. The people about the Court said there was that in her manner which frightened away scoffing and condolence: she was above their triumph and their pity, and acted her part in that dreadful tragedy greatly and courage-

ously; so that those who liked her least were yet forced to admire her. We, who watched her after her disaster, could not but respect the indomitable courage and majestic calm with which she bore it. "I would rather see her tears than her pride," her mother said, who was accustomed to bear her sorrows in a very different way, and to receive them as the stroke of God, with an awful submission and meekness. But Beatrix's nature was different to that tender parent's; she seemed to accept her grief and to defy it; nor would she allow it (I believe not even in private and in her own chamber) to extort from her the confession of even a tear of humiliation or a cry of pain. Friends and children of our race, who come after me, in which way will you bear your trials? I know one that prays God will give you love rather than pride, and that the Eye all-seeing shall find you in the humble place. Not that we should judge proud spirits otherwise than charitably. 'T is nature hath fashioned some for ambition and dominion, as it hath formed others for obedience and gentle submission. The leopard follows his nature as the lamb does, and acts after leopard law; she can neither help her beauty, nor her courage, nor her cruelty; nor a single spot on her shining coat; nor the conquering spirit which impels her; nor the shot which brings her down.

During that well-founded panic of the Whigs lest the Queen should forsake their Hanoverian Prince, bound by oaths and treaties as she was to him, and recall her brother, who was allied to her by yet stronger ties of nature and duty, the Prince of Savoy and the boldest of that party of the Whigs were for bringing the young Duke of Cambridge over, in spite of the Queen and the outcry of her Tory servants, arguing that the Electoral Prince, a Peer and Prince

of the Blood-Royal of this Realm too, and in the line of succession to the crown, had a right to sit in the Parliament whereof he was a member, and to dwell in the country which he one day was to govern. Nothing but the strongest ill will expressed by the Queen, and the people about her, and menaces of the Royal resentment, should this scheme be persisted in, prevented it from being carried into effect.

The boldest on our side were, in like manner, for having our Prince into the country. The undoubted inheritor of the right divine; the feelings of more than half the nation, of almost all the clergy, of the gentry of England and Scotland with him; entirely innocent of the crime for which his father suffered — brave, young, handsome, unfortunate — who in England would dare to molest the Prince should he come among us, and fling himself upon British generosity, hospitality, and honor? An invader with an army of Frenchmen behind him, Englishmen of spirit would resist to the death, and drive back to the shores whence he came; but a Prince, alone, armed with his right only, and relying on the loyalty of his people, was sure, many of his friends argued, of welcome, at least of safety, among us. The hand of his sister the Queen, of the people his subjects, never could be raised to do him a wrong. But the Queen was timid by nature, and the successive Ministers she had, had private causes for their irresolution. The bolder and honester men, who had at heart the illustrious young exile's cause, had no scheme of interest of their own to prevent them from seeing the right done, and, provided only he came as an Englishman, were ready to venture their all to welcome and defend him.

St. John and Harley both had kind words in plenty

for the Prince's adherents, and gave him endless promises of future support; but hints and promises were all they could be got to give; and some of his friends were for measures much bolder, more efficacious, and more open. With a party of these, some of whom are yet alive, and some whose names Mr. Esmond has no right to mention, he found himself engaged the year after that miserable death of Duke Hamilton, which deprived the Prince of his most courageous ally in this country. Dean Atterbury was one of the friends whom Esmond may mention, as the brave bishop is now beyond exile and persecution, and to him, and one or two more, the Colonel opened himself of a scheme of his own, that, backed by a little resolution on the Prince's part, could not fail of bringing about the accomplishment of their dearest wishes.

My young Lord Viscount Castlewood had not come to England to keep his majority, and had now been absent from the country for several years. The year when his sister was to be married and Duke Hamilton died, my lord was kept at Bruxelles by his wife's lying-in. The gentle Clotilda could not bear her husband out of her sight; perhaps she mistrusted the young scapegrace should he ever get loose from her leading-strings; and she kept him by her side to nurse the baby and administer posset to the gossips. Many a laugh poor Beatrix had had about Frank's uxoriousness: his mother would have gone to Clotilda when her time was coming, but that the mother-in-law was already in possession, and the negotiations for poor Beatrix's marriage were begun. A few months after the horrid catastrophe in Hyde Park, my mistress and her daughter retired to Castlewood, where my lord, it was expected, would soon join

them. But, to say truth, their quiet household was little to his taste; he could be got to come to Walcote but once after his first campaign; and then the young rogue spent more than half his time in London, not appearing at Court or in public under his own name and title, but frequenting plays, bagnios, and the very worst company, under the name of Captain Esmond (whereby his innocent kinsman got more than once into trouble); and so under various pretexts, and in pursuit of all sorts of pleasures, until he plunged into the lawful one of marriage, Frank Castlewood had remained away from this country, and was unknown, save amongst the gentlemen of the army, with whom he had served abroad. The fond heart of his mother was pained by this long absence. 'T was all that Henry Esmond could do to soothe her natural mortification, and find excuses for his kinsman's levity.

In the autumn of the year 1713, Lord Castlewood thought of returning home. His first child had been a daughter; Clotilda was in the way of gratifying his lordship with a second, and the pious youth thought that, by bringing his wife to his ancestral home, by prayers to St. Philip of Castlewood, and what not, Heaven might be induced to bless him with a son this time, for whose coming the expectant mamma was very anxious.

The long-debated peace had been proclaimed this year at the end of March; and France was open to us. Just as Frank's poor mother had made all things ready for Lord Castlewood's reception, and was eagerly expecting her son, it was by Colonel Esmond's means that the kind lady was disappointed of her longing, and obliged to defer once more the darling hope of her heart.



Esmond took horses to Castlewood. He had not seen its ancient gray towers and well-remembered woods for nearly fourteen years, and since he rode thence with my lord, to whom his mistress with her young children by her side waved an adieu. What ages seem to have passed since then, what years of action and passion, of care, love, hope, disaster! The children were grown up now, and had stories of their own. As for Esmond, he felt to be a hundred years old; his dear mistress only seemed unchanged; she looked and welcomed him quite as of old. There was the fountain in the court babbling its familiar music, the old hall and its furniture, the carved chair my late lord used, the very flagon he drank from. Esmond's mistress knew he would like to sleep in the little room he used to occupy; 't was made ready for him, and wall-flowers and sweet herbs set in the adjoining chamber, the Chaplain's room.

In tears of not unmanly emotion, with prayers of submission to the awful Dispenser of death and life, of good and evil fortune, Mr. Esmond passed a part of that first night at Castlewood, lying awake for many hours as the clock kept tolling (in tones so well remembered), looking back, as all men will, that revisit their home of childhood, over the great gulf of time, and surveying himself on the distant bank yonder, a sad little melancholy boy with his lord still alive—his dear mistress, a girl yet, her children sporting around her. Years ago, a boy on that very bed, when she had blessed him and called him her knight, he had made a vow to be faithful and never desert her dear service. Had he kept that fond boyish promise? Yes, before Heaven; yes, praise be to God! His life had been hers; his blood, his fortune, his name, his whole heart ever since had

been hers and her children's. All night long he was dreaming his boyhood over again, and waking fitfully; he half fancied he heard Father Holt calling to him from the next chamber, and that he was coming in and out of the mysterious window.

Esmond rose up before the dawn, passed into the next room, where the air was heavy with the odor of the wall-flowers; looked into the brazier where the papers had been burnt, into the old presses where Holt's books and papers had been kept, and tried the spring and whether the window worked still. The spring had not been touched for years, but yielded at length, and the whole fabric of the window sank down. He lifted it and it relapsed into its frame; no one had ever passed thence since Holt used it sixteen years ago.

Esmond remembered his poor lord saying, on the last day of his life, that Holt used to come in and out of the house like a ghost, and knew that the Father liked these mysteries, and practised such secret disguises, entrances, and exits: this was the way the ghost came and went, his pupil had always conjectured. Esmond closed the casement up again as the dawn was rising over Castlewood village; he could hear the clinking at the blacksmith's forge yonder among the trees, across the green, and past the river, on which a mist still lay sleeping.

Next Esmond opened that long cupboard over the woodwork of the mantel-piece, big enough to hold a man, and in which Mr. Holt used to keep sundry secret properties of his. The two swords he remembered so well as a boy, lay actually there still, and Esmond took them out and wiped them, with a strange curiosity of emotion. There were a bundle of papers here, too, which no doubt had been left at Holt's last visit to the place, in my Lord Viscount's life, that

very day when the priest had been arrested and taken to Hexham Castle. Esmond made free with these papers, and found treasonable matter of King William's reign, the names of Charnock and Perkins, Sir John Fenwick and Sir John Friend, Rookwood and Lodwick, Lords Montgomery and Ailesbury, Clarendon and Yarmouth, that had all been engaged in plots against the usurper; a letter from the Duke of Berwick too, and one from the King at St. Germain's, offering to confer upon his trusty and well-beloved Francis Viscount Castlewood the titles of Earl and Marquis of Esmond, bestowed by patent royal, and in the fourth year of his reign, upon Thomas Viscount Castlewood and the heirs-male of his body, in default of which issue the ranks and dignities were to pass to Francis aforesaid.

This was the paper, whereof my lord had spoken, which Holt showed him the very day he was arrested, and for an answer to which he would come back in a week's time. I put these papers hastily into the crypt whence I had taken them, being interrupted by a tapping of a light finger at the ring of the chamber-door: 't was my kind mistress, with her face full of love and welcome. She, too, had passed the night wakefully, no doubt; but neither asked the other how the hours had been spent. There are things we divine without speaking, and know though they happen out of our sight. This fond lady hath told me that she knew both days when I was wounded abroad. Who shall say how far sympathy reaches, and how truly love can prophesy? "I looked into your room," was all she said; "the bed was vacant, the little old bed! I knew I should find you here." And tender and blushing faintly with a benediction in her eyes, the gentle creature kissed him.

They walked out, hand-in-hand, through the old court, and to the terrace-walk, where the grass was glistening with dew, and the birds in the green woods above were singing their delicious choruses under the blushing morning sky. How well all things were remembered! The ancient towers and gables of the Hall darkling against the east, the purple shadows on the green slopes, the quaint devices and carvings of the dial, the forest-crowned heights, the fair yellow plain cheerful with crops and corn, the shining river rolling through it towards the pearly hills beyond; all these were before us, along with a thousand beautiful memories of our youth, beautiful and sad, but as real and vivid in our minds as that fair and always-remembered scene our eyes beheld once more. We forget nothing. The memory sleeps, but wakens again; I often think how it shall be when, after the last sleep of death, the *reveille* shall arouse us forever, and the past in one flash of self-consciousness rush back, like the soul revived.

The house would not be up for some hours yet (it was July, and the dawn was only just awake), and here Esmond opened himself to his mistress, of the business he had in hand, and what part Frank was to play in it. He knew he could confide anything to her, and that the fond soul would die rather than reveal it; and bidding her keep the secret from all, he laid it entirely before his mistress (always as stanch a little loyalist as any in the kingdom), and indeed was quite sure that any plan of his was secure of her applause and sympathy. Never was such a glorious scheme to her partial mind, never such a devoted knight to execute it. An hour or two may have passed whilst they were having their colloquy. Beatrix came out to them just as their talk was over;

her tall, beautiful form robed in sable (which she wore without ostentation ever since last year's catastrophe), sweeping over the green terrace, and casting its shadows before her across the grass.

She made us one of her grand curtsies smiling, and called us "the young people." She was older, paler, and more majestic than in the year before; her mother seemed the younger of the two. She never once spoke of her grief, Lady Castlewood told Esmond, or alluded, save by a quiet word or two, to the death of her hopes.

When Beatrix came back to Castlewood she took to visiting all the cottages and all the sick. She set up a school of children, and taught singing to some of them. We had a pair of beautiful old organs in Castlewood Church, on which she played admirably, so that the music there became to be known in the country for many miles round, and no doubt people came to see the fair organist as well as to hear her. Parson Tusher and his wife were established at the vicarage, but his wife had brought him no children wherewith Tom might meet his enemies at the gate. Honest Tom took care not to have many such, his great shovel-hat was in his hand for everybody. He was profuse of bows and compliments. He behaved to Esmond as if the Colonel had been a commander-in-chief; he dined at the Hall that day, being Sunday, and would not partake of pudding except under extreme pressure. He deplored my lord's perversion, but drank his lordship's health very devoutly; and an hour before at church sent the Colonel to sleep, with a long, learned, and refreshing sermon.

Esmond's visit home was but for two days; the business he had in hand calling him away and out of the country. Ere he went, he saw Beatrix but once

alone, and then she summoned him out of the long tapestry room, where he and his mistress were sitting, quite as in old times, into the adjoining chamber, that had been Viscountess Isabel's sleeping apartment, and where Esmond perfectly well remembered seeing the old lady sitting up in the bed, in her night-rail, that morning when the troop of guard came to fetch her. The most beautiful woman in England lay in that bed now, whereof the great damask hangings were scarce faded since Esmond saw them last.

Here stood Beatrix in her black robes, holding a box in her hand; 't was that which Esmond had given her before her marriage, stamped with a coronet which the disappointed girl was never to wear; and containing his aunt's legacy of diamonds.

"You had best take these with you, Harry," says she; "I have no need of diamonds any more." There was not the least token of emotion in her quiet low voice. She held out the black shagreen case with her fair arm, that did not shake in the least. Esmond saw she wore a black velvet bracelet on it, with my Lord Duke's picture in enamel; he had given it her but three days before he fell.

Esmond said the stones were his no longer, and strove to turn off that proffered restoration with a laugh: "Of what good," says he, "are they to me? The diamond loop to his hat did not set off Prince Eugene, and will not make my yellow face look any handsomer."

"You will give them to your wife, Cousin," says she. "My cousin, your wife, has a lovely complexion and shape."

"Beatrix," Esmond burst out, the old fire flaming out as it would at times, "will you wear those trinkets at your marriage? You whispered once you

did not know me : you know me better now : how I sought, what I have sighed for, for ten years, what foregone !”

“A price for your constancy, my lord !” says she ; “such a preux chevalier wants to be paid. Oh, fie, Cousin !”

“Again,” Esmond spoke out, “if I do something you have at heart ; something worthy of me and you ; something that shall make me a name with which to endow you ; will you take it ? There was a chance for me once, you said ; is it impossible to recall it ? Never shake your head, but hear me ; say you will hear me a year hence. If I come back to you and bring you fame, will that please you ? If I do what you desire most — what he who is dead desired most — will that soften you ?”

“What is it, Henry ?” says she, her face lighting up ; “what mean you ?”

“Ask no questions,” he said ; “wait, and give me but time ; if I bring back that you long for, that I have a thousand times heard you pray for, will you have no reward for him who has done you that service ? Put away those trinkets, keep them : it shall not be at my marriage, it shall not be at yours ; but if man can do it, I swear a day shall come when there shall be a feast in your house, and you shall be proud to wear them. I say no more now ; put aside these words, and lock away yonder box until the day when I shall remind you of both. All I pray of you now is, to wait and to remember.”

“You are going out of the country ?” says Beatrix, in some agitation.

“Yes, to-morrow,” says Esmond.

“To Lorraine, Cousin ?” says Beatrix, laying her hand on his arm ; ’t was the hand on which she wore

the Duke's bracelet. "Stay, Harry!" continued she, with a tone that had more despondency in it than she was accustomed to show. "Hear a last word. I do love you. I do admire you — who would not, that has known such love as yours has been for us all? But I think I have no heart; at least I have never seen the man that could touch it; and, had I found him, I would have followed him in rags had he been a private soldier, or to sea, like one of those buccaneers you used to read to us about when we were children. I would do anything for such a man, bear anything for him: but I never found one. You were ever too much of a slave to win my heart; even my Lord Duke could not command it. I had not been happy had I married him. I knew that three months after our engagement — and was too vain to break it. Oh, Harry! I cried once or twice, not for him, but with tears of rage because I could not be sorry for him. I was frightened to find I was glad of his death; and were I joined to you, I should have the same sense of servitude, the same longing to escape. We should both be unhappy, and you the most, who are as jealous as the Duke was himself. I tried to love him; I tried, indeed I did: affected gladness when he came: submitted to hear when he was by me, and tried the wife's part I thought I was to play for the rest of my days. But half an hour of that complaisance wearied me, and what would a lifetime be? My thoughts were away when he was speaking; and I was thinking, Oh, that this man would drop my hand, and rise up from before my feet! I knew his great and noble qualities, greater and nobler than mine a thousand times, as yours are, Cousin, I tell you, a million and a million times better. But 't was not for these I took him. I took him to have a great



place in the world, and I lost it. I lost it, and do not deplore him — and I often thought, as I listened to his fond vows and ardent words, Oh, if I yield to this man, and meet *the other*, I shall hate him and leave him! I am not good, Harry: my mother is gentle and good like an angel. I wonder how she should have had such a child. She is weak, but she would die rather than do a wrong; I am stronger than she, but I would do it out of defiance. I do not care for what the parsons tell me with their droning sermons: I used to see them at Court as mean and as worthless as the meanest woman there. Oh, I am sick and weary of the world! I wait but for one thing, and when 't is done, I will take Frank's religion and your poor mother's, and go into a nunnery, and end like her. Shall I wear the diamonds then? — they say the nuns wear their best trinkets the day they take the veil. I will put them away as you bid me; farewell, Cousin: mamma is pacing the next room racking her little head to know what we have been saying. She is jealous, all women are. I sometimes think that is the only womanly quality I have."

"Farewell. Farewell, brother." She gave him her cheek as a brotherly privilege. The cheek was as cold as marble.

Esmond's mistress showed no signs of jealousy when he returned to the room where she was. She had schooled herself so as to look quite inscrutably, when she had a mind. Amongst her other feminine qualities she had that of being a perfect dissembler.

He rode away from Castlewood to attempt the task he was bound on, and stand or fall by it; in truth his state of mind was such, that he was eager for some outward excitement to counteract that gnawing malady which he was inwardly enduring.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### I TRAVEL TO FRANCE AND BRING HOME A PORTRAIT OF RIGAUD.

MR. ESMOND did not think fit to take leave at Court, or to inform all the world of Pall Mall and the coffee-houses, that he was about to quit England; and chose to depart in the most private manner possible. He procured a pass as for a Frenchman, through Dr. Atterbury, who did that business for him, getting the signature even from Lord Bolingbroke's office, without any personal application to the Secretary. Lockwood, his faithful servant, he took with him to Castlewood, and left behind there: giving out ere he left London that he himself was sick, and gone to Hampshire for country air, and so departed as silently as might be upon his business.

As Frank Castlewood's aid was indispensable for Mr. Esmond's scheme, his first visit was to Bruxelles (passing by way of Antwerp, where the Duke of Marlborough was in exile), and in the first-named place Harry found his dear young Benedict, the married man, who appeared to be rather out of humor with his matrimonial chain, and clogged with the obstinate embraces which Clotilda kept round his neck. Colonel Esmond was not presented to her; but Monsieur Simon was, a gentleman of the Royal Cravat (Esmond bethought himself of the regiment of his honest Irishman, whom he had seen that day after Malplaquet, when he first set eyes on the young

grasp at a crown. However, at last, and after taking counsel with the Prince's advisers, amongst whom were many gentlemen, honest and faithful, Esmond's plan was laid before the King, and her actual Majesty Queen Oglethorpe, in council. The Prince liked the scheme well enough; 'twas easy and daring, and suited to his reckless gayety and lively youthful spirit. In the morning after he had slept his wine off, he was very gay, lively, and agreeable. His manner had an extreme charm of archness, and a kind simplicity; and, to do her justice, her Oglethorpean Majesty was kind, acute, resolute, and of good counsel; she gave the Prince much good advice that he was too weak to follow, and loved him with a fidelity which he returned with an ingratitude quite Royal.

Having his own forebodings regarding his scheme should it ever be fulfilled, and his usual sceptic doubts as to the benefit which might accrue to the country by bringing a tipsy young monarch back to it, Colonel Esmond had his audience of leave and quiet. Monsieur Simon took his departure. At any rate the youth at Bar was as good as the older Pretender at Hanover; if the worst came to the worst, the Englishman could be dealt with as easy as the German. Monsieur Simon trotted on that long journey from Nancy to Paris, and saw that famous town, stealthily and like a spy, as in truth he was; and where, sure, more magnificence and more misery is heaped together, more rags and lace, more filth and gilding, than in any city in this world. Here he was put in communication with the King's best friend, his half brother, the famous Duke of Berwick; Esmond recognized him as the stranger who had visited Castlewood now near twenty years ago. His Grace

opened to him when he found that Mr. Esmond was one of Webb's brave regiment, that had once been his Grace's own. He was the sword and buckler indeed of the Stuart cause: there was no stain on his shield except the bar across it, which Marlborough's sister left him. Had Berwick been his father's heir, James the Third had assuredly sat on the English throne. He could dare, endure, strike, speak, be silent. The fire and genius, perhaps, he had not (that were given to baser men), but except these he had some of the best qualities of a leader. His Grace knew Esmond's father and history; and hinted at the latter in such a way as made the Colonel to think he was aware of the particulars of that story. But Esmond did not choose to enter on it, nor did the Duke press him. Mr. Esmond said, "No doubt he should come by his name if ever greater people came by theirs."

What confirmed Esmond in his notion that the Duke of Berwick knew of his case was, that when the Colonel went to pay his duty at St. Germain's, her Majesty once addressed him by the title of Marquis. He took the Queen the dutiful remembrances of her goddaughter, and the lady whom, in the days of her prosperity, her Majesty had befriended. The Queen remembered Rachel Esmond perfectly well, had heard of my Lord Castlewood's conversion, and was much edified by that act of Heaven in his favor. She knew that others of that family had been of the only true church too: "Your father and your mother, M. le Marquis," her Majesty said (that was the only time she used the phrase). Monsieur Simon bowed very low, and said he had found other parents than his own, who had taught him differently; but these had only one king: on which her Majesty was pleased to give him a medal blessed by the Pope,

which had been found very efficacious in cases similar to his own, and to promise she would offer up prayers for his conversion and that of the family: which no doubt this pious lady did, though up to the present moment, and after twenty-seven years, Colonel Esmond is bound to say that neither the medal nor the prayers have had the slightest known effect upon his religious convictions.

As for the splendors of Versailles, Monsieur Simon, the merchant, only beheld them as a humble and distant spectator, seeing the old King but once, when he went to feed his carps; and asking for no presentation at his Majesty's Court.

By this time my Lord Viscount Castlewood was got to Paris, where, as the London prints presently announced, her ladyship was brought to bed of a son and heir. For a long while afterwards she was in a delicate state of health, and ordered by the physicians not to travel; otherwise 't was well known that the Viscount Castlewood proposed returning to England, and taking up his residence at his own seat.

Whilst he remained at Paris, my Lord Castlewood had his picture done by the famous French painter, Monsieur Rigaud, a present for his mother in London; and this piece Monsieur Simon took back with him when he returned to that city, which he reached about May, in the year 1714, very soon after which time my Lady Castlewood and her daughter, and their kinsman, Colonel Esmond, who had been at Castlewood all this time, likewise returned to London; her ladyship occupying her house at Kensington, Mr. Esmond returning to his lodgings at Knightsbridge, nearer the town, and once more making his appearance at all public places, his health greatly improved by his long stay in the country.

The portrait of my lord, in a handsome gilt frame, was hung up in the place of honor in her ladyship's drawing-room. His lordship was represented in his scarlet uniform of Captain of the Guard, with a light brown periwig, a cuirass under his coat, a blue ribbon, and a fall of Bruxelles lace. Many of her ladyship's friends admired the piece beyond measure, and flocked to see it; Bishop Atterbury, Mr. Lesly, good old Mr. Collier, and others amongst the clergy, were delighted with the performance, and many among the first quality examined and praised it; only I must own that Dr. Tusher happening to come up to London, and seeing the picture (it was ordinarily covered by a curtain, but on this day Miss Beatrix happened to be looking at it when the Doctor arrived), the Vicar of Castlewood vowed he could not see any resemblance in the piece to his old pupil, except, perhaps, a little about the chin and the periwig; but we all of us convinced him that he had not seen Frank for five years or more; that he knew no more about the Fine Arts than a ploughboy, and that he must be mistaken; and we sent him home assured that the piece was an excellent likeness. As for my Lord Bolingbroke, who honored her ladyship with a visit occasionally, when Colonel Esmond showed him the picture he burst out laughing, and asked what deviltry he was engaged on? Esmond owned simply that the portrait was not that of Viscount Castlewood; besought the Secretary on his honor to keep the secret; said that the ladies of the house were enthusiastic Jacobites, as was well known; and confessed that the picture was that of the Chevalier St. George.

The truth is, that Mr. Simon, waiting upon Lord Castlewood one day at Monsieur Rigaud's, whilst his lordship was sitting for his picture, affected to be much

struck with a piece representing the Chevalier, whereof the head only was finished, and purchased it of the painter for a hundred crowns. It had been intended, the artist said, for Miss Oglethorpe, the Prince's mistress, but that young lady quitting Paris, had left the work on the artist's hands; and taking this piece home, when my lord's portrait arrived, Colonel Esmond, alias Monsieur Simon, had copied the uniform and other accessories from my lord's picture to fill up Rigaud's incomplete canvas: the Colonel all his life having been a practitioner of painting, and especially followed it during his long residence in the cities of Flanders, among the masterpieces of Van Dyck and Rubens. My grandson hath the piece, such as it is, in Virginia now.

At the commencement of the month of June, Miss Beatrix Esmond, and my Lady Viscountess, her mother, arrived from Castlewood; the former to resume her services at Court, which had been interrupted by the fatal catastrophe of Duke Hamilton's death. She once more took her place, then, in her Majesty's suite and at the Maids' table, being always a favorite with Mrs. Masham, the Queen's chief woman, partly perhaps on account of their bitterness against the Duchess of Marlborough, whom Miss Beatrix loved no better than her rival did. The gentlemen about the Court, my Lord Bolingbroke amongst others, owned that the young lady had come back handsomer than ever, and that the serious and tragic air which her face now involuntarily wore became her better than her former smiles and archness.

All the old domestics at the little house of Kensington Square were changed; the old steward that had served the family any time these five-and-twenty years, since the birth of the children of the house, was de-

spatched into the kingdom of Ireland to see my lord's estate there: the housekeeper, who had been my lady's woman time out of mind, and the attendant of the young children, was sent away grumbling to Walcote, to see to the new painting and preparing of that house, which my Lady Dowager intended to occupy for the future, giving up Castlewood to her daughter-in-law that might be expected daily from France. Another servant the Viscountess had was dismissed too — with a gratuity — on the pretext that her ladyship's train of domestics must be diminished; so, finally, there was not left in the household a single person who had belonged to it during the time my young Lord Castlewood was yet at home.

For the plan which Colonel Esmond had in view, and the stroke he intended, 't was necessary that the very smallest number of persons should be put in possession of his secret. It scarce was known, except to three or four out of his family, and it was kept to a wonder.

On the 10th of June, 1714, there came by Mr. Prior's messenger from Paris a letter from my Lord Viscount Castlewood to his mother, saying that he had been foolish in regard of money matters, that he was ashamed to own he had lost at play, and by other extravagances; and that instead of having great entertainments as he had hoped at Castlewood this year, he must live as quiet as he could, and make every effort to be saving. So far every word of poor Frank's letter was true, nor was there a doubt that he and his tall brothers-in-law had spent a great deal more than they ought, and engaged the revenues of the Castlewood property, which the fond mother had husbanded and improved so carefully during the time of her guardianship.



His "Clotilda," Castlewood went on to say, "was still delicate, and her physicians thought her lying-in had best take place at Paris. He should come without her ladyship, and be at his mother's house about the 17th or 18th day of June, proposing to take horse from Paris immediately, and bringing but a single servant with him; and he requested that the lawyers of Gray's Inn might be invited to meet him with their account, and the land-steward come from Castlewood with his, so that he might settle with them speedily, raise a sum of money whereof he stood in need, and be back to his Viscountess by the time of her lying-in." Then his lordship gave some of the news of the town, sent his remembrance to kinsfolk, and so the letter ended. 'T was put in the common post, and no doubt the French police and the English there had a copy of it, to which they were exceeding welcome.

Two days after another letter was despatched by the public post of France, in the same open way, and this, after giving news of the fashion at Court there, ended by the following sentences, in which, but for those that had the key, 't would be difficult for any man to find any secret lurked at all: —

"[The King will take] medicine on Thursday. His Majesty is better than he hath been of late, though incommoded by indigestion from his too great appetite. Madame Maintenon continues well. They have performed a play of Mons. Racine at St. Cyr. The Duke of Shrewsbury and Mr. Prior, our envoy, and all the English nobility here were present at it. [The Viscount Castlewood's passports] were refused to him, 't was said; his lordship being sued by a goldsmith for *Vaisselle plate*, and a pearl necklace supplied to Mademoiselle Mernel of the French Comedy. 'T is a pity such news should get abroad [and travel to England] about our young nobility

here. Mademoiselle Mernel has been sent to the Fort l'Evesque; they say she has ordered not only plate, but furniture, and a chariot and horses [under that lord's name], of which extravagance his unfortunate Viscountess knows nothing.

"[His Majesty will be] eighty-two years of age on his next birthday. The Court prepares to celebrate it with a great feast. Mr. Prior is in a sad way about their refusing at home to send him his plate. All here admired my Lord Viscount's portrait, and said it was a masterpiece of Rigaud. Have you seen it? It is [at the Lady Castlewood's house in Kensington Square]. I think no English painter could produce such a piece.

"Our poor friend the Abbé hath been at the Bastille, but is now transported to the Conciergerie [where his friends may visit him. They are to ask for] a remission of his sentence soon. Let us hope the poor rogue will have repented in prison.

"[The Lord Castlewood] has had the affair of the plate made up, and departs for England.

"Is not this a dull letter? I have a cursed headache with drinking with Mat and some more over-night, and tipsy or sober am

"Thine ever —."

All this letter, save some dozen of words which I have put above between brackets, was mere idle talk, though the substance of the letter was as important as any letter well could be. It told those that had the key, that "The King will take the Viscount Castlewood's passports and travel to England under that lord's name. His Majesty will be at the Lady Castlewood's house in Kensington Square, where his friends may visit him; they are to ask for the Lord Castlewood." This note may have passed under Mr. Prior's eyes, and those of our new allies the French, and taught them nothing; though it explains sufficiently to persons in London what the event was which was about to happen, as 't will show those who

read my memoirs a hundred years hence, what was that errand on which Colonel Esmond of late had been busy. Silently and swiftly to do that about which others were conspiring, and thousands of Jacobites all over the country clumsily caballing; alone to effect that which the leaders here were only talking about; to bring the Prince of Wales into the country openly in the face of all, under Bolingbroke's very eyes, the walls placarded with the proclamation signed with the Secretary's name, and offering five hundred pounds reward for his apprehension: this was a stroke, the playing and winning of which might well give any adventurous spirit pleasure: the loss of the stake might involve a heavy penalty, but all our family were eager to risk that for the glorious chance of winning the game.

Nor shall it be called a game, save perhaps with the chief player, who was not more or less sceptical than most public men with whom he had acquaintance in that age. (Is there ever a public man in England that altogether believes in his party? Is there one, however doubtful, that will not fight for it?) Young Frank was ready to fight without much thinking, he was a Jacobite as his father before him was; all the Esmonds were Royalists. Give him but the word, he would cry, "God save King James!" before the palace guard, or at the Maypole in the Strand; and with respect to the women, as is usual with them, 't was not a question of party but of faith; their belief was a passion; either Esmond's mistress or her daughter would have died for it cheerfully. I have laughed often, talking of King William's reign, and said I thought Lady Castlewood was disappointed the King did not persecute the family more; and those who know the nature of women may

fancy for themselves, what needs not here be written down, the rapture with which these neophytes received the mystery when made known to them; the eagerness with which they looked forward to its completion; the reverence which they paid the minister who initiated them into that secret Truth, now known only to a few, but presently to reign over the world. Sure there is no bound to the trustingness of women. Look at Arria worshipping the drunken clodpate of a husband who beats her; look at Cornelia treasuring as a jewel in her maternal heart the oaf her son; I have known a woman preach Jesuit's bark, and afterwards Dr. Berkeley's tar-water, as though to swallow them were a divine decree, and to refuse them no better than blasphemy.

On his return from France Colonel Esmond put himself at the head of this little knot of fond conspirators. No death or torture he knew would frighten them out of their constancy. When he detailed his plan for bringing the King back, his elder mistress thought that that Restoration was to be attributed under Heaven to the Castlewood family and to its chief, and she worshipped and loved Esmond, if that could be, more than ever she had done. She doubted not for one moment of the success of his scheme, to mistrust which would have seemed impious in her eyes. And as for Beatrix, when she became acquainted with the plan, and joined it, as she did with all her heart, she gave Esmond one of her searching bright looks. "Ah, Harry," says she, "why were you not the head of our house? You are the only one fit to raise it; why do you give that silly boy the name and the honor? But 'tis so in the world; those get the prize that don't deserve or care for it. I wish I could give you *your* silly prize,

Cousin, but I can't; I have tried, and I can't." And she went away, shaking her head mournfully, but always, it seemed to Esmond, that her liking and respect for him was greatly increased, since she knew what capability he had both to act and bear; to do and to forego.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ORIGINAL OF THE PORTRAIT COMES TO ENGLAND.

'T WAS announced in the family that my Lord Castlewood would arrive, having a confidential French gentleman in his suite, who acted as secretary to his lordship, and who, being a Papist, and a foreigner of a good family, though now in rather a menial place, would have his meals served in his chamber, and not with the domestics of the house. The Viscountess gave up her bedchamber contiguous to her daughter's, and having a large convenient closet attached to it, in which a bed was put up, ostensibly for Monsieur Baptiste, the Frenchman; though, 'tis needless to say, when the doors of the apartments were locked, and the two guests retired within it, the young Viscount became the servant of the illustrious Prince whom he entertained, and gave up gladly the more convenient and airy chamber and bed to his master. Madam Beatrix also retired to the upper region, her chamber being converted into a sitting-room for my lord. The better to carry the deceit, Beatrix affected to grumble before the servants, and to be jealous that she was turned out of her chamber to make way for my lord.

No small preparations were made, you may be sure, and no slight tremor of expectation caused the hearts of the gentle ladies of Castlewood to flutter, before

the arrival of the personages who were about to honor their house. The chamber was ornamented with flowers; the bed covered with the very finest of linen; the two ladies insisting on making it themselves, and kneeling down at the bedside and kissing the sheets out of respect for the web that was to hold the sacred person of a King. The toilet was of silver and crystal; there was a copy of "Eikon Basiliké" laid on the writing-table; a portrait of the martyred King hung always over the mantel, having a sword of my poor Lord Castlewood underneath it, and a little picture or emblem which the widow loved always to have before her eyes on waking, and in which the hair of her lord and her two children was worked together. Her books of private devotions, as they were all of the English Church, she carried away with her to the upper apartment, which she destined for herself. The ladies showed Mr. Esmond, when they were completed, the fond preparations they had made. 'T was then Beatrix knelt down and kissed the linen sheets. As for her mother, Lady Castlewood made a curtsy at the door, as she would have done to the altar on entering a church, and owned that she considered the chamber in a manner sacred.

The company in the servants' hall never for a moment supposed that these preparations were made for any other person than the young Viscount, the lord of the house, whom his fond mother had been for so many years without seeing. Both ladies were perfect housewives, having the greatest skill in the making of confections, scented waters, etc., and keeping a notable superintendence over the kitchen. Calves enough were killed to feed an army of prodigal sons, Esmond thought, and laughed when he came to wait on the ladies, on the day when the

guests were to arrive, to find two pairs of the finest and roundest arms to be seen in England (my Lady Castlewood was remarkable for this beauty of her person), covered with flour up above the elbows, and preparing paste, and turning rolling-pins in the house-keeper's closet. The guest would not arrive till supper-time, and my lord would prefer having that meal in his own chamber. You may be sure the brightest plate of the house was laid out there, and can understand why it was that the ladies insisted that they alone would wait upon the young chief of the family.

Taking horse, Colonel Esmond rode rapidly to Rochester, and there awaited the King in that very town where his father had last set his foot on the English shore. A room had been provided at an inn there for my Lord Castlewood and his servant; and Colonel Esmond timed his ride so well that he had scarce been half an hour in the place, and was looking over the balcony into the yard of the inn, when two travellers rode in at the inn gate, and the Colonel running down, the next moment embraced his dear young lord.

My lord's companion, acting the part of a domestic, dismounted, and was for holding the Viscount's stirrup; but Colonel Esmond, calling to his own man, who was in the court, bade him take the horses and settle with the lad who had ridden the post along with the two travellers, crying out in a cavalier tone in the French language to my lord's companion, and affecting to grumble that my lord's fellow was a Frenchman, and did not know the money or habits of the country:—"My man will see to the horses, Baptiste," says Colonel Esmond: "do you understand English?" "Very leetle!" "So, follow my lord



and wait upon him at dinner in his own room." The landlord and his people came up presently bearing the dishes; 't was well they made a noise and stir in the gallery, or they might have found Colonel Esmond on his knees before Lord Castlewood's servant, welcoming his Majesty to his kingdom, and kissing the hand of the King. We told the landlord that the Frenchman would wait on his master; and Esmond's man was ordered to keep sentry in the gallery without the door. The Prince dined with a good appetite, laughing and talking very gayly, and condescendingly bidding his two companions to sit with him at table. He was in better spirits than poor Frank Castlewood, who Esmond thought might be woe-begone on account of parting with his divine Clotilda; but the Prince wishing to take a short siesta after dinner, and retiring to an inner chamber where there was a bed, the cause of poor Frank's discomfiture came out; and bursting into tears, with many expressions of fondness, friendship, and humiliation, the faithful lad gave his kinsman to understand that he now knew all the truth, and the sacrifices which Colonel Esmond had made for him.

Seeing no good in acquainting poor Frank with that secret, Mr. Esmond had entreated his mistress also not to reveal it to her son. The Prince had told the poor lad all as they were riding from Dover: "I had as lief he had shot me, Cousin," Frank said: "I knew you were the best, and the bravest, and the kindest of all men" (so the enthusiastic young fellow went on); "but I never thought I owed you what I do, and can scarce bear the weight of the obligation."

"I stand in the place of your father," says Mr. Esmond, kindly, "and sure a father may dispossess himself in favor of his son. I abdicate the twopenny

crown, and invest you with the kingdom of Brentford; don't be a fool and cry; you make a much taller and handsomer viscount than ever I could." But the fond boy, with oaths and protestations, laughter and incoherent outbreaks of passionate emotion, could not be got, for some little time, to put up with Esmond's raillery; wanted to kneel down to him, and kissed his hand; asked him and implored him to order something, to bid Castlewood give his own life or take somebody else's; anything, so that he might show his gratitude for the generosity Esmond showed him.

"The K——, *he* laughed," Frank said, pointing to the door where the sleeper was, and speaking in a low tone. "I don't think he should have laughed as he told me the story. As we rode along from Dover, talking in French, he spoke about you, and your coming to him at Bar; he called you, '*le grand sérieux*,' Don Bellianis of Greece, and I don't know what names: mimicking your manner" (here Castlewood laughed himself) — "and he did it very well. He seems to sneer at everything. He is not like a king: somehow Harry, I fancy you are like a king. He does not seem to think what a stake we are all playing. He would have stopped at Canterbury to run after a bar-maid there, had I not implored him to come on. He hath a house at Chaillot, where he used to go and bury himself for weeks away from the Queen, and with all sorts of bad company," says Frank, with a demure look; "you may smile, but I am not the wild fellow I was; no, no, I have been taught better," says Castlewood devoutly, making a sign on his breast.

"Thou art my dear brave boy," says Colonel Esmond, touched at the young fellow's simplicity, "and

there will be a noble gentleman at Castlewood so long as my Frank is there."

The impetuous young lad was for going down on his knees again, with another explosion of gratitude, but that we heard the voice from the next chamber of the august sleeper, just waking, calling out: — "Eh, La-Fleur, un verre d'eau!" His Majesty came out yawning: — "A pest," says he, "upon your English ale, 't is so strong that, *ma foi*, it hath turned my head."

The effect of the ale was like a spur upon our horses, and we rode very quickly to London, reaching Kensington at nightfall. Mr. Esmond's servant was left behind at Rochester, to take care of the tired horses, whilst we had fresh beasts provided along the road. And galloping by the Prince's side the Colonel explained to the Prince of Wales what his movements had been; who the friends were that knew of the expedition; whom, as Esmond conceived, the Prince should trust; entreating him, above all, to maintain the very closest secrecy until the time should come when his Royal Highness should appear. The town swarmed with friends of the Prince's cause; there were scores of correspondents with St. Germain's; Jacobites known and secret; great in station and humble; about the Court and the Queen; in the Parliament, Church, and among the merchants in the City. The Prince had friends numberless in the army, in the Privy Council, and the Officers of State. The great object, as it seemed, to the small band of persons who had concerted that bold stroke, who had brought the Queen's brother into his native country, was, that his visit should remain unknown till the proper time came, when his presence should surprise friends and enemies alike; and the latter should be

found so unprepared and disunited, that they should not find time to attack him. We feared more from his friends than from his enemies. The lies and tittle-tattle sent over to St. Germain's by the Jacobite agents about London, had done an incalculable mischief to his cause, and wofully misguided him, and it was from these especially, that the persons engaged in the present venture were anxious to defend the chief actor in it.<sup>1</sup>

The party reached London by nightfall, leaving their horses at the Posting-House over against Westminster, and being ferried over the water, where Lady Esmond's coach was already in waiting. In another hour we were all landed at Kensington, and the mistress of the house had that satisfaction which her heart had yearned after for many years, once more to embrace her son, who, on his side, with all his waywardness, ever retained a most tender affection for his parent.

She did not refrain from this expression of her feeling, though the domestics were by, and my Lord Castlewood's attendant stood in the hall. Esmond had to whisper to him in French to take his hat off. Monsieur Baptiste was constantly neglecting his part with an inconceivable levity: more than once on the ride to London, little observations of the stranger, light remarks, and words betokening the greatest ignorance of the country, the Prince came to govern, had hurt the susceptibility of the two gentlemen

<sup>1</sup> The managers were the Bishop, who cannot be hurt by having his name mentioned, a very active and loyal Nonconformist Divine, a lady in the highest favor at Court, with whom Beatrix Esmond had communication, and two noblemen of the greatest rank, and a member of the House of Commons, who was implicated in more transactions than one in behalf of the Stuart family.

forming his escort; nor could either help owning in his secret mind that they would have had his behavior otherwise, and that the laughter and the lightness, not to say license, which characterized his talk, scarce befitted such a great Prince, and such a solemn occasion. Not but that he could act at proper times with spirit and dignity. He had behaved, as we all knew, in a very courageous manner on the field. Esmond had seen a copy of the letter the Prince had writ with his own hand when urged by his friends in England to abjure his religion, and admired that manly and magnanimous reply by which he refused to yield to the temptation. Monsieur Baptiste took off his hat, blushing at the hint Colonel Esmond ventured to give him, and said:—*“Tenez, elle est jolie, la petite mère. Foi de Chevalier! elle est charmante; mais l'autre, qui est cette nymphe, cet astre qui brille, cette Diane qui descend sur nous?”* And he started back, and pushed forward, as Beatrix was descending the stair. She was in colors for the first time at her own house; she wore the diamonds Esmond gave her; it had been agreed between them, that she should wear these brilliants on the day when the King should enter the house, and a Queen she looked, radiant in charms, and magnificent and imperial in beauty.

Castlewood himself was startled by that beauty and splendor; he stepped back and gazed at his sister as though he had not been aware before (nor was he very likely) how perfectly lovely she was, and I thought blushed as he embraced her. The Prince could not keep his eyes off her; he quite forgot his menial part, though he had been schooled to it, and a little light portmanteau prepared expressly that he should carry it. He pressed forward before my Lord

Viscount. 'Twas lucky the servants' eyes were busy in other directions, or they must have seen that this was no servant, or at least a very insolent and rude one.

Again Colonel Esmond was obliged to cry out, "Baptiste," in a loud, imperious voice, "have a care to the valise;" at which hint the wilful young man ground his teeth together with something very like a curse between them, and then gave a brief look of anything but pleasure to his Mentor. Being reminded, however, he shouldered the little portmantau, and carried it up the stair, Esmond preceding him, and a servant with lighted tapers. He flung down his burden sulkily in the bedchamber:—"A Prince that will wear a crown must wear a mask," says Mr. Esmond in French.

"Ah peste! I see how it is," says Monsieur Baptiste, continuing the talk in French. "The Great Serious is seriously"—"alarmed for Monsieur Baptiste," broke in the Colonel. Esmond neither liked the tone with which the Prince spoke of the ladies, nor the eyes with which he regarded them.

The bedchamber and the two rooms adjoining it, the closet and the apartment which was to be called my lord's parlor, were already lighted and awaiting their occupier; and the collation laid for my lord's supper. Lord Castlewood and his mother and sister came up the stair a minute afterwards, and, so soon as the domestics had quitted the apartment, Castlewood and Esmond uncovered, and the two ladies went down on their knees before the Prince, who graciously gave a hand to each. He looked his part of prince much more naturally than that of servant, which he had just been trying, and raised them both with a great deal of nobility, as well as kindness in

his air. "Madam," says he, "my mother will thank your ladyship for your hospitality to her son; for you, Madam," turning to Beatrix, "I cannot bear to see so much beauty in such a posture. You will betray Monsieur Baptiste if you kneel to him; sure 'tis his place rather to kneel to you."

A light shone out of her eyes; a gleam bright enough to kindle passion in any breast. There were times when this creature was so handsome, that she seemed, as it were, like Venus revealing herself a goddess in a flash of brightness. She appeared so now; radiant, and with eyes bright with a wonderful lustre. A pang, as of rage and jealousy, shot through Esmond's heart, as he caught the look she gave the Prince; and he clenched his hand involuntarily and looked across to Castlewood, whose eyes answered his alarm-signal, and were also on the alert. The Prince gave his subjects an audience of a few minutes, and then the two ladies and Colonel Esmond quitted the chamber. Lady Castlewood pressed his hand as they descended the stair, and the three went down to the lower rooms, where they waited awhile till the travellers above should be refreshed and ready for their meal.

Esmond looked at Beatrix, blazing with her jewels on her beautiful neck. "I have kept my word," says he: "And I mine," says Beatrix, looking down on the diamonds.

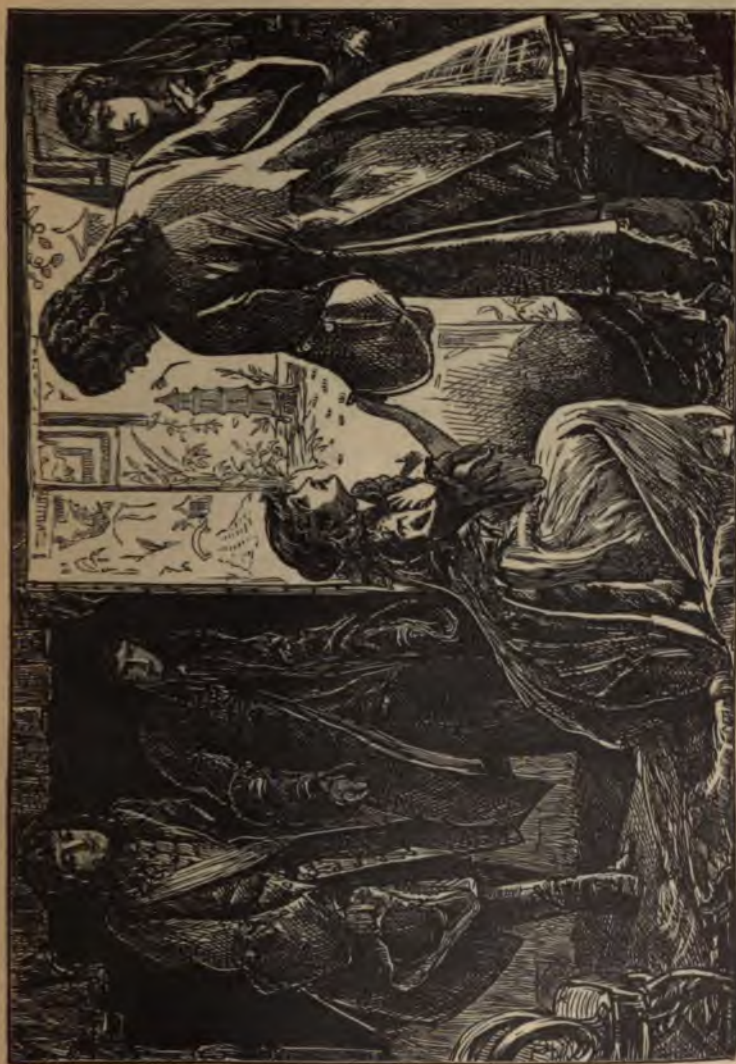
"Were I the Mogul Emperor," says the Colonel, "you should have all that were dug out of Golconda."

"These are a great deal too good for me," says Beatrix, dropping her head on her beautiful breast,—"so are you all, all!" And when she looked up again, as she did in a moment, and after a sigh, her eyes, as they gazed at her cousin, wore that melan-









MONSIEUR BAPTISTE.



choly and inscrutable look which 't was always impossible to sound.

When the time came for the supper, of which we were advertised by a knocking overhead, Colonel Esmond and the two ladies went to the upper apartment, where the Prince already was, and by his side the young Viscount, of exactly the same age, shape, and with features not dissimilar, though Frank's were the handsomer of the two. The Prince sat down and bade the ladies sit. The gentlemen remained standing: there was, indeed, but one more cover laid at the table:—"Which of you will take it?" says he.

"The head of our house," says Lady Castlewood, taking her son's hand, and looking towards Colonel Esmond with a bow and a great tremor of the voice; "the Marquis of Esmond will have the honor of serving the King."

"I shall have the honor of waiting on his Royal Highness," says Colonel Esmond, filling a cup of wine, and, as the fashion of that day was, he presented it to the King on his knee.

"I drink to my hostess and her family," says the Prince, with no very well-pleased air; but the cloud passed immediately off his face, and he talked to the ladies in a lively, rattling strain, quite undisturbed by poor Mr. Esmond's yellow countenance, that, I dare say, looked very glum.

When the time came to take leave, Esmond marched homewards to his lodgings, and met Mr. Addison on the road that night, walking to a cottage he had at Fulham, the moon shining on his handsome serene face:—"What cheer, brother?" says Addison, laughing: "I thought it was a footpad advancing in the dark, and behold 't is an old friend. We may

shake hands, Colonel, in the dark, 't is better than fighting by daylight. Why should we quarrel, because I am a Whig and thou art a Tory? Turn thy steps and walk with me to Fulham, where there is a nightingale still singing in the garden, and a cool bottle in a cave I know of; you shall drink to the Pretender if you like, and I will drink my liquor my own way: I have had enough of good liquor? — no, never! There is no such word as enough as a stopper for good wine. Thou wilt not come? Come any day, come soon. You know I remember *Simois* and the *Sigeia tellus*, and the *prælia mixta mero, mixta mero*," he repeated, with ever so slight a touch of *merum* in his voice, and walked back a little way on the road with Esmond, bidding the other remember he was always his friend, and indebted to him for his aid in the "Campaign" poem. And very likely Mr. Under-Secretary would have stepped in and taken t' other bottle at the Colonel's lodging, had the latter invited him, but Esmond's mood was none of the gayest, and he bade his friend an inhospitable good-night at the door.

"I have done the deed," thought he, sleepless, and looking out into the night; "he is here, and I have brought him; he and Beatrix are sleeping under the same roof now. Whom did I mean to serve in bringing him? Was it the Prince? was it Henry Esmond? Had I not best have joined the manly creed of Addison yonder, that scouts the old doctrine of right divine, that boldly declares that Parliament and people consecrate the Sovereign, not bishops, nor genealogies, nor oils, nor coronations." The eager gaze of the young Prince, watching every movement of Beatrix, haunted Esmond and pursued him. The Prince's figure appeared before him in his feverish

dreams many times that night. He wished the deed undone for which he had labored so. He was not the first that has regretted his own act, or brought about his own undoing. Undoing? Should he write that word in his late years? No, on his knees before Heaven, rather be thankful for what then he deemed his misfortune, and which hath caused the whole subsequent happiness of his life.

Esmond's man, honest John Lockwood, had served his master and the family all his life, and the Colonel knew that he could answer for John's fidelity as for his own. John returned with the horses from Rochester betimes the next morning, and the Colonel gave him to understand that on going to Kensington, where he was free of the servants' hall, and indeed courting Miss Beatrix's maid he was to ask no questions, and betray no surprise, but to vouch stoutly that the young gentleman he should see in a red coat there was my Lord Viscount Castlewood, and that his attendant in gray was Monsieur Baptiste the Frenchman. He was to tell his friends in the kitchen such stories as he remembered of my Lord Viscount's youth at Castlewood; what a wild boy he was; how he used to drill Jack and cane him, before ever he was a soldier; everything, in fine, he knew respecting my Lord Viscount's early days. Jack's ideas of painting had not been much cultivated during his residence in Flanders with his master; and, before my young lord's return, he had been easily got to believe that the picture brought over from Paris, and now hanging in Lady Castlewood's drawing-room, was a perfect likeness of her son, the young lord. And the domestics having all seen the picture many times, and catching but a momentary imperfect glimpse of the two strangers on the night of their arrival, never

had a reason to doubt the fidelity of the portrait; and next day, when they saw the original of the piece habited exactly as he was represented in the painting, with the same periwig, ribbons, and uniform of the Guard, quite naturally addressed the gentleman as my Lord Castlewood, my Lady Viscountess's son.

The secretary of the night previous was now the viscount; the viscount wore the secretary's gray frock; and John Lockwood was instructed to hint to the world below stairs that my lord being a Papist, and very devout in that religion, his attendant might be no other than his chaplain from Bruxelles; hence, if he took his meals in my lord's company there was little reason for surprise. Frank was further cautioned to speak English with a foreign accent, which task he performed indifferently well, and this caution was the more necessary because the Prince himself scarce spoke our language like a native of the island: and John Lockwood laughed with the folks below stairs at the manner in which my lord, after five years abroad, sometimes forgot his own tongue, and spoke it like a Frenchman. "I warrant," says he, "that with the English beef and beer, his lordship will soon get back the proper use of his mouth;" and, to do his new lordship justice, he took to beer and beef very kindly.

The Prince drank so much, and was so loud and imprudent in his talk after his drink, that Esmond often trembled for him. His meals were served as much as possible in his own chamber, though frequently he made his appearance in Lady Castlewood's parlor and drawing-room, calling Beatrix "sister," and her ladyship "mother," or "madam" before the servants. And, choosing to act entirely up to the part of brother

and son, the Prince sometimes saluted Mrs. Beatrix and Lady Castlewood with a freedom which his secretary did not like, and which, for his part, set Colonel Esmond tearing with rage.

The guests had not been three days in the house when poor Jack Lockwood came with a rueful countenance to his master, and said: "My Lord — that is the gentleman — has been tampering with Mrs. Lucy, (Jack's sweetheart), and given her guineas and a kiss." I fear that Colonel Esmond's mind was rather relieved than otherwise when he found that the ancillary beauty was the one whom the Prince had selected. His royal tastes were known to lie that way, and continued so in after life. The heir of one of the greatest names, of the greatest kingdoms, and of the greatest misfortunes in Europe, was often content to lay the dignity of his birth and grief at the wooden shoes of a French chambermaid, and to repent afterwards (for he was very devout) in ashes taken from the dust-pan. 'Tis for mortals such as these that nations suffer, that parties struggle, that warriors fight and bleed. A year afterwards gallant heads were falling, and Nithsdale in escape, and Derwentwater on the scaffold; whilst the heedless ingrate, for whom they risked and lost all, was tippling with his seraglio of mistresses in his *petite maison* of Chaillot.

Blushing to be forced to bear such an errand, Esmond had to go to the Prince and warn him that the girl whom his Highness was bribing was John Lockwood's sweetheart, an honest, resolute man, who had served in six campaigns, and feared nothing, and who knew that the person calling himself Lord Castlewood was not his young master: and the Colonel besought the Prince to consider what the effect of a single man's jealousy might be, and to think of other de-



signs he had in hand, more important than the seduction of a waiting-maid, and the humiliation of a brave man.

Ten times, perhaps, in the course of as many days, Mr. Esmond had to warn the royal young adventurer of some imprudence or some freedom. He received these remonstrances very testily, save perhaps in this affair of poor Lockwood's, when he deigned to burst out a-laughing, and said, "What! the *soubrette* has peached to the *amoureux*, and Crispin is angry, and Crispin has served, and Crispin has been a corporal, has he? Tell him we will reward his valor with a pair of colors, and recompense his fidelity."

Colonel Esmond ventured to utter some other words of entreaty, but the Prince, stamping imperiously, cried out, "Assez, milord: je m'ennuye à la prêche; I am not come to London to go to the sermon." And he complained afterwards to Castlewood, that "le petit jaune, le noir Colonel, le Marquis Misanthrope" (by which facetious names his Royal Highness was pleased to designate Colonel Esmond), "fatigued him with his grand airs and virtuous homilies."

The Bishop of Rochester, and other gentlemen engaged in the transaction which had brought the Prince over, waited upon his Royal Highness, constantly asking for my Lord Castlewood on their arrival at Kensington, and being openly conducted to his Royal Highness in that character, who received them either in my lady's drawing-room below, or above in his own apartment; and all implored him to quit the house as little as possible, and to wait there till the signal should be given for him to appear. The ladies entertained him at cards, over which amusement he spent many hours in each day and night. He passed many hours more in drinking, during which time he would

rattle and talk very agreeably, and especially if the Colonel was absent, whose presence always seemed to frighten him; and the poor "Colonel Noir" took that hint as a command accordingly, and seldom intruded his black face upon the convivial hours of this august young prisoner. Except for those few persons of whom the porter had the list, Lord Castlewood was denied to all friends of the house who waited on his lordship. The wound he had received had broke out again from his journey on horseback, so the world and the domestics were informed. And Dr. A——,<sup>1</sup> his physician (I shall not mention his name, but he was physician to the Queen, of the Scots nation, and a man remarkable for his benevolence as well as his wit), gave orders that he should be kept perfectly quiet until the wound should heal. With this gentleman, who was one of the most active and influential of our party, and the others before spoken of, the whole secret lay; and it was kept with so much faithfulness, and the story we told so simple and natural, that there was no likelihood of a discovery except from the imprudence of the Prince himself, and an adventurous levity that we had the greatest difficulty to control. As for Lady Castlewood, although she scarce spoke a word, 't was easy to gather from her demeanor, and one or two hints she dropped, how deep her mortification was at finding the hero whom she had chosen to worship all her life (and whose restoration had formed almost the most sacred part of her prayers), no more than a man, and not a good one. She thought misfortune might have chastened him; but that instructress had rather rendered him callous than humble. His devotion, which was quite real, kept him from no sin

<sup>1</sup> There can be very little doubt that the Doctor mentioned by my dear father was the famous Dr. Arbuthnot. -- R. E. W.

he had a mind to. His talk showed good-humor, gayety, even wit enough; but there was a levity in his acts and words that he had brought from among those libertine devotees with whom he had been bred, and that shocked the simplicity and purity of the English lady, whose guest he was. Esmond spoke his mind to Beatrix pretty freely about the Prince, getting her brother to put in a word of warning. Beatrix was entirely of their opinion; she thought he was very light, very light and reckless; she could not even see the good looks Colonel Esmond had spoken of. The Prince had bad teeth and a decided squint. How could we say he did not squint? His eyes were fine, but there was certainly a cast in them. She rallied him at table with wonderful wit; she spoke of him invariably as of a mere boy; she was more fond of Esmond than ever, praised him to her brother, praised him to the Prince, when his Royal Highness was pleased to sneer at the Colonel, and warmly espoused his cause: "And if your Majesty does not give him the Garter his father had, when the Marquis of Esmond comes to your Majesty's court, I will hang myself in my own garters, or will cry my eyes out." "Rather than lose those," says the Prince, "he shall be made Archbishop and Colonel of the Guard" (it was Frank Castlewood who told me of this conversation over their supper).

"Yes," cries she, with one of her laughs — I fancy I hear it now. Thirty years afterwards I hear that delightful music. "Yes, he shall be Archbishop of Esmond and Marquis of Canterbury."

"And what will your ladyship be?" says the Prince; "you have but to choose your place."

"I," says Beatrix, "will be mother of the maids to the Queen of his Majesty King James the Third —

Vive le Roy!" and she made him a great curtsy, and drank a part of a glass of wine in his honor.

"The Prince seized hold of the glass and drank the last drop of it," Castlewood said, "and my mother, looking very anxious, rose up and asked leave to retire. But that Trix is my mother's daughter, Harry," Frank continued, "I don't know what a horrid fear I should have of her. I wish—I wish this business were over. You are older than I am, and wiser, and better, and I owe you everything, and would die for you—before George I would; but I wish the end of this were come."

Neither of us very likely passed a tranquil night; horrible doubts and torments racked Esmond's soul; 't was a scheme of personal ambition, a daring stroke for a selfish end—he knew it. What cared he, in his heart, who was king? Were not his very sympathies and secret convictions on the other side—on the side of People, Parliament, Freedom? And here was he, engaged for a prince that had scarce heard the word liberty; that priests and women, tyrants by nature, both made a tool of. The misanthrope was in no better humor after hearing that story, and his grim face more black and yellow than ever.

## CHAPTER X.

### WE ENTERTAIN A VERY DISTINGUISHED GUEST AT KENSINGTON.

SHOULD any clew be found to the dark intrigues at the latter end of Queen Anne's time, or any historian be inclined to follow it, 't will be discovered, I have little doubt, that not one of the great personages about the Queen had a defined scheme of policy, independent of that private and selfish interest which each was bent on pursuing: St. John was for St. John, and Harley for Oxford, and Marlborough for John Churchill, always; and according as they could get help from St. Germain's or Hanover, they sent over proffers of allegiance to the princes there, or betrayed one to the other: one cause, or one sovereign, was as good as another to them, so that they could hold the best place under him; and like Lockit and Peachem, the Newgate chiefs in the "Rogues' Opera," Mr. Gay wrote afterwards, had each in his hand documents and proofs of treason which would hang the other, only he did not dare to use the weapon, for fear of that one which his neighbor also carried in his pocket. Think of the great Marlborough, the greatest subject in all the world, a conqueror of princes, that had marched victorious over Germany, Flanders, and France, that had given the law to sovereigns abroad, and been worshipped as a divinity at

home, forced to sneak out of England — his credit, honors, places, all taken from him; his friends in the army broke and ruined; and flying before Harley, as abject and powerless as a poor debtor before a bailiff with a writ. A paper, of which Harley got possession, and showing beyond doubt that the Duke was engaged with the Stuart family, was the weapon with which the Treasurer drove Marlborough out of the kingdom. He fled to Antwerp, and began intriguing instantly on the other side, and came back to England, as all know, a Whig and a Hanoverian.

Though the Treasurer turned out of the army and office every man, military or civil, known to be the Duke's friend, and gave the vacant posts among the Tory party; he, too, was playing the double game between Hanover and St. Germain's, awaiting the expected catastrophe of the Queen's death to be Master of the State, and offer it to either family that should bribe him best, or that the nation should declare for. Whichever the King was, Harley's object was to reign over him; and to this end he supplanted the former famous favorite, decried the actions of the war which had made Marlborough's name illustrious, and disdained no more than the great fallen competitor of his, the meanest arts, flatteries, intimidations, that would secure his power. If the greatest satirist the world ever hath seen had writ against Harley, and not for him, what a history had he left behind of the last years of Queen Anne's reign! But Swift, that scorned all mankind, and himself not the least of all, had this merit of a faithful partisan, that he loved those chiefs who treated him well, and stuck by Harley bravely in his fall, as he gallantly had supported him in his better fortune.

Incomparably more brilliant, more splendid, elo-

quent, accomplished than his rival, the great St. John could be as selfish as Oxford was, and could act the double part as skilfully as ambidextrous Churchill. He whose talk was always of liberty, no more shrunk from using persecution and the pillory against his opponents than if he had been at Lisbon and Grand Inquisitor. This lofty patriot was on his knees at Hanover and St. Germain too; notoriously of no religion, he toasted Church and Queen as boldly as the stupid Sacheverel, whom he used and laughed at; and to serve his turn, and to overthrow his enemy, he could intrigue, coax, bully, wheedle, fawn on the Court favorite and creep up the back-stair as silently as Oxford, who supplanted Marlborough, and whom he himself supplanted. The crash of my Lord Oxford happened at this very time whereat my history is now arrived. He was come to the very last days of his power, and the agent whom he employed to overthrow the conqueror of Blenheim, was now engaged to upset the conqueror's conqueror, and hand over the staff of government to Bolingbroke, who had been panting to hold it.

In expectation of the stroke that was now preparing, the Irish regiments in the French service were all brought round about Boulogne, in Picardy, to pass over if need were with the Duke of Berwick; the soldiers of France no longer, but subjects of James the Third of England and Ireland King. The fidelity of the great mass of the Scots (though a most active, resolute, and gallant Whig party, admirably and energetically ordered and disciplined, was known to be in Scotland too) was notoriously unshaken in their King. A very great body of Tory clergy, nobility, and gentry, were public partisans of the exiled Prince; and the indifferents might be counted on to

cry King George or King James, according as either should prevail. The Queen, especially in her latter days, inclined towards her own family. The Prince was lying actually in London, within a stone's cast of his sister's palace; the first Minister toppling to his fall, and so tottering that the weakest push of a woman's finger would send him down; and as for Bolingbroke, his successor, we know on whose side his power and his splendid eloquence would be on the day when the Queen should appear openly before her Council and say:—"This, my lords, is my brother; here is my father's heir, and mine after me."

During the whole of the previous year the Queen had had many and repeated fits of sickness, fever, and lethargy, and her death had been constantly looked for by all her attendants. The Elector of Hanover had wished to send his son, the Duke of Cambridge—to pay his court to his cousin the Queen, the Elector said;—in truth, to be on the spot when death should close her career. Frightened perhaps to have such a *memento mori* under her royal eyes, her Majesty had angrily forbidden the young Prince's coming into England. Either she desired to keep the chances for her brother open yet; or the people about her did not wish to close with the Whig candidate till they could make terms with him. The quarrels of her Ministers before her face at the Council board, the pricks of conscience very likely, the importunities of her Ministers, and constant turmoil and agitation round about her had weakened and irritated the Princess extremely; her strength was giving way under these continual trials of her temper, and from day to day it was expected she must come to a speedy end of them. Just before Viscount Castlewood and his companion came from France, her Majesty was taken ill



HENRY ESMOND.

out on the roval legs;  
presentation of the young  
son who should appear  
Lord Viscount's wound  
was kept conveniently  
as his physician would  
before the Queen. At  
that influential lady,  
med that our party had  
visit her young friend,  
ington, and my Lord Vis-  
(as), who was an invalid

the lady in question, who  
about the Queen, came in  
hard by, bringing to the  
Square intelligence of the  
The final blow had been  
Oxford and Mortimer was no  
staff was as yet given to no  
Bolingbroke would un-  
And now the time was come,  
and now my Lord Castle-  
to the Sovereign.

Lord Castlewood witnessed  
who passed such a miser-  
and jealousy as he thought  
doubt the three persons who  
detectors over Beatrix came to  
she must be removed from  
whose desires towards her  
be clearly; and who was no  
so long to gratify them than his  
him. I suppose Esmond's  
the Colonel himself, had been

all secretly debating this matter in their minds, for when Frank broke out, in his blunt way, with:—"I think Beatrix had best be anywhere but here,"—Lady Castlewood said:—"I thank you, Frank, I have thought so, too;" and Mr. Esmond, though he only remarked that it was not for him to speak, showed plainly, by the delight on his countenance, how very agreeable that proposal was to him.

"One sees that you think with us, Henry," says the Viscountess, with ever so little of sarcasm in her tone: "Beatrix is best out of this house whilst we have our guest in it, and as soon as this morning's business is done, she ought to quit London."

"What morning's business?" asked Colonel Esmond, not knowing what had been arranged, though in fact the stroke next in importance to that of bringing the Prince, and of having him acknowledged by the Queen, was now being performed at the very moment we three were conversing together.

The Court lady with whom our plan was concerted, and who was a chief agent in it, the Court physician, and the Bishop of Rochester, who were the other two most active participators in our plan, had held many councils in our house at Kensington and elsewhere, as to the means best to be adopted for presenting our young adventurer to his sister the Queen. The simple and easy plan proposed by Colonel Esmond had been agreed to by all parties, which was that on some rather private day, when there were not many persons about the Court, the Prince should appear there as my Lord Castlewood, should be greeted by his sister in waiting, and led by that other lady into the closet of the Queen. And according to her Majesty's health or humor, and the circumstances that might arise during the interview, it was to be left to the dis-

cretion of those present at it, and to the Prince himself, whether he should declare that it was the Queen's own brother, or the brother of Beatrix Esmond, who kissed her Royal hand. And this plan being determined on, we were all waiting in very much anxiety for the day and signal of execution.

Two mornings after that supper, it being the 27th day of July, the Bishop of Rochester breakfasting with Lady Castlewood and her family, and the meal scarce over, Dr. A.'s coach drove up to our house at Kensington, and the Doctor appeared amongst the party there, enlivening a rather gloomy company; for the mother and daughter had had words in the morning in respect to the transactions of that supper, and other adventures, perhaps, on the day succeeding. Beatrix's haughty spirit brooked remonstrances from no superior, much less from her mother, the gentlest of creatures, whom the girl commanded rather than obeyed. And feeling she was wrong, and that by a thousand coquetries (which she could no more help exercising on every man that came near her, than the sun can help shining on great and small) she had provoked the Prince's dangerous admiration, and allured him to the expression of it, she was only the more wilful and imperious the more she felt her error.

To this party, the Prince being served with chocolate in his bedchamber, where he lay late, sleeping away the fumes of his wine, the Doctor came, and by the urgent and startling nature of his news, dissipated instantly that private and minor unpleasantness under which the family of Castlewood was laboring.

He asked for the guest; the guest was above in his own apartment: he bade *Monsieur Baptiste* go up to his master instantly, and requested that *my Lord Viscount Castlewood* would straightway put his uni-

form on, and come away in the Doctor's coach now at the door.

He then informed Madam Beatrix what her part of the comedy was to be:—"In half an hour," says he, "her Majesty and her favorite lady will take the air in the Cedar-walk behind the new Banqueting-house. Her Majesty will be drawn in a garden-chair, Madam Beatrix Esmond and *her brother, my Lord Viscount Castlewood*, will be walking in the private garden (here is Lady Masham's key), and will come unawares upon the Royal party. The man that draws the chair will retire, and leave the Queen, the favorite, and the Maid of Honor and her brother together; Mistress Beatrix will present her brother, and then!—and then, my Lord Bishop will pray for the result of the interview, and his Scots clerk will say Amen! Quick, put on your hood, Madam Beatrix; why doth not his Majesty come down? Such another chance may not present itself for months again."

The Prince was late and lazy, and indeed had all but lost that chance through his indolence. The Queen was actually about to leave the garden just when the party reached it; the Doctor, the Bishop, the Maid of Honor, and her brother went off together in the physician's coach, and had been gone half an hour when Colonel Esmond came to Kensington Square.

The news of this errand, on which Beatrix was gone, of course for a moment put all thoughts of private jealousy out of Colonel Esmond's head. In half an hour more the coach returned; the Bishop descended from it first, and gave his arm to Beatrix, who now came out. His lordship went back into the carriage again, and the Maid of Honor entered the house alone. We were all gazing at her from the

upper window, trying to read from her countenance the result of the interview from which she had just come.

She came into the drawing-room in a great tremor and very pale; she asked for a glass of water as her mother went to meet her, and after drinking that and putting off her hood, she began to speak: — “We may all hope for the best,” says she; “it has cost the Queen a fit. Her Majesty was in her chair in the Cedar-walk, accompanied only by Lady —, when we entered by the private wicket from the west side of the garden, and turned towards her, the Doctor following us. They waited in a side walk hidden by the shrubs, as we advanced towards the chair. My heart throbbed so I scarce could speak; but my Prince whispered, ‘Courage, Beatrix,’ and marched on with a steady step. His face was a little flushed, but he was not afraid of the danger. He who fought so bravely at Malplaquet fears nothing.” Esmond and Castlewood looked at each other at this compliment, neither liking the sound of it.

“The Prince uncovered,” Beatrix continued, “and I saw the Queen turning round to Lady Masham, as if asking who these two were. Her Majesty looked very pale and ill, and then flushed up; the favorite made us a signal to advance, and I went up, leading my Prince by the hand, quite close to the chair: ‘Your Majesty will give my Lord Viscount your hand to kiss,’ says her lady, and the Queen put out her hand, which the Prince kissed, kneeling on his knee, he who should kneel to no mortal man or woman.

“‘You have been long from England, my lord,’ says the Queen: ‘why were you not here to give a home to your mother and sister?’

"‘I am come, Madam, to stay now, if the Queen desires me,’ says the Prince, with another low bow.

"‘You have taken a foreign wife, my lord, and a foreign religion; was not that of England good enough for you?’

"‘In returning to my father’s church,’ says the Prince, ‘I do not love my mother the less, nor am I the less faithful servant of your Majesty.’”

"Here," says Beatrix, "the favorite gave me a little signal with her hand to fall back, which I did, though I died to hear what should pass; and whispered something to the Queen, which made her Majesty start and utter one or two words in a hurried manner, looking towards the Prince, and catching hold with her hand of the arm of her chair. He advanced still nearer towards it; he began to speak very rapidly; I caught the words, ‘Father, blessing, forgiveness,’—and then presently the Prince fell on his knees; took from his breast a paper he had there, handed it to the Queen, who, as soon as she saw it, flung up both her arms with a scream, and took away that hand nearest the Prince, and which he endeavored to kiss. He went on speaking with great animation of gesture, now clasping his hands together on his heart, now opening them as though to say: ‘I am here, your brother, in your power.’ Lady Masham ran round on the other side of the chair, kneeling too, and speaking with great energy. She clasped the Queen’s hand on her side, and picked up the paper her Majesty had let fall. The Prince rose and made a further speech as though he would go; the favorite on the other hand urging her mistress, and then, running back to the Prince, brought him back once more close to the chair. Again he knelt down and took the Queen’s hand, which she did not with-

## THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND.

... a hundred times; my lady all the  
... and supplications, speaking over the  
... while the Queen sat with a stupefied  
... the paper with one hand, as my  
... the other; then of a sudden she  
... piercing shrieks, and burst into a  
... tears and laughter. 'Enough,  
... this time,' I heard Lady Masham  
... hairman, who had withdrawn round  
... room, came back, alarmed by the cries.  
... Lady Masham, 'get some help,' and I  
... the Doctor, who, with the Bishop of  
... up instantly. Lady Masham whis-  
... he might hope for the very best;  
... to-morrow; and he hath gone away  
... of Rochester's house, to meet several  
... there. And so the great stroke is  
... Beatrix, going down on her knees, and  
... hands. "God save the King: God save

... told, and the young lady herself  
... that of her agitation, we asked with re-  
... Prince, who was absent with Bishop  
... and were informed that 't was likely he  
... abroad the whole day. Beatrix's three  
... and at one another at this intelligence:  
... the same thought was passing through  
... all.

... should begin to break the news? Mon-  
... that is Frank Castlewood, turned very  
... and towards Esmond; the Colonel bit his  
... ly beat a retreat into the window: it  
... Castlewood that opened upon Beatrix with  
... which we knew would do anything but

"We are glad," says she, taking her daughter's hand, and speaking in a gentle voice, "that the guest is away."

Beatrix drew back in an instant, looking round her at us three, and as if divining a danger. "Why glad?" says she, her breast beginning to heave; "are you so soon tired of him?"

"We think one of us is devilishly too fond of him," cries out Frank Castlewood.

"And which is it — you, my lord, or is it mamma, who is jealous because he drinks my health? or is it the head of the family" (here she turned with an imperious look towards Colonel Esmond), "who has taken of late to preach the King sermons?"

"We do not say you are too free with his Majesty."

"I thank you, Madam," says Beatrix, with a toss of the head and a curtsy.

But her mother continued, with very great calmness and dignity — "At least we have not said so, though we might, were it possible for a mother to say such words to her own daughter, your father's daughter."

"Eh? mon père," breaks out Beatrix, "was no better than other persons' fathers." And again she looked towards the Colonel.

We all felt a shock as she uttered those two or three French words; her manner was exactly imitated from that of our foreign guest.

"You had not learned to speak French a month ago, Beatrix," says her mother, sadly, "nor to speak ill of your father."

Beatrix, no doubt, saw that slip she had made in her flurry, for she blushed crimson: "I have learned to honor the King," says she, drawing up, "and 't were as well that others suspected neither his Majesty nor me."



"If you respected your mother a little more," Frank said, "Trix, you would do yourself no hurt."

"I am no child," says she, turning round on him; "we have lived very well these five years without the benefit of your advice or example, and I intend to take neither now. Why does not the head of the house speak?" she went on; "he rules everything here. When his chaplain has done singing the psalms, will his lordship deliver the sermon? I am tired of the psalms." The Prince had used almost the very same words in regard to Colonel Esmond that the imprudent girl repeated in her wrath.

"You show yourself a very apt scholar, Madam," says the Colonel; and, turning to his mistress, "Did your guest use these words in your ladyship's hearing, or was it to Beatrix in private that he was pleased to impart his opinion regarding my tiresome sermon?"

"Have you seen him alone?" cries my lord, starting up with an oath: "by God, have you seen him alone?"

"Were he here, you would n't dare so to insult me; no, you would not dare!" cries Frank's sister. "Keep your oaths, my lord, for your wife; we are not used here to such language. Till you came, there used to be kindness between me and mamma, and I cared for her when you never did, when you were away for years with your horses and your mistress, and your Popish wife."

"By —," says my lord, rapping out another oath, "Clotilda is an angel; how dare you say a word against Clotilda?"

Colonel Esmond could not refrain from a smile, to see how easy Frank's attack was drawn off by that feint: — "I fancy Clotilda is not the subject in hand," says Mr. Esmond, rather scornfully; "her

ladyship is at Paris, a hundred leagues off, preparing baby-linen. It is about my Lord Castlewood's sister, and not his wife, the question is."

"He is not my Lord Castlewood," says Beatrix, "and he knows he is not; he is Colonel Francis Esmond's son, and no more, and he wears a false title; and he lives on another man's land, and he knows it." Here was another desperate sally of the poor beleaguered garrison, and an *alerte* in another quarter. "Again, I beg your pardon," says Esmond. "If there are no proofs of my claim, I have no claim. If my father acknowledged no heir, yours was his lawful successor, and my Lord Castlewood hath as good a right to his rank and small estate as any man in England. But that again is not the question, as you know very well; let us bring our talk back to it, as you will have me meddle in it. And I will give you frankly my opinion, that a house where a prince lies all day, who respects no woman, is no house for a young unmarried lady; that you were better in the country than here; that he is here on a great end, from which no folly should divert him; and that having nobly done your part of this morning, Beatrix, you should retire off the scene awhile, and leave it to the other actors of the play."

As the Colonel spoke with a perfect calmness and politeness, such as 't is to be hoped he hath always shown to women,<sup>1</sup> his mistress stood by him on one

<sup>1</sup> My dear father saith quite truly, that his manner towards our sex was uniformly courteous. From my infancy upwards, he treated me with an extreme gentleness, as though I was a little lady. I can scarce remember (though I tried him often) ever hearing a rough word from him, nor was he less grave and kind in his manner to the humblest negresses on his estate. He was familiar with no one except my mother, and it was delightful to witness up to the very last days the confidence between them. He

side of the table, and Frank Castlewood on the other, hemming in poor Beatrix, that was behind it, and, as it were, surrounding her with our approaches.

Having twice sallied out and been beaten back, she now, as I expected, tried the *ultima ratio* of women, and had recourse to tears. Her beautiful eyes filled with them; I never could bear in her, nor in any woman, that expression of pain: — “I am alone,” sobbed she; “you are three against me — my brother, my mother, and you. What have I done, that you should speak and look so unkindly at me? Is it my fault that the Prince should, as you say, admire me? Did I bring him here? Did I do aught but what you bade me, in making him welcome? Did you not tell me that our duty was to die for him? Did you not teach me, Mother, night and morning to pray for the King, before even ourselves? What would you have of me, Cousin, for you are the chief of the conspiracy against me; I know you are, sir, and that my mother and brother are acting but as you bid them; whither would you have me go?”

“I would but remove from the Prince,” says Esmond, gravely, “a dangerous temptation; Heaven forbid I should say you would yield; I would only have him free of it. Your honor needs no guardian, please God, but his imprudence doth. He is so far removed from all women by his rank, that his pursuit of them cannot but be unlawful. We would remove the dearest was obeyed eagerly by all under him; and my mother and all her household lived in a constant emulation to please him, and quite a terror lest in any way they should offend him. He was the humblest man with all this; the least exacting, the more easily contented; and Mr. Benson, our minister at Castlewood, who attended him at the last, ever said — “I know not what Colonel Esmond’s doctrine was, but his life and death were those of a devout Christian.” — R. E. W.

and fairest of our family from the chance of that insult, and that is why we would have you go, dear Beatrix."

"Harry speaks like a book," says Frank, with one of his oaths, "and, by —, every word he saith is true. You can't help being handsome, Trix; no more can the Prince help following you. My counsel is that you go out of harm's way; for, by the Lord, were the Prince to play any tricks with you, King as he is, or is to be, Harry Esmond and I would have justice of him."

"Are not two such champions enough to guard me?" says Beatrix, something sorrowfully; "sure, with you two watching, no evil could happen to me."

"In faith, I think not, Beatrix," says Colonel Esmond; "nor if the Prince knew us would he try."

"But does he know you?" interposed Lady Castlewood, very quiet: "he comes of a country where the pursuit of kings is thought no dishonor to a woman. Let us go, dearest Beatrix. Shall we go to Walcote or to Castlewood? We are best away from the city; and when the Prince is acknowledged, and our champions have restored him, and he hath his own house at St. James's or Windsor, we can come back to ours here. Do you not think so, Harry and Frank?"

Frank and Harry thought with her, you may be sure.

"We will go, then," says Beatrix, turning a little pale; "Lady Masham is to give me warning to-night how her Majesty is, and to-morrow —"

"I think we had best go to-day, my dear," says my Lady Castlewood; "we might have the coach and sleep at Hounslow, and reach home to-morrow. 'Tis twelve o'clock; bid the coach, Cousin, be ready at one."

"For shame!" burst out Beatrix, in a passion of tears and mortification. "You disgrace me by your cruel precautions; my own mother is the first to suspect me, and would take me away as my jailer. I will not go with you, Mother; I will go as no one's prisoner. If I wanted to deceive, do you think I could find no means of evading you? My family suspects me. As those mistrust me that ought to love me most, let me leave them; I will go, but I will go alone: to Castlewood, be it. I have been unhappy there and lonely enough; let me go back, but spare me at least the humiliation of setting a watch over my misery, which is a trial I can't bear. Let me go when you will, but alone, or not at all. You three can stay and triumph over my unhappiness, and I will bear it as I have borne it before. Let my jailer-in-chief go order the coach that is to take me away. I thank you, Henry Esmond, for your share in the conspiracy. All my life long I'll thank you, and remember you, and you, brother, and you, Mother, how shall I show my gratitude to you for your careful defence of my honor?"

She swept out of the room with the air of an empress, flinging glances of defiance at us all, and leaving us conquerors of the field, but scared, and almost ashamed of our victory. It did indeed seem hard and cruel that we three should have conspired the banishment and humiliation of that fair creature. We looked at each other in silence: 't was not the first stroke by many of our actions in that unlucky time, which, being done, we wished undone. We agreed it was best she should go alone, speaking stealthily to one another, and under our breaths, like persons engaged in an act they felt ashamed in doing.

In a half-hour, it might be, after our talk she came

back, her countenance wearing the same defiant air which it had borne when she left us. She held a shagreen case in her hand; Esmond knew it as containing his diamonds which he had given to her for her marriage with Duke Hamilton, and which she had worn so splendidly on the inauspicious night of the Prince's arrival. "I have brought back," says she, "to the Marquis of Esmond the present he deigned to make me in days when he trusted me better than now. I will never accept a benefit or a kindness from Henry Esmond more, and I give back these family diamonds, which belonged to one king's mistress, to the gentleman that suspected I would be another. Have you been upon your message of coach-caller, my Lord Marquis? Will you send your valet to see that I do not run away?" We were right, yet, by her manner, she had put us all in the wrong; we were conquerors, yet the honors of the day seemed to be with the poor oppressed girl.

That luckless box containing the stones had first been ornamented with a baron's coronet, when Beatrix was engaged to the young gentleman from whom she parted, and afterwards the gilt crown of a duchess figured on the cover, which also poor Beatrix was destined never to wear. Lady Castlewood opened the case mechanically and scarce thinking what she did; and behold, besides the diamonds, Esmond's present, there lay in the box the enamelled miniature of the late Duke, which Beatrix had laid aside with her mourning when the King came into the house; and which the poor heedless thing very likely had forgotten.

"Do you leave this, too, Beatrix?" says her mother, taking the miniature out, and with a cruelty she did not very often show; but there are some moments

when the tenderest women are cruel, and some triumphs which angels can't forego.<sup>1</sup>

Having delivered this stab, Lady Castlewood was frightened at the effect of her blow. It went to poor Beatrix's heart; she flushed up and passed a handkerchief across her eyes, and kissed the miniature, and put it into her bosom:— "I had forgot it," says she; "my injury made me forget my grief: my mother has recalled both to me. Farewell, Mother; I think I never can forgive you; something hath broke between us that no tears nor years can repair. I always said I was alone; you never loved me, never — and were jealous of me from the time I sat on my father's knee. Let me go away, the sooner the better: I can bear to be with you no more."

"Go, child," says her mother, still very stern; "go and bend your proud knees and ask forgiveness; go, pray in solitude for humility and repentance. 'Tis not your reproaches that make me unhappy, 't is your hard heart, my poor Beatrix; may God soften it, and teach you one day to feel for your mother."

If my mistress was cruel, at least she never could be got to own as much. Her haughtiness quite overtopped Beatrix's; and, if the girl had a proud spirit, I very much fear it came to her by inheritance.

<sup>1</sup> This remark shows how unjustly and contemptuously even the best of men will sometimes judge of our sex. Lady Castlewood had no intention of triumphing over her daughter; but from a sense of duty alone pointed out her deplorable wrong. — R. E.

## CHAPTER XI.

### OUR GUEST QUILTS US AS NOT BEING HOSPITABLE ENOUGH.

BEATRIX's departure took place within an hour, her maid going with her in the post-chaise, and a man armed on the coach-box to prevent any danger of the road. Esmond and Frank thought of escorting the carriage, but she indignantly refused their company, and another man was sent to follow the coach, and not to leave it till it had passed over Hounslow Heath on the next day. And these two forming the whole of Lady Castlewood's male domestics, Mr. Esmond's faithful John Lockwood came to wait on his mistress during their absence, though he would have preferred to escort Mrs. Lucy, his sweetheart, on her journey into the country.

We had a gloomy and silent meal ; it seemed as if a darkness was over the house, since the bright face of Beatrix had been withdrawn from it. In the afternoon came a message from the favorite to relieve us somewhat from this despondency.

"The Queen hath been much shaken," the note said ; "she is better now, and all things will go well. Let my Lord Castlewood be ready against we send for him."

At night there came a second billet : —

"There hath been a great battle in Council ; Lord Treasurer hath broke his staff, and hath fallen never to rise again ; no successor is appointed. Lord B—— receives a great Whig



company to-night at Golden Square. If he is trimming, others are true; the Queen hath no more fits, but is a-bed now, and more quiet. Be ready against morning, when I still hope all will be well."

The Prince came home shortly after the messenger who bore this billet had left the house. His Royal Highness was so much the better for the Bishop's liquor, that to talk affairs to him now was of little service. He was helped to the Royal bed; he called Castlewood familiarly by his own name; he quite forgot the part upon the acting of which his crown, his safety, depended. 'T was lucky that my Lady Castlewood's servants were out of the way, and only those heard him who would not betray him. He inquired after the adorable Beatrix, with a royal hiccup in his voice; he was easily got to bed, and in a minute or two plunged in that deep slumber and forgetfulness with which Bacchus rewards the votaries of that god. We wished Beatrix had been there to see him in his cups. We regretted, perhaps, that she was gone.

One of the party at Kensington Square was fool enough to ride to Hounslow that night, *coram latronibus*, and to the inn which the family used ordinarily in their journeys out of London. Esmond desired my landlord not to acquaint Madam Beatrix with his coming, and had the grim satisfaction of passing by the door of the chamber where she lay with her maid, and of watching her chariot set forth in the early morning. He saw her smile and slip money into the man's hand who was ordered to ride behind the coach as far as Bagshot. The road being open, and the other servant armed, it appeared she dispensed with the escort of a second domestic; and this fellow, bidding his young mistress adieu with many bows, went and took a pot of ale in the kitchen, and returned in company with

his brother servant, John Coachman, and his horses, back to London.

They were not a mile out of Hounslow when the two worthies stopped for more drink, and here they were scared by seeing Colonel Esmond gallop by them. The man said in reply to Colonel Esmond's stern question, that his young mistress had sent her duty; only that, no other message: she had had a very good night, and would reach Castlewood by nightfall. The Colonel had no time for further colloquy, and galloped on swiftly to London, having business of great importance there, as my reader very well knoweth. The thought of Beatrix riding away from the danger soothed his mind not a little. His horse was at Kensington Square (honest Dapple knew the way thither well enough) before the tipsy guest of last night was awake and sober.

The account of the previous evening was known all over the town early next day. A violent altercation had taken place before the Queen in the Council Chamber; and all the coffee-houses had their version of the quarrel. The news brought my Lord Bishop early to Kensington Square, where he awaited the waking of his Royal master above stairs, and spoke confidently of having him proclaimed as Prince of Wales and heir to the throne before that day was over. The Bishop had entertained on the previous afternoon certain of the most influential gentlemen of the true British party. His Royal Highness had charmed all, both Scots and English, Papists and Churchmen: "Even Quakers," says he, "were at our meeting; and, if the stranger took a little too much British punch and ale, he will soon grow more accustomed to those liquors; and my Lord Castlewood," says the Bishop with a laugh, "must bear the

## THE STORY OF HENRY ESMOND.

...and thoughtfulness that ought to  
...  
...be mislaid," says he, "or our  
...my Lord Esmond's writ-  
...to a place where I heartily hope  
...and so, by your leave, I will copy  
...though I am not very strong in  
...they are found they will implicate  
...they most concern;" and so, hav-  
...the Proclamations out, the Prince  
...Colonel Esmond's handwriting: "And  
...gentlemen," says he, "let us go to sup-  
...glass with the ladies. My Lord Es-  
...with us to-night; you have given  
...of your company."

...meals were commonly served in the  
...had been Beatrix's bedroom, adjoining  
...he slept. And the dutiful practice of  
...was to wait until their Royal guest  
...their places at table before they sat  
...of the meal. On this night, as you  
...only Frank Castlewood and his mother  
...when the supper was announced to  
...Dance: who had passed the whole of the  
...own apartment, with the Bishop as his  
...State, and Colonel Esmond officiating as  
...Council.

...countenance wore an expression by  
...pleasant; when looking towards the little  
...assembled, and waiting for him, he did not  
...bright face there as usual to greet him.  
...Lady Esmond for his fair introducer of  
...her ladyship only cast her eyes down,  
...quietly, Beatrix could not be of the supper  
...nor did she show the least sign of confu-

sion, whereas Castlewood turned red, and Esmond was no less embarrassed. I think women have an instinct of dissimulation; they know by nature how to disguise their emotions far better than the most consummate male courtiers can do. Is not the better part of the life of many of them spent in hiding their feelings, in cajoling their tyrants, in masking over with fond smiles and artful gayety, their doubt, or their grief, or their terror?

Our guest swallowed his supper very sulkily; it was not till the second bottle his Highness began to rally. When Lady Castlewood asked leave to depart, he sent a message to Beatrix, hoping she would be present at the next day's dinner, and applied himself to drink, and to talk afterwards, for which there was subject in plenty.

The next day, we heard from our informer at Kensington that the Queen was somewhat better, and had been up for an hour, though she was not well enough yet to receive any visitor.

At dinner a single cover was laid for his Royal Highness; and the two gentlemen alone waited on him. We had had a consultation in the morning with Lady Castlewood, in which it had been determined that, should his Highness ask further questions about Beatrix, he should be answered by the gentlemen of the house.

He was evidently disturbed and uneasy, looking towards the door constantly, as if expecting some one. There came, however, nobody, except honest John Lockwood, when he knocked with a dish, which those within took from him; so the meals were always arranged, and I believe the council in the kitchen were of opinion that my young lord had brought over a priest, who had converted us all into

Papists, and that Papists were like Jews, eating together, and not choosing to take their meals in the sight of Christians.

The Prince tried to cover his displeasure; he was but a clumsy dissembler at that time, and when out of humor could with difficulty keep a serene countenance; and having made some foolish attempts at trivial talk, he came to his point presently, and in as easy a manner as he could, saying to Lord Castlewood, he hoped, he requested, his lordship's mother and sister would be of the supper that night. As the time hung heavy on him, and he must not go abroad, would not Miss Beatrix hold him company at a game of cards?

At this, looking up at Esmond, and taking the signal from him, Lord Castlewood informed his Royal Highness<sup>1</sup> that his sister Beatrix was not at Kensington; and that her family had thought it best she should quit the town.

"Not at Kensington!" says he; "is she ill? she was well yesterday; wherefore should she quit the town? Is it at your orders, my lord, or Colonel Esmond's, who seems the master of this house?"

"Not of this, sir," says Frank very nobly, "only of our house in the country, which he hath given to us. This is my mother's house, and Walcote is my father's, and the Marquis of Esmond knows he hath but to give his word, and I return his to him."

"The Marquis of Esmond! — the Marquis of Esmond," says the Prince, tossing off a glass, "meddles too much with my affairs, and presumes on the service he hath done me. If you want to carry your suit with Beatrix, my lord, by blocking her up in

<sup>1</sup> In London we addressed the Prince as Royal Highness invariably, though the women persisted in giving him the title of King.

jail, let me tell you that is not the way to win a woman."

"I was not aware, sir, that I had spoken of my suit to Madam Beatrix to your Royal Highness."

"Bah, bah, Monsieur! we need not be a conjurer to see that. It makes itself seen at all moments. You are jealous, my lord, and the Maid of Honor cannot look at another face without yours beginning to scowl. That which you do is unworthy, Monsieur; is inhospitable — is, is lâche, yes, lâche:" (he spoke rapidly in French, his rage carrying him away with each phrase) "I come to your house; I risk my life; I pass it in ennui; I repose myself on your fidelity; I have no company but your lordship's sermons or the conversations of that adorable young lady, and you take her from me, and you, you rest! *Merci*-Monsieur! I shall thank you when I have the means; I shall know to recompense a devotion a little importunate, my lord — a little importunate. For a month past your airs of protector have annoyed me beyond measure. You deign to offer me the crown, and bid me take it on my knees like King John — eh! I know my history, Monsieur, and mock myself of frowning barons. I admire your mistress, and you send her to a Bastile of the Province; I enter your house, and you mistrust me. I will leave it, Monsieur; from to-night I will leave it. I have other friends whose loyalty will not be so ready to question mine. If I have garters to give away, 'tis to noble-men who are not so ready to think evil. Bring me a coach and let me quit this place, or let the fair Beatrix return to it. I will not have your hospitality at the expense of the freedom of that fair creature."

This harangue was uttered with rapid gesticulation such as the French use, and in the language of that

nation. The Prince striding up and down the room; his face flushed, and his hands trembling with anger. He was very thin and frail from repeated illness and a life of pleasure. Either Castlewood or Esmond could have broke him across their knee, and in half a minute's struggle put an end to him; and here he was insulting us both, and scarce deigning to hide from the two, whose honor it most concerned, the passion he felt for the young lady of our family. My Lord Castlewood replied to the Prince's tirade very nobly and simply.

"Sir," says he, "your Royal Highness is pleased to forget that others risk their lives, and for your cause. Very few Englishmen, please God, would dare to lay hands on your sacred person, though none would ever think of respecting ours. Our family's lives are at your service, and everything we have except our honor."

"Honor! bah, sir, who ever thought of hurting your honor?" says the Prince with a peevish air.

"We implore your Royal Highness never to think of hurting it," says Lord Castlewood with a low bow. The night being warm, the windows were open both towards the Gardens and the Square. Colonel Esmond heard through the closed door the voice of the watchman calling the hour, in the square on the other side. He opened the door communicating with the Prince's room; Martin, the servant that had rode with Beatrix to Hounslow, was just going out of the chamber as Esmond entered it, and when the fellow was gone, and the watchman again sang his cry of "Past ten o'clock, and a starlight night," Esmond spoke to the Prince in a low voice, and said — "Your Royal Highness hears that man."

"*Après, Monsieur?*" says the Prince.

"I have but to beckon him from the window, and send him fifty yards, and he returns with a guard of men, and I deliver up to him the body of the person calling himself James the Third, for whose capture Parliament hath offered a reward of £500, as your Royal Highness saw on our ride from Rochester. I have but to say the word, and, by the Heaven that made me, I would say it if I thought the Prince, for his honor's sake, would not desist from insulting ours. But the first gentleman of England knows his duty too well to forget himself with the humblest, or peril his crown for a deed that were shameful if it were done."

"Has your lordship anything to say," says the Prince, turning to Frank Castlewood, and quite pale with anger; "any threat or any insult, with which you would like to end this agreeable night's entertainment?"

"I follow the head of our house," says Castlewood, bowing gravely. "At what time shall it please the Prince that we should wait upon him in the morning?"

"You will wait on the Bishop of Rochester early, you will bid him bring his coach hither; and prepare an apartment for me in his own house, or in a place of safety. The King will reward you handsomely, never fear, for all you have done in his behalf. I wish you a good night, and shall go to bed, unless it pleases the Marquis of Esmond to call his colleague, the watchman, and that I should pass the night with the Kensington guard. Fare you well, be sure I will remember you. My Lord Castlewood, I can go to bed to-night without need of a chamberlain." And the Prince dismissed us with a grim bow, locking one door as he spoke, that into the supping-room, and the



other through which we passed, after us. It led into the small chamber which Frank Castlewood or *Monsieur Baptiste* occupied, and by which Martin entered when Colonel Esmond but now saw him in the chamber.

At an early hour next morning the Bishop arrived, and was closeted for some time with his master in his own apartment, where the Prince laid open to his counsellor the wrongs which, according to his version, he had received from the gentlemen of the Esmond family. The worthy prelate came out from the conference with an air of great satisfaction; he was a man full of resources, and of a most assured fidelity, and possessed of genius, and a hundred good qualities; but captious and of a most jealous temper, that could not help exulting at the downfall of any favorite; and he was pleased in spite of himself to hear that the Esmond Ministry was at an end.

"I have soothed your guest," says he, coming out to the two gentlemen and the widow, who had been made acquainted with somewhat of the dispute of the night before. (By the version we gave her, the Prince was only made to exhibit anger because we doubted of his intentions in respect to Beatrix; and to leave us, because we questioned his honor.) "But I think, all things considered, 'tis as well he should leave this house; and then, my Lady Castlewood," says the Bishop, "my pretty Beatrix may come back to it."

"She is quite as well at home at Castlewood," Esmond's mistress said, "till everything is over."

"You shall have your title, Esmond, that I promise you," says the good Bishop, assuming the airs of a Prime Minister. "The Prince hath expressed himself most nobly in regard of the little difference of last night, and I promise you he hath listened to my

sermon, as well as to that of other folks," says the Doctor, archly; "he hath every great and generous quality, with perhaps a weakness for the sex which belongs to his family, and hath been known in scores of popular sovereigns from King David downwards."

"My lord, my lord!" breaks out Lady Esmond, "the levity with which you speak of such conduct towards our sex shocks me, and what you call weakness I call deplorable sin."

"Sin it is, my dear creature," says the Bishop, with a shrug, taking snuff; "but consider what a sinner King Solomon was, and in spite of a thousand of wives too."

"Enough of this, my lord," says Lady Castlewood, with a fine blush, and walked out of the room very stately.

The Prince entered it presently with a smile on his face, and if he felt any offence against us on the previous night, at present exhibited none. He offered a hand to each gentleman with great courtesy. "If all your bishops preach so well as Dr. Atterbury," says he, "I don't know, gentlemen, what may happen to me. I spoke very hastily, my lords, last night, and ask pardon of both of you. But I must not stay any longer," says he, "giving umbrage to good friends, or keeping pretty girls away from their homes. My Lord Bishop hath found a safe place for me, hard by at a curate's house, whom the Bishop can trust, and whose wife is so ugly as to be beyond all danger; we will decamp into those new quarters, and I leave you, thanking you for a hundred kindnesses here. Where is my hostess, that I may bid her farewell; to welcome her in a house of my own, soon, I trust, where my friends shall have no cause to quarrel with me."

Lady Castlewood arrived presently, blushing with

great grace, and tears filling her eyes as the Prince graciously saluted her. She looked so charming and young, that the Doctor, in his bantering way, could not help speaking of her beauty to the Prince; whose compliment made her blush, and look more charming still.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A GREAT SCHEME, AND WHO BALKED IT.

As characters written with a secret ink come out with the application of fire, and disappear again and leave the paper white, as soon as it is cool ; a hundred names of men, high in repute, and favoring the Prince's cause, that were writ in our private lists, would have been visible enough on the great roll of the conspiracy, had it ever been laid open under the sun. What crowds would have pressed forward, and subscribed their names and protested their loyalty, when the danger was over ! What a number of Whigs, now high in place and creatures of the all-powerful Minister, scorned Mr. Walpole then ! If ever a match was gained by the manliness and decision of a few at a moment of danger ; if ever one was lost by the treachery and imbecility of those that had the cards in their hands, and might have played them, it was in that momentous game which was enacted in the next three days, and of which the noblest crown in the world was the stake.

From the conduct of my Lord Bolingbroke, those who were interested in the scheme we had in hand, saw pretty well that he was not to be trusted. Should the Prince prevail, it was his lordship's gracious intention to declare for him : should the Hanoverian party bring in their sovereign, who more ready to go on his knee, and cry, "God save King George" ? And he betrayed the one Prince and the other ; but

exactly at the wrong time. When he should have struck for King James, he faltered and coquetted with the Whigs; and having committed himself by the most monstrous professions of devotion, which the Elector rightly scorned, he proved the justness of their contempt for him by flying and taking renegade service with St. Germain's, just when he should have kept aloof: and that Court despised him, as the manly and resolute men who established the Elector in England had before done. He signed his own name to every accusation of insincerity his enemies made against him; and the King and the Pretender alike could show proofs of St. John's treachery under his own hand and seal.

Our friends kept a pretty close watch upon his motions, as on those of the brave and hearty Whig party, that made little concealment of theirs. They would have in the Elector, and used every means in their power to effect their end. My Lord Marlborough was now with them. His expulsion from power by the Tories had thrown that great Captain at once on the Whig side. We heard he was coming from Antwerp; and, in fact, on the day of the Queen's death, he once more landed on English shore. A great part of the army was always with their illustrious leader; even the Tories in it were indignant at the injustice of the persecution which the Whig officers were made to undergo. The chiefs of these were in London, and at the head of them one of the most intrepid men in the world, the Scots Duke of Argyle, whose conduct on the second day after that to which I have now brought down my history, ended, as such honesty and bravery deserved to end, by establishing the present Royal race on the English throne.

Meanwhile, there was no slight difference of opinion amongst the councillors surrounding the Prince, as to the plan his Highness should pursue. His female Minister at Court, fancying she saw some amelioration in the Queen, was for waiting a few days, or hours it might be, until he could be brought to her bedside, and acknowledged as her heir. Mr. Esmond was for having him march thither, escorted by a couple of troops of Horse Guards, and openly presenting himself to the Council. During the whole of the night of the 29th-30th July, the Colonel was engaged with gentlemen of the military profession, whom 'tis needless here to name; suffice it to say that several of them had exceeding high rank in the army, and one of them in especial was a general, who, when he heard the Duke of Marlborough was coming on the other side, waved his crutch over his head with a huzza, at the idea that he should march out and engage him. Of the three Secretaries of State, we knew that one was devoted to us. The Governor of the Tower was ours; the two companies on duty at Kensington barrack were safe; and we had intelligence, very speedy and accurate, of all that took place at the Palace within.

At noon, on the 30th of July, a message came to the Prince's friends that the Committee of Council was sitting at Kensington Palace, their Graces of Ormonde and Shrewsbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the three Secretaries of State, being there assembled. In an hour afterwards, hurried news was brought that the two great Whig Dukes, Argyle and Somerset, had broke into the Council-chamber without a summons, and taken their seat at table. After holding a debate there, the whole party proceeded to the chamber of the Queen, who was lying in great

weakness, but still sensible, and the Lords recommended his Grace of Shrewsbury as the fittest person to take the vacant place of Lord Treasurer; her Majesty gave him the staff, as all know. "And now," writ my messenger from Court, "*now or never is the time.*"

Now or never was the time indeed. In spite of the Whig Dukes, our side had still the majority in the Council, and Esmond, to whom the message had been brought (the personage at Court not being aware that the Prince had quitted his lodging in Kensington Square), and Esmond's gallant young aide-de-camp, Frank Castlewood, putting on sword and uniform, took a brief leave of their dear lady, who embraced and blessed them both, and went to her chamber to pray for the issue of the great event which was then pending.

Castlewood sped to the barrack to give warning to the Captain of the Guard there; and then went to the "King's Arms" tavern at Kensington, where our friends were assembled, having come by parties of twos and threes, riding or in coaches, and were got together in the upper chamber, fifty-three of them; their servants, who had been instructed to bring arms likewise, being below in the garden of the tavern, where they were served with drink. Out of this garden is a little door that leads into the road of the Palace, and through this it was arranged that masters and servants were to march; when that signal was given, and that Personage appeared, for whom all were waiting. There was in our company the famous officer next in command to the Captain-General of the Forces, his Grace the Duke of Ormonde, who was within at the Council. There were with him two more lieutenant-generals, nine major-generals and

brigadiers, seven colonels, eleven Peers of Parliament, and twenty-one members of the House of Commons. The Guard was with us within and without the Palace: the Queen was with us; the Council (save the two Whig Dukes, that must have succumbed); the day was our own, and with a beating heart Esmond walked rapidly to the Mall of Kensington, where he had parted with the Prince on the night before. For three nights the Colonel had not been to bed: the last had been passed summoning the Prince's friends together, of whom the great majority had no sort of inkling of the transaction pending until they were told that he was actually on the spot, and were summoned to strike the blow. The night before and after the altercation with the Prince, my gentleman, having suspicions of his Royal Highness, and fearing lest he should be minded to give us the slip, and fly off after his fugitive beauty, had spent, if the truth must be told, at the "Greyhound" tavern, over against my Lady Castlewood's house in Kensington Square, with an eye on the door, lest the Prince should escape from it. The night before that he had passed in his boots at the "Crown" at Hounslow, where he must watch forsooth all night, in order to get one moment's glimpse of Beatrix in the morning. And fate had decreed that he was to have a fourth night's ride and wakefulness before his business was ended.

He ran to the curate's house in Kensington Mall, and asked for Mr. Bates, the name the Prince went by. The curate's wife said Mr. Bates had gone abroad very early in the morning in his boots, saying he was going to the Bishop of Rochester's house at Chelsey. But the Bishop had been at Kensington himself two hours ago to seek for Mr. Bates, and had returned in



Frank knew full well: our instinct told whither that traitor had fled.

He had courage to turn to the company and say, "Gentlemen, I fear very much that Mr. George will not be here to-day; something hath happened — and — and — I very much fear some accident may befall him, which must keep him out of the way. Having had your noon's draught, you had best pay the reckoning and go home; there can be no game where there is no one to play it."

Some of the gentlemen went away without a word, others called to pay their duty to her Majesty and ask for her health. The little army disappeared into the darkness out of which it had been called; there had been no writings, no paper to implicate any man. Some few officers and Members of Parliament had been invited over-night to breakfast at the "King's Arms," at Kensington; and they had called for their bill and gone home.

## CHAPTER XIII.

AUGUST 1st, 1714.

"Does my mistress know of this?" Esmond asked of Frank, as they walked along.

"My mother found the letter in the book, on the toilet-table. She had writ it ere she had left home," Frank said. "Mother met her on the stairs, with her hand upon the door, trying to enter, and never left her after that till she went away. He did not think of looking at it there, nor had Martin the chance of telling him. I believe the poor devil meant no harm, though I half killed him; he thought 't was to Beatrix's brother he was bringing the letter."

Frank never said a word of reproach to me for having brought the villain amongst us. As we knocked at the door I said, "When will the horses be ready?" Frank pointed with his cane, they were turning the street that moment.

We went up and bade adieu to our mistress; she was in a dreadful state of agitation by this time, and that Bishop was with her whose company she was so fond of.

"Did you tell him, my lord," says Esmond, "that Beatrix was at Castlewood?" The Bishop blushed and stammered: "Well," says he, "I—"

"You served the villain right," broke out Mr. Esmond, "and he has lost a crown by what you told him."

My mistress turned quite white, "Henry, Henry," says she, "do not kill him."

"It may not be too late," says Esmond; "he may not have gone to Castlewood; pray God, it is not too late." The Bishop was breaking out with some *banale* phrases about loyalty, and the sacredness of the Sovereign's person; but Esmond sternly bade him hold his tongue, burn all papers, and take care of Lady Castlewood; and in five minutes he and Frank were in the saddle, John Lockwood behind them, riding towards Castlewood at a rapid pace.

We were just got to Alton, when who should meet us but old Lockwood, the porter from Castlewood, John's father, walking by the side of the Hexton flying-coach, who slept the night at Alton. Lockwood said his young mistress had arrived at home on Wednesday night, and this morning, Friday, had despatched him with a packet for my lady at Kensington, saying the letter was of great importance.

We took the freedom to break it, while Lockwood stared with wonder, and cried out his "Lord bless me's," and "Who'd a thought it's, at the sight of his young lord, whom he had not seen these seven years.

The packet from Beatrix contained no news of importance at all. It was written in a jocular strain, affecting to make light of her captivity. She asked whether she might have leave to visit Mrs. Tusher, or to walk beyond the court and the garden wall. She gave news of the peacocks, and a fawn she had there. She bade her mother send her certain gowns and smocks by old Lockwood; she sent her duty to a certain Person, if certain other persons permitted her to take such a freedom; how that, as she was not able to play cards with him, she hoped he would read

good books, such as Dr. Atterbury's sermons and "Eikon Basiliké": she was going to read good books; she thought her pretty mamma would like to know she was not crying her eyes out.

"Who is in the house besides you, Lockwood?" says the Colonel.

"There be the laundry-maid, and the kitchen-maid, Madam Beatrix's maid, the man from London, and that be all; and he sleepeth in my lodge away from the maids," says old Lockwood.

Esmond scribbled a line with a pencil on the note, giving it to the old man, and bidding him go on to his lady. We knew why Beatrix had been so dutiful on a sudden, and why she spoke of "Eikon Basiliké." She writ this letter to put the Prince on the scent, and the porter out of the way.

"We have a fine moonlight night for riding on," says Esmond; "Frank, we may reach Castlewood in time yet." All the way along they made inquiries at the post-houses, when a tall young gentleman in a gray suit, with a light brown periwig, just the color of my lord's, had been seen to pass. He had set off at six that morning, and we at three in the afternoon. He rode almost as quickly as we had done; he was seven hours ahead of us still when we reached the last stage.

We rode over Castlewood Downs before the breaking of dawn. We passed the very spot where the car was upset fourteen years since, and Mohun lay. The village was not up yet, nor the forge lighted, as we rode through it, passing by the elms, where the rooks were still roosting, and by the church, and over the bridge. We got off our horses at the bridge and walked up to the gate.

"If she is safe," says Frank, trembling, and his

honest eyes filling with tears, "a silver statue to Our Lady!" He was going to rattle at the great iron knocker on the oak gate; but Esmond stopped his kinsman's hand. He had his own fears, his own hopes, his own despairs and griefs, too; but he spoke not a word of these to his companion, or showed any signs of emotion.

He went and tapped at the little window at the porter's lodge, gently, but repeatedly, until the man came to the bars.

"Who's there?" says he, looking out; it was the servant from Kensington.

"My Lord Castlewood and Colonel Esmond," we said, from below. "Open the gate and let us in without any noise."

"My Lord Castlewood?" says the other; "my lord's here, and in bed."

"Open, d—n you," says Castlewood, with a curse.

"I shall open to no one," says the man, shutting the glass window as Frank drew a pistol. He would have fired at the porter, but Esmond again held his hand.

"There are more ways than one," says he, "of entering such a great house as this." Frank grumbled that the west gate was half a mile round. "But I know of a way that's not a hundred yards off," says Mr. Esmond; and leading his kinsman close along the wall, and by the shrubs which had now grown thick on what had been an old moat about the house, they came to the buttress, at the side of which the little window was, which was Father Holt's private door. Esmond climbed up to this easily, broke a pane that had been mended, and touched the spring inside, and the two gentlemen passed in that way, treading as lightly as they could; and so going

through the passage into the court, over which the dawn was now reddening, and where the fountain plashed in the silence.

They sped instantly to the porter's lodge, where the fellow had not fastened his door that led into the court; and pistol in hand came upon the terrified wretch, and bade him be silent. Then they asked him (Esmond's head reeled, and he almost fell as he spoke) when Lord Castlewood had arrived? He said on the previous evening, about eight of the clock. — "And what then?" — His lordship supped with his sister. — "Did the man wait?" Yes, he and my lady's maid both waited: the other servants made the supper; and there was no wine, and they could give his lordship but milk, at which he grumbled; and — and Madam Beatrix kept Miss Lucy always in the room with her. And there being a bed across the court in the Chaplain's room, she had arranged my lord was to sleep there. Madam Beatrix had come down stairs laughing with the maids, and had locked herself in, and my lord had stood for awhile talking to her through the door, and she laughing at him. And then he paced the court awhile, and she came again to the upper window; and my lord implored her to come down and walk in the room; but she would not, and laughed at him again, and shut the window; and so my lord, uttering what seemed curses, but in a foreign language, went to the Chaplain's room to bed.

"Was this all!" — "All," the man swore upon his honor; all as he hoped to be saved. — "Stop, there was one thing more. My lord, on arriving, and once or twice during supper, did kiss his sister, as was natural, and she kissed him." At this Esmond ground his teeth with rage, and wellnigh throttled the amazed

SECRET

...the ... French ...  
... roses ...  
... New Hamilton.  
... those roses  
... lying on  
... was inse-  
... and never stood  
... him:  
... have he felt

[illegible]

At the end of the chapter he thought out he should try  
to get some more ideas, which was something and  
he had been thinking of doing for a long time.  
He was a very good person, and he was a very good person.

I have been thinking that yonder scoundrel may have been instructed to tell that story, and that the whole of it may be a lie; if it be, we shall find it out from the gentleman who is asleep yonder. See if the door leading to my lady's rooms" (so we called the rooms at the northwest angle of the house), "see if the door is barred as he saith." We tried; it was indeed as the lackey had said, closed within.

"It may have been opened and shut afterwards," says poor Esmond; "the foundress of our family let our ancestor in in that way."

"What will you do, Harry, if — if what that fellow saith should turn out untrue?" The young man looked scared and frightened into his kinsman's face; I dare say it wore no very pleasant expression.

"Let us first go see whether the two stories agree," says Esmond; and went in at the passage and opened the door into what had been his own chamber now for wellnigh five-and-twenty years. A candle was still burning, and the Prince asleep dressed on the the bed — Esmond did not care for making a noise. The Prince started up in his bed, seeing two men in his chamber. "Qui est là?" says he, and took a pistol from under his pillow.

"It is the Marquis of Esmond," says the Colonel, "come to welcome his Majesty to his house of Castlewood, and to report of what hath happened in London. Pursuant to the King's orders, I passed the night before last, after leaving his Majesty, in waiting upon the friends of the King. It is a pity that his Majesty's desire to see the country and to visit our poor house should have caused the King to quit London without notice yesterday, when the opportunity happened which in all human probability may



not occur again ; and had the King not chosen to ride to Castlewood, the Prince of Wales might have slept at St. James's."

"'Sdeath ! gentlemen," says the Prince, starting off his bed, whereon he was lying in his clothes, the Doctor was with me yesterday morning, and after watching by my sister all night, told me I might not hope to see the Queen."

"It would have been otherwise," says Esmond with another bow ; "as, by this time, the Queen may be dead in spite of the Doctor. The Council was met, a new Treasurer was appointed, the troops were devoted to the King's cause ; and fifty loyal gentlemen of the greatest names of this kingdom were assembled to accompany the Prince of Wales, who might have been the acknowledged heir of the throne, or the possessor of it by this time, had your Majesty not chosen to take the air. We were ready ; there was only one person that failed us, your Majesty's gracious —"

"*Morbleu*, Monsieur, you give me too much Majesty," said the Prince, who had now risen up and seemed to be looking to one of us to help him to his coat. But neither stirred.

"We shall take care," says Esmond, "not much oftener to offend in that particular."

"What mean you, my lord ?" says the Prince, and muttered something about a *guet-à-pens* which Esmond caught up.

"The snare, sir," said he, "was not of our laying ; it is not we that invited you. We came to avenge, and not to compass, the dishonor of our family."

"Dishonor ! *Morbleu*, there has been no dishonor," says the Prince, turning scarlet, "only a little harmless playing."

"That was meant to end seriously."

"I swear," the Prince broke out impetuously, "upon the honor of a gentleman, my lords —"

"That we arrived in time. No wrong hath been done, Frank," says Colonel Esmond, turning round to young Castlewood, who stood at the door as the talk was going on. "See! here is a paper whereon his Majesty has deigned to commence some verses in honor, or dishonor, of Beatrix. Here is 'Madame' and 'Flamme,' 'Cruelle' and 'Rebelle,' and 'Amour' and 'Jour' in the Royal writing and spelling. Had the Gracious lover been happy, he had not passed his time in sighing." In fact, and actually as he was speaking, Esmond cast his eyes down towards the table, and saw a paper on which my young Prince had been scrawling a madrigal, that was to finish his charmer on the morrow.

"Sir," says the Prince, burning with rage (he had assumed his Royal coat unassisted by this time), "did I come here to receive insults?"

"To confer them, may it please your Majesty," says the Colonel, with a very low bow, "and the gentlemen of our family are come to thank you."

"*Malédiction!*" says the young man, tears starting into his eyes with helpless rage and mortification. "What will you with me, gentlemen?"

"If your Majesty will please to enter the next apartment," says Esmond, preserving his grave tone, "I have some papers there which I would gladly submit to you, and by your permission I will lead the way; and, taking the taper up, and backing before the Prince with very great ceremony, Mr. Esmond passed into the little Chaplain's room, through which we had just entered into the house: — "Please to set a chair for his Majesty, Frank," says the Colonel to

not occur again. . . almost as much at this  
to Castlewood, than . . . by it, as the other  
at St. James's. . . to the crypt over the mantel-  
"Sdeath! go . . . and drew thence the  
his bed, where . . . there.  
tor was with me . . .

ing by my . . . Majesty," says he, "is  
to see the . . . ver by your Royal Father

"It would . . . Castlewood, my father:  
another . . . of my father's mar-  
dead in . . . my birth and christening;  
new Tre . . . of which your sainted  
voted to . . . so shining an example.  
of the g . . . Frank, and this what I do  
to accom . . . and Marriage, and here  
been the . . . August Sign-Manual, with  
sector of . . . pleased to honor our race."  
to take . . . set the papers burning in  
person . . . please, sir, to remember," he

"My . . . family hath ruined itself by  
jesty." . . . grandfather spent his estate,  
seem . . . son to die for your service;  
coat. . . father (for lord you are now,

"My . . . died for the same cause;  
often . . . my father's second wife,

" . . . prior to your wicked perjured  
mut . . . to the King; and got in re-  
mor . . . that lies in ashes, and this

" . . . ribbon. I lay this at your  
it . . . I draw this sword, and break

an . . . had you completed the wrong  
 . . . Heaven I would have driven it

he . . . and no more pardoned you than  
he . . . Monmouth. Frank will do the

" . . . Jesu . . .  
 . . . looking on with a stupid air

at the papers, as they flamed in the old brazier, took out his sword and broke it, holding his head down: — “I go with my cousin,” says he, giving Esmond a grasp of the hand. “Marquis or not, by —, I stand by him any day. I beg your Majesty’s pardon for swearing; that is — that is — I’m for the Elector of Hanover. It’s all your Majesty’s own fault. The Queen’s dead most likely by this time. And you might have been King if you had n’t come dangling after Trix.”

“Thus to lose a crown,” says the young Prince, starting up, and speaking French in his eager way; “to lose the loveliest woman in the world; to lose the loyalty of such hearts as yours, is not this, my lords, enough of humiliation? — Marquis, if I go on my knees will you pardon me? — No, I can’t do that, but I can offer you reparation, that of honor, that of gentlemen. Favor me by crossing the sword with mine: yours is broke — see, yonder in the armoire are two; and the Prince took them out as eager as a boy, and held them towards Esmond: — “Ah! you will? *Merci, Monsieur, merci!*”

Extremely touched by this immense mark of condescension and repentance for wrong done, Colonel Esmond bowed down so low as almost to kiss the gracious young hand that conferred on him such an honor, and took his guard in silence. The swords were no sooner met, than Castlewood knocked up Esmond’s with the blade of his own, which he had broke off short at the shell; and the Colonel falling back a step dropped his point with another very low bow, and declared himself perfectly satisfied.

“*Eh bien, Vicomte!*” says the young Prince, who was a boy, and a French boy, “*il ne nous reste qu’une chose à faire:*” he placed his sword upon the table,





THE LAST OF BEATRIZ.

and the fingers of his two hands upon his breast: "We have one more thing to do," says he; "You do not divine it?" He stretched out his arms: "Embrassons nous!"

The talk was scarce over when Beatrix entered the room: — What came she to seek there? She started and turned pale at the sight of her brother and kinsman, drawn swords, broken sword-blades, and papers yet smouldering in the brazier.

"Charming Beatrix," says the Prince, with a blush which became him very well, "these lords have come a-horseback from London, where my sister lies in a despaired state, and where her successor makes himself desired. Pardon me for my escapade of last evening. I had been so long a prisoner, that I seized the occasion of a promenade on horseback, and my horse naturally bore me towards you. I found you a Queen in your little court, where you deigned to entertain me. Present my homages to your maids of honor. I sighed as you slept, under the window of your chamber, and then retired to seek rest in my own. It was there that these gentlemen agreeably roused me. Yes, milords, for that is a happy day that makes a prince acquainted, at whatever cost to his vanity, with such a noble heart as that of the Marquis of Esmond. Mademoiselle, may we take your coach to town? I saw it in the *hangar*, and this poor Marquis must be dropping with sleep."

"Will it please the King to breakfast before he goes?" was all Beatrix could say. The roses had shuddered out of her cheeks; her eyes were glaring; she looked quite old. She came up to Esmond and hissed out a word or two: — "If I did not love you before, Cousin," says she, "think how I love you now." If words could stab, no doubt she would

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THE LAST OF BEATRIZ.



have killed Esmond; she looked at him as if she could.

But her keen words gave no wound to Mr. Esmond; his heart was too hard. As he looked at her, he wondered that he could ever have loved her. His love of ten years was over; it fell down dead on the spot, at the Kensington Tavern, where Frank brought him the note out of "Eikon Basiliké." The Prince blushed and bowed low, as she gazed at him, and quitted the chamber. I have never seen her from that day.

Horses were fetched and put to the chariot presently. My lord rode outside, and as for Esmond he was so tired that he was no sooner in the carriage than he fell asleep, and never woke till night, as the coach came into Alton.

As we drove to the "Bell" Inn we met a mitred coach with our old friend Lockwood beside the coachman. My Lady Castlewood and the Bishop were inside; she gave a little scream when she saw us. The two coaches entered the inn almost together; the landlord and people coming out with lights to welcome the visitors.

We in our coach sprang out of it, as soon as ever we saw the dear lady, and above all, the Doctor in his cassock. What was the news? Was there yet time? Was the Queen alive? These questions were put hurriedly, as Boniface stood waiting before his noble guests to bow them up the stair.

"Is she safe?" was what Lady Castlewood whispered in a flutter to Esmond.

"All's well, thank God," says he, as the fond lady took his hand and kissed it, and called him her preserver and her dear. *She* was n't thinking of queens and crowns.

The Bishop's news was reassuring ; at least all was not lost ; the Queen yet breathed, or was alive when they left London, six hours since. ("It was Lady Castlewood who insisted on coming," the Doctor said.) Argyle had marched up regiments from Portsmouth, and sent abroad for more ; the Whigs were on the alert, a pest on them (I am not sure but the Bishop swore as he spoke), and so too were our people. And all might be saved, if only the Prince could be at London in time. We called for horses, instantly to return to London. We never went up poor crestfallen Boniface's stairs, but into our coaches again. The Prince and his Prime Minister in one, Esmond in the other, with only his dear mistress as a companion.

Castlewood galloped forwards on horseback to gather the Prince's friends and warn them of his coming. We travelled through the night. Esmond discoursing to his mistress of the events of the last twenty-four hours ; of Castlewood's ride and his ; of the Prince's generous behavior and their reconciliation. The night seemed short enough ; and the starlit hours passed away serenely in that fond company.

So we came along the road ; the Bishop's coach heading ours ; and, with some delays in procuring horses, we got to Hammersmith about four o'clock on Sunday morning, the first of August, and half an hour after, it being then bright day, we rode by my Lady Warwick's house, and so down the street of Kensington. Early as the hour was, there was a bustle in the street, and many people moving to and fro. Round the gate leading to the Palace, where the guard is, there was especially a great crowd. And the coach ahead of us stopped, and the Bishop's man got down to know what the concourse meant ?

There presently came from out of the gate — Horse Guards with their trumpets, and a company of heralds with their tabards. The trumpets blew, and the herald-at-arms came forward and proclaimed GEORGE, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. And the people shouted "God save the King!"

Among the crowd shouting and waving their hats, I caught sight of one sad face, which I had known all my life, and seen under many disguises. It was no other than poor Mr. Holt's, who had slipped over to England to witness the triumph of the good cause; and now beheld its enemies victorious, amidst the acclamations of the English people. The poor fellow had forgot to huzza or to take his hat off, until his neighbors in the crowd remarked his want of loyalty, and cursed him for a Jesuit in disguise, when he ruefully uncovered and began to cheer. Sure he was the most unlucky of men: he never played a game but he lost it; or engaged in a conspiracy but 't was certain to end in defeat. I saw him in Flanders after this, whence he went to Rome to the head-quarters of his Order; and actually reappeared among us in America, very old, and busy, and hopeful. I am not sure that he did not assume the hatchet and moccasins there; and, attired in a blanket and war-paint, skulk about a missionary amongst the Indians. He lies buried in our neighboring province of Maryland now, with a cross over him, and a mound of earth above him; under which that unquiet spirit is forever at peace.

With the sound of King George's trumpets, all the vain hopes of the weak and foolish young Pretender were blown away; and with that music, too, I may

say, the drama of my own life was ended. That happiness, which hath subsequently crowned it, cannot be written in words; 't is of its nature sacred and secret, and not to be spoken of, though the heart be ever so full of thankfulness, save to Heaven and the One Ear alone — to one fond being, the truest and tenderest and purest wife ever man was blessed with. As I think of the immense happiness which was in store for me, and of the depth and intensity of that love which, for so many years, hath blessed me, I own to a transport of wonder and gratitude for such a boon — nay, am thankful to have been endowed with a heart capable of feeling and knowing the immense beauty and value of the gift which God hath bestowed upon me. Sure, love *vincit omnia*; is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that: he hath not felt the highest faculty of the soul who hath not enjoyed it. In the name of my wife I write the completion of hope, and the summit of happiness. To have such a love is the one blessing, in comparison of which all earthly joy is of no value; and to think of her, is to praise God.

It was at Bruxelles, whither we retreated after the failure of our plot — our Whig friends advising us to keep out of the way — that the great joy of my life was bestowed upon me, and that my dear mistress became my wife. We had been so accustomed to an extreme intimacy and confidence, and had lived so long and tenderly together, that we might have gone on to the end without thinking of a closer tie; but circumstances brought about that event which so prodigiously multiplied my happiness and hers (for which I humbly thank Heaven), although a calamity befell us, which, I blush to think, hath occurred more



than once in our house. I know not what infatuation of ambition urged the beautiful and wayward woman, whose name hath occupied so many of these pages, and who was served by me with ten years of such constant fidelity and passion; but ever after that day at Castlewood, when we rescued her, she persisted in holding all her family as her enemies, and left us, and escaped to France, to what a fate I disdain to tell. Nor was her son's house a home for my dear mistress; my poor Frank was weak, as perhaps all our race hath been, and led by women. Those around him were imperious, and in a terror of his mother's influence over him, lest he should recant, and deny the creed which he had adopted by their persuasion. The difference of their religion separated the son and the mother: my dearest mistress felt that she was severed from her children and alone in the world — alone but for one constant servant on whose fidelity, praised be Heaven, she could count. 'Twas after a scene of ignoble quarrel on the part of Frank's wife and mother (for the poor lad had been made to marry the whole of that German family with whom he had connected himself), that I found my mistress one day in tears, and then besought her to confide herself to the care and devotion of one who, by God's help, would never forsake her. And then the tender matron, as beautiful in her Autumn, and as pure as virgins in their spring, with blushes of love and "eyes of meek surrender," yielded to my respectful importunity, and consented to share my home. Let the last words I write thank her, and bless her who hath blessed it.

By the kindness of Mr. Addison, all danger of prosecution, and every obstacle against our return to England, was removed; and my son Frank's gallantry in Scotland made his peace with the King's govern-



ment. But we two cared no longer to live in England: and Frank formally and joyfully yielded over to us the possession of that estate which we now occupy, far away from Europe and its troubles, on the beautiful banks of the Potomac, where we have built a new Castlewood, and think with grateful hearts of our old home. In our Transatlantic country we have a season, the calmest and most delightful of the year, which we call the Indian summer: I often say the autumn of our life resembles that happy and serene weather, and am thankful for its rest and its sweet sunshine. Heaven hath blessed us with a child, which each parent loves for her resemblance to the other. Our diamonds are turned into ploughs and axes for our plantations; and into negroes, the happiest and merriest, I think, in all this country: and the only jewel by which my wife sets any store, and from which she hath never parted, is that gold button she took from my arm on the day when she visited me in prison, and which she wore ever after, as she told me, on the tenderest heart in the world.

THE END.

**DENIS DUVAL**

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles.

# DENIS DUVAL.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE FAMILY TREE.

To plague my wife, who does not understand pleasantries in the matter of pedigree, I once drew a fine family tree of my ancestors, with Claude Duval, captain and highwayman, *sus. per coll.* in the reign of Charles II., dangling from a top branch. But this is only my joke with her High Mightiness my wife, and his Serene Highness my son. None of us Duvals have been *suspercollated* to my knowledge. As a boy, I have tasted a rope's-end often enough, but not round my neck; and the persecutions endured by my ancestors in France for our Protestant religion, which we early received and steadily maintained, did not bring death upon us, as upon many of our faith, but only fines and poverty, and exile from our native country. The world knows how the bigotry of Lewis XIV. drove many families out of France into England, who have become trusty and loyal subjects of the British crown. Among the thousand fugitives were my grandfather and his wife. They settled at Winchelsea, in Sussex, where there has been a French church ever since Queen Bess's time and the dreadful

day of Saint Bartholomew. Three miles off, at Rye, is another colony and church of our people: another *fester Burg*, where, under Britannia's sheltering buckler, we have been free to exercise our fathers' worship, and sing the songs of our Zion.

My grandfather was elder and precentor of the church of Winchelsea, the pastor being Monsieur Denis, father of Rear-Admiral Sir Peter Denis, Baronet, my kind and best patron. He sailed with Anson in the famous "Centurion," and obtained his first promotion through that great seaman: and of course you will all remember that it was Captain Denis who brought our good Queen Charlotte to England (7th September, 1761), after a stormy passage of nine days, from Stade. As a child I was taken to his house in Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, London, and also to the Admiral's country-seat, Valence, near Westerham, in Kent, where Colonel Wolfe lived, father of the famous General James Wolfe, the glorious conqueror of Quebec.<sup>1</sup>

My father, who was of a wandering disposition, happened to be at Dover in the year 1761, when the Commissioners passed through, who were on their way to sign the treaty of Peace, known as the Peace of Paris. He had parted, after some hot words, I believe, from his mother, who was, like himself, of a quick temper, and he was on the look-out for employment when Fate threw these gentlemen in his way. Mr. Duval spoke English, French, and German, his parents being of Alsace, and Mr. — having need of

<sup>1</sup> I remember a saying of G—— Aug-st-s S-lw-n, Esq., regarding the General, which has not been told, as far as I know, in the anecdotes. A Macaroni guardsman, speaking of Mr. Wolfe, asked, "Was he a Jew? Wolfe was a Jewish name." "Certainly," says Mr. S-lw-n, "Mr. Wolfe was the *Height of Abraham*."

a confidential person to attend him, who was master of the languages, my father offered himself, and was accepted mainly through the good offices of Captain Denis, our patron, whose ship was then in the Downs. Being at Paris, father must needs visit Alsace, our native country, and having scarce one guinea to rub against another, of course chose to fall in love with my mother and marry her out of hand. *Mons. mon père*, I fear, was but a prodigal; but he was his parents' only living child, and when he came home to Winchelsea, hungry and penniless, with a wife on his hands, they killed their fattest calf, and took both wanderers in. A short while after her marriage, my mother inherited some property from her parents in France, and most tenderly nursed my grandmother through a long illness, in which the good lady died. Of these matters I knew nothing personally, being at the time a child two or three years old; crying and sleeping, drinking and eating, growing, and having my infantile ailments, like other little darlings.

A violent woman was my mother, jealous, hot, and domineering, but generous and knowing how to forgive. I fancy my papa gave her too many opportunities of exercising this virtue, for, during his brief life, he was ever in scrapes and trouble. He met with an accident when fishing off the French coast, and was brought home and died, and was buried at Winchelsea; but the cause of his death I never knew until my good friend Sir Peter Denis told me in later years, when I had come to have troubles of my own.

I was born on the same day with his Royal Highness the Duke of York, namely, the 13th of August, in 1763, and used to be called the Bishop of Osnaburg by the boys in Winchelsea, where between us French boys and the English boys I promise you there was many

a good battle. Besides being *ancien* and precentor of the French church at Winchelsea, grandfather was a perruquier and barber by trade; and, if you must know it, I have curled and powdered a gentleman's head before this, and taken him by the nose and shaved him. I do not brag of having used lather and brush: but what is the use of disguising anything? *Tout se sait*, as the French have it, and a great deal more too. There is Sir Humphrey Howard, who served with me second-lieutenant in the "Meleager"—he says he comes from the N—f—lk Howards; but his father was a shoemaker, and we always called him Humphrey Snob in the gunroom.

In France very few wealthy ladies are accustomed to nurse their children, and the little ones are put out to farmers' wives and healthy nurses, and perhaps better cared for than by their own meagre mothers. My mother's mother, an honest farmer's wife in Lorraine (for I am the first gentleman of my family, and chose my motto<sup>1</sup> of *fecimus ipsi* not with pride, but with humble thanks for my good fortune), had brought up Mademoiselle Clarisse de Viomesnil, a Lorraine lady, between whom and her foster-sister there continued a tender friendship long after the marriage of both. Mother came to England, the wife of Monsieur mon papa; and Mademoiselle de Viomesnil married in her own country. She was of the Protestant branch of the Viomesnil family, and all the poorer in consequence of her parents' fidelity to their religion. Other members of the family were of the Catholic religion, and held in high esteem at Versailles.

<sup>1</sup> The Admiral insisted on taking or on a bend sable, three razors displayed proper, with the above motto. The family have adopted the mother's coat-of-arms.

Some short time after my mother's arrival in England, she heard that her dear foster-sister Clarisse was going to marry a Protestant gentleman of Lorraine, Vicomte de Barr, only son of M. le Comte de Saverne, a chamberlain to his Polish Majesty King Stanislas, father of the French Queen. M. de Saverne, on his son's marriage, gave up to the Vicomte de Barr his house at Saverne, and here for a while the newly married couple lived. I do not say the young couple, for the Vicomte de Barr was five-and-twenty years older than his wife, who was but eighteen when her parents married her. As my mother's eyes were very weak, or, to say truth, she was not very skilful in reading, it used to be my lot as a boy to spell out my lady Viscountess's letters to her *sœur de lait*, her good Ursule: and many a smart rap with the rolling-pin have I had over my noddle from mother as I did my best to read. It was a word and a blow with mother. She did not spare the rod and spoil the child, and that I suppose is the reason why I am so well grown — six feet two in my stockings, and fifteen stone four last Tuesday, when I was weighed along with our pig. Mem. — My neighbor's hams at Rose Cottage are the best in all Hampshire.

I was so young that I could not understand all I read. But I remember mother used to growl in her rough way (she had a grenadier height and voice, and a pretty smart pair of black whiskers too) — my mother used to cry out, "She suffers — my Biche is unhappy — she has got a bad husband. He is a brute. All men are brutes." And with this she would glare at grandpapa, who was a very humble little man, and trembled before his *bru*, and obeyed her most obsequiously. Then mother would vow she would go home, she would go and succor her Biche; but who would



what sort of dress did I wear ?" regarding me and my grandpapa. "Before, Monsieur D'ital," was named as I was. The dress of many ladies' friends, with very good taste, in the French way, and could show, from the head and to a queue along with the best ladies in the country. Grandfather and the acquaintance were the way : when I was at home, I was too young for that work and was taken off from it and sent to a famous good school, Pocock's grammar-school at Rye, where I learned to speak English like a British born as I am, and not as we did at home, where we used a queer mixture partly of French and German. At Pocock's I got a little smattering of Latin, too, and plenty of fighting for the first month or two. I remember my father coming to see me in uniform, blue and white laced with gold, silk stockings and white breeches, and two of his officers along with him. "Where is Denis D'ital ?" says he, peeping into our school-room, and all the boys looking round with wonder at the great gentleman. Master Denis Duval was standing on a bench at that very moment for punishment, for fighting I suppose, with a black eye as big as an omelette. "Denis would do very well if he would keep his fist off other boys' noses," says the master; and the Captain gave me a seven-shilling piece, and I spent it all but twopence before the night was over, I remember. Whilst I was at Pocock's, I boarded with Mr. Rudge, a tradesman, who, besides being a grocer at Rye, was in the seafaring way, and part owner of a fishing-boat; and he took some very queer fish in his nets, as you shall hear soon. He was a chief man among the Wesleyans, and I attended his church with him, not paying much attention to those most serious and sacred things in my early years, when I was a thoughtless

boy, caring for nothing but lollipops, hoops, and marbles.

Captain Denis was a very pleasant, lively gentleman, and on this day he asked the master, Mr. Coates, what was the Latin for a holiday, and hoped Mr. C. would give one to his boys. Of course we sixty boys shouted yes to that proposal; and as for me, Captain Denis cried out, "Mr. Coates I *press* this fellow with the black eye here, and intend to take him to dine with me at the 'Star.'" You may be sure I skipped off my bench and followed my patron. He and his two officers went to the "Star," and after dinner called for a crown bowl of punch, and though I would drink none of it, never having been able to bear the taste of rum or brandy, I was glad to come out and sit with the gentlemen, who seemed to be amused with my childish prattle. Captain Denis asked me what I learned, and I dare say I bragged of my little learning: in fact I remember talking in a pompous way about Corderius and Cornelius Nepos; and I have no doubt gave myself very grand airs. He asked whether I liked Mr. Rudge, the grocer with whom I boarded. I did not like him much, I said; but I hated Miss Rudge and Bevil the apprentice most because they were always . . . here I stopped. "But there is no use in telling tales out of school," says I. "We don't do that at Pocock's, we don't."

And what was my grandfather going to make of me? I said I should like to be a sailor, but a gentleman sailor, and fight for King George. And if I did I would bring all my prize-money home to Agnes, that is, almost all of it — only keep a little of it for myself.

"And so you like the sea, and go out sometimes?" asks Mr. Denis.

Oh, yes, I went out fishing. Mr. Rudge had a half-share of a boat along with grandfather, and I used to help to clean her, and was taught to steer her, with many a precious slap on the head if I got her in the wind; and they said I was a very good look-out. I could see well, and remember bluffs and headlands and so forth; and I mentioned several places, points of our coasts, ay, and the French coast too.

"And what do you fish for?" asks the Captain.

"Oh, sir, I'm not to say anything about that, Mr. Rudge says!" on which the gentlemen roared with laughter. *They* knew Master Rudge's game, though I in my innocence did not understand it.

"And so you won't have a drop of punch?" asks Captain Denis.

"No, sir, I made a vow I would not, when I saw Miss Rudge so queer."

"Miss Rudge is often queer, is she?"

"Yes, the nasty pig! And she calls names, and slips down stairs, and knocks the cups and saucers about, and fights the apprentice, and — but I must n't say anything more. I never tell tales, I don't!"

In this way I went on prattling with my patron and his friends, and they made me sing them a song in French, and a song in German, and they laughed and seemed amused at my antics and capers. Captain Denis walked home with me to our lodgings, and I told him how I liked Sunday the best day of the week — that is, every other Sunday, because I went away quite early, and walked three miles to mother and grandfather at Winchelsea, and saw Agnes.

And who, pray, was Agnes? To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work-table hard by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her. To win such a prize in life's lottery is given but to







LITTLE DENIS DANCES AND SINGS BEFORE THE NAVY GENTLEMEN.

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very very few. What I have done (of any worth) has been done in trying to deserve her. I might have remained, but for her, in my humble native lot to be neither honest nor happy, but that my good angel yonder succored me. All I have I owe to her : but I pay with all I have, and what creature can do more ?



## CHAPTER II.

### THE HOUSE OF SAVERNE.

MADemoiselle DE SAVERNE came from Alsace, where her family occupied a much higher rank than that held by the worthy Protestant elder from whom her humble servant is descended. Her mother was a Viomesnil, her father was of a noble Alsacian family, Counts of Barr and Saverne. The old Comte de Saverne was alive, and a chamberlain in the court of his Polish Majesty, good King Stanislas at Nanci, when his son the Vicomte de Barr, a man already advanced in years, brought home his blooming young bride to that pretty little capital.

The Comte de Saverne was a brisk and cheery old gentleman, as his son was gloomy and severe. The Count's hotel at Nanci was one of the gayest of the little court. His Protestantism was by no means austere. He was even known to regret that there were no French convents for noble damsels of the Protestant confession, as there were across the Rhine, where his own two daughters might be bestowed out of the way. Mesdemoiselles de Saverne were ungainly in appearance, fierce and sour in temper, resembling, in these particulars, their brother Mons. le Baron de Barr.

In his youth, Monsieur de Barr had served not without distinction, being engaged against Messieurs the English at Hastenbeck and Laufeldt, where he had shown both courage and capacity. His Protes-

tantism prevented his promotion in the army. He left it, steadfast in his faith, but soured in his temper. He did not care for whist or music like his easy old father. His appearance at the Count's little suppers was as cheerful as a death's-head at a feast. M. de Barr only frequented these entertainments to give pleasure to his young wife, who pined and was wretched in the solitary family mansion of Saverne, where the Vicomte took up his residence when first married.

He was of an awful temper, and subject to storms of passion. Being a very conscientious man, he suffered extremely after one of these ebullitions of rage. Between his alternations of anger and remorse, his life was a sad one; his household trembled before him, and especially the poor little wife whom he had brought out of her quiet country village to be the victim of his rage and repentances. More than once she fled to the old Count of Saverne at Nanci, and the kindly selfish old gentleman used his feeble endeavors to protect his poor little daughter-in-law. Quickly after these quarrels letters would arrive, containing vows of the most abject repentance on the Baron's part. These matrimonial campaigns followed a regular course. First rose the outbreak of temper; then the lady's flight ensued to papa-in-law at Nanci; then came letters expressive of grief; then the repentant criminal himself arrived, whose anguish and cries of *mea culpa* were more insupportable than his outbreaks of rage. After a few years, Madame de Barr lived almost entirely with her father-in-law at Nanci, and was scarcely seen in her husband's gloomy mansion of Saverne.

For some years no child was born of this most unhappy union. Just when poor King Stanislas came

by his lamentable death (being burned at his own fire), the old Comte de Saverne died, and his son found that he inherited little more than his father's name and title of Saverne, the family estate being greatly impoverished by the late Count's extravagant and indolent habits, and much weighed down by the portions awarded to the Demoiselles de Saverne, the elderly sisters of the present elderly lord.

The town house at Nanci was shut up for a while; and the new Lord of Saverne retired to his castle with his sisters and his wife. With his Catholic neighbors the stern Protestant gentleman had little communion; and the society which frequented his dull house chiefly consisted of Protestant clergymen who came from the other side of the Rhine. Along its left bank, which had only become French territory of late years, the French and German languages were spoken indifferently; in the latter language M. de Saverne was called the Herr von Zabern. After his father's death, Herr von Zabern may have melted a little, but he soon became as moody, violent, and ill-conditioned as ever the Herr von Barr had been. Saverne was a little country town, with the crumbling old Hôtel de Saverne in the centre of the place, and a straggling street stretching on either side. Behind the house were melancholy gardens, squared and clipped after the ancient French fashion, and, beyond the garden wall, some fields and woods, part of the estate of the Saverne family. These fields and woods were fringed by another great forest, which had once been the property of the house of Saverne, but had been purchased from the late easy proprietor by Messieurs de Rohan, Princes of the Empire, of France, and the Church, Cardinals, and Archbishops of Strasbourg, between whom and their gloomy

Protestant neighbor there was no good-will. Not only questions of faith separated them, but questions of *chasse*. The Comte de Saverne, who loved shooting, and beat his meagre woods for game with a couple of lean dogs, and a fowling-piece over his shoulder, sometimes came in sight of the grand hunting-parties of Monseigneur the Cardinal, who went to the chase like a Prince as he was, with piqueurs and horn-blowers, whole packs of dogs, and a troop of gentlemen in his uniform. Not seldom his Eminence's keepers and M. de Saverne's solitary garde-chasse had quarrels. "Tell your master that I will shoot any red-legs which come upon my land," M. de Saverne said in one of these controversies, as he held up a partridge which he had just brought down; and the keeper knew the moody nobleman would be true to his word.

Two neighbors so ill-disposed towards one another were speedily at law; and in the courts at Strasbourg a poor provincial gentleman was likely to meet with scanty justice when opposed to such a powerful enemy as the Prince Archbishop of the province, one of the greatest noblemen of the kingdom. Boundary questions, in a land where there are no hedges, game, forest, and fishery questions — how can I tell, who am no lawyer, what set the gentlemen at loggerheads? In later days I met one M. Georgel, an abbé, who had been a secretary of the Prince Cardinal, and he told me that M. de Saverne was a headlong, violent, ill-conditioned little *mauvais coucheur*, as they say in France, and ready to quarrel with or without a reason.

These quarrels naturally took the Comte de Saverne to his advocates and lawyers at Strasbourg, and he would absent himself for days from home, where his poor wife was perhaps not sorry to be rid of him. It

chanced, on one of these expeditions to the chief town of his province, that he fell in with a former comrade in his campaigns of Hastenbeck and Laufeldt, an officer of Soubise's regiment, the Baron de la Motte.<sup>1</sup> La Motte had been destined to the Church, like many cadets of good family, but, his elder brother dying, he was released from the tonsure and the seminary, and entered the army under good protection. Mesdemoiselles de Saverne remembered this M. de la Motte at Nanci in old days. He bore the worst of characters; he was gambler, intriguer, duellist, profligate. I suspect that most gentlemen's reputations came off ill under the tongues of these old ladies, and have heard of other countries where *mesdemoiselles* are equally hard to please. "Well, have we not all our faults?" I imagine M. de Saverne saying, in a rage. "Is there no such thing as calumny? Are we never to repent, if we have been wrong? I know he has led a wild youth. Others may have done as much. But prodigals have been reclaimed ere now, and I for my part will not turn my back on this one." "Ah, I wish he had!" De la Motte said to me myself in later days, "but it was his fate, his fate!"

One day, then, the Comte de Saverne returns home from Strasbourg with his new friend; presents the Baron de la Motte to the ladies of his house, makes the gloomy place as cheerful as he can for his guest, brings forth the best wine from his cave, and beats his best covers for game. I myself knew the Baron some years later; — a handsome, tall, sallow-faced man, with a shifty eye, a soft voice, and a grand

<sup>1</sup> That unlucky Prince de Rohan was to suffer by another Delamotte, who, with his "Valois" of a wife, played such a notorious part in the famous "diamond necklace" business, but the two *worthies* were not, I believe, related. — D. D.



manner. Monsieur de Saverne for his part was short, black, and ill-favored, as I have heard my mother say. But Mrs. Duval did not love him, fancying that he ill-treated her Biche. Where she disliked people, my worthy parent would never allow them a single good quality; but she always averred that Monsieur de la Motte was a perfect fine gentleman.

The intimacy between these two gentlemen increased apace. M. de la Motte was ever welcome at Saverne: a room in the house was called his room: their visitor was an acquaintance of their enemy the Cardinal also, and would often come from the one château to the other. Laughingly he would tell how angry Monseigneur was with his neighbor. He wished he could make peace between the two houses. He gave quite good advice to Monsieur de Saverne, and pointed out the danger he ran in provoking so powerful an adversary. Men had been imprisoned for life for less reason. The Cardinal might get a *lettre de cachet* against his obstinate opponent. He could, besides, ruin Saverne with fines and law costs. The contest between the two was quite unequal, and the weaker party must inevitably be crushed, unless these unhappy disputes should cease. As far as the ladies of the house dared speak, they coincided in the opinion of M. de la Motte, and were for submission and reconciliation with their neighbors. Madame de Saverne's own relations heard of the feud, and implored the Count to bring it to an end. It was one of these, the Baron de Viomesnil, going to command in Corsica, who entreated M. de Saverne to accompany him on the campaign. Anywhere the Count was safer than in his own house with an implacable and irresistible enemy at his gate. M. de Saverne yielded to his kinsman's importunities. He took

~~He~~ took his sword and pistols of Laufeldt from the wall, where they had hung for twenty years. He set the affairs of his house in order, and after solemnly assembling his family, and on his knees confiding it to the gracious protection of Heaven, he left home to join the suite of the French General.

A few weeks after he left home—several years after his marriage—his wife wrote to inform him that she was likely to be a mother. The stern man, who had been very unhappy previously, and chose to think that his wife's barrenness was a punishment of Heaven for some crime of his or hers, was very much moved by this announcement. I have still at home a German Bible which he used, and in which is written in the German a very affecting prayer composed by him, imploring the Divine blessing upon the child about to be born, and hoping that this infant might grow in grace, and bring peace and love and unity into the household. It would appear that he made no doubt he should have a son. His hope and aim were to save in every possible way for this child. I have read many letters of his which he sent from Corsica to his wife, and which she kept. They were full of strange minute orders, as to the rearing and education of this son that was to be born. He entered saving amounting to niggardliness in his household, and calculated how much might be put away in ten, in twenty years, so that the coming heir might have a property worthy of his ancient name. In case he should fall in action, he laid commands upon his wife to pursue a system of the most rigid economy, so that the child at coming of age might be able to appear creditably in the world. In these letters I remember, the events of the campaign were ~~mentioned~~ in a very few words; the main part of the

letters consisted of prayers, speculations, and prophecies regarding the child, and sermons couched in the language of the writer's stern creed. When the child was born, and a girl appeared in place of the boy, upon whom the poor father had set his heart, I hear the family were so dismayed, that they hardly dared to break the news to the chief of the house.

Who told me? The same man who said he wished he had never seen M. de Saverne: the man for whom the unhappy gentleman had conceived a warm friendship; — the man who was to bring a mysterious calamity upon those whom, as I do think, and in his selfish way, he loved sincerely, and he spoke at a time when he could have little desire to deceive me.

The lord of the castle is gone on the campaign. The *châtelaine* is left alone in her melancholy tower with her two dismal duennas. My good mother, speaking in later days about these matters, took up the part of her Biche against the Ladies of Barr and their brother, and always asserted that the tyranny of the duennas, and the meddling, and the verbosity, and the ill temper of M. de Saverne himself, brought about the melancholy events which now presently ensued. The Comte de Saverne was a little man (my mother said) who loved to hear himself talk, and who held forth from morning till night. His life was a fuss. He would weigh the coffee, and count the lumps of sugar, and have a finger in every pie in his frugal house. Night and morning he preached sermons to his family, and he continued to preach when not *en chaire*, laying down the law upon all subjects, untiringly voluble. Cheerfulness in the company of such a man was hypocrisy. Mesdames de Barr had to disguise weariness, to assume an air of content-



ment, and to appear to be interested when the Count preached. As for the Count's sisters, they were accustomed to listen to their brother and lord with respectful submission. They had a hundred domestic occupations: they had baking and boiling, and pickling, and washing, and endless embroidery: the life of the little château was quite supportable to them. They knew no better. Even in their father's days at Nanci, the ungainly women kept pretty much aloof from the world, and were little better than domestic servants in waiting on Monseigneur.

And Madame de Saverne, on her first entrance into the family, accepted the subordinate position meekly enough. She spun and she bleached, and she worked great embroideries, and busied herself about her house, and listened demurely whilst Monsieur le Comte was preaching. But then there came a time when her duties interested her no more, when his sermons became especially wearisome, when sharp words passed between her and her lord, and the poor thing exhibited symptoms of impatience and revolt. And with the revolt arose awful storms and domestic battles; and after battles submission, reconciliation, forgiveness, hypocrisy.

It has been said that Monsieur de Saverne loved the sound of his own croaking voice, and to hold forth to his own congregation. Night after night he and his friend M. de la Motte would have religious disputes together, in which the Huguenot gentleman flattered himself that he constantly had the better of the ex-pupil of the seminary. I was not present naturally, not setting my foot on French ground until five-and-twenty years after, but I can fancy Madame la Comtesse sitting at her tambour frame, and the old duenna ladies at their cards, and the combat of

the churches going on between these two champions in the little old saloon of the Hôtel de Saverne. "As I hope for pardon," M. de la Motte said to me at a supreme moment of his life, "and to meet those whom on earth I loved, and made unhappy, no wrong passed between Clarisse and me, save that wrong which consisted in disguising from her husband the regard we had for one another. Once, twice, thrice, I went away from their house, but that unhappy Saverne would bring me back, and I was only too glad to return. I would let him talk for hours—I own it—so that I might be near Clarisse. I had to answer from time to time, and rubbed up my old seminary learning to reply to his sermons. I must often have spoken at random, for my thoughts were far away from the poor man's *radotages*, and he could no more change my convictions than he could change the color of my skin. Hours and hours thus passed away. They would have been intolerably tedious to others: they were not so to me. I preferred that gloomy little château to the finest place in Europe. To see Clarisse, was all I asked. Denis! There is a power irresistible impelling all of us. From the moment I first set eyes on her, I knew she was my fate. I shot an English grenadier at Hastenbeck, who would have bayoneted poor Saverne but for me. As I lifted him up from the ground, I thought, 'I shall have to repent of ever having seen that man.' I felt the same thing, Duval, when I saw you." And as the unhappy gentleman spoke, I remembered how I for my part felt a singular and unpleasant sensation as of terror and approaching evil when first I looked at that handsome, ill-omened face.

I thankfully believe the words which M. de la Motte spoke to me at a time when he could have no

cause to disguise the truth; and am assured of the innocence of the Comtesse de Saverne. Poor lady! if she erred in thought, she had to pay so awful a penalty for her crime, that we humbly hope it has been forgiven her. She was not true to her husband, though she did him no wrong. If, while trembling before him, she yet had dissimulation enough to smile and be merry, I suppose no preacher or husband would be very angry with her for *that* hypocrisy. I have seen a slave in the West Indies soundly cuffed for looking sulky: we expect our negroes to be obedient and to be happy too.

Now when M. de Saverne went away to Corsica, I suspect he was strongly advised to take that step by his friend M. de la Motte. When he was gone, M. de la Motte did not present himself at the Hôtel de Saverne, where an old schoolfellow of his, a pastor and preacher from Kehl, on the German Rhine bank, was installed in command of the little garrison, from which its natural captain had been obliged to withdraw; but there is no doubt that poor Clarisse deceived this gentleman and her two sisters-in-law, and acted towards them with a very culpable hypocrisy.

Although there was a deadly feud between the two châteaux of Saverne — namely, the Cardinal's new-built castle in the Park, and the Count's hotel in the little town — yet each house knew more or less of the other's doings. When the Prince Cardinal and his court were at Saverne, Mesdemoiselles de Barr were kept perfectly well informed of all the festivities which they did not share. In our little Fareport here, do not the Miss Prys, my neighbors, know what I have for dinner, the amount of my income, the price of my wife's last gown, and the items of my son's, Captain Scapegrace's, tailor's bill. No doubt the

Ladies of Barr were equally well informed of the doings of the Prince Coadjutor and his court. Such gambling, such splendor, such painted hussies from Strasbourg, such plays, masquerades, and orgies as took place in that castle! Mesdemoiselles had the very latest particulars of all these horrors, and the Cardinal's castle was to them as the castle of a wicked ogre. From her little dingy tower at night Madame de Saverne could look out, and see the Cardinal's sixty palace windows all a-flame. Of summer nights, gusts of unhallowed music would be heard from the great house, where dancing festivals, theatrical pieces even, were performed. Though Madame de Saverne was forbidden by her husband to frequent those assemblies, the townspeople were up to the palace from time to time, and Madame could not help hearing of the doings there. In spite of the Count's prohibition, his gardener poached in the Cardinal's woods: one or two of the servants were smuggled in to see a fête or a ball; then Madame's own woman went; then Madame herself began to have a wicked longing to go, as Madame's first ancestress had for the fruit of the forbidden tree. Is not the apple always ripe on that tree, and does not the tempter forever invite you to pluck and eat? Madame de Saverne had a lively little waiting-maid, whose bright eyes loved to look into neighbors' parks and gardens, and who had found favor with one of the domestics of the Prince Archbishop. This woman brought news to her mistress of the feasts, balls, banquets, nay, comedies, which were performed at the Prince Cardinal's. The Prince's gentlemen went hunting in his uniform. He was served on plate, and a lackey in his livery stood behind each guest. He had the French comedians over from Strasbourg. Oh! that

M. de Molière was a droll gentleman, and how grand the "Cid" was!"

Now, to see these plays and balls, Martha, the maid, must have had intelligence in and out of both the houses of Saverne. She must have deceived those old dragons, Mesdemoiselles. She must have had means of creeping out at the gate, and silently creeping back again. She told her mistress everything she saw, acted the plays for her, and described the dresses of the ladies and gentlemen. Madame de Saverne was never tired of hearing her maid's stories. When Martha was going to a fête, Madame lent her some little ornament to wear, and yet when Pasteur Schnorr and Mesdemoiselles talked of the proceedings at Great Saverne, and as if the fires of Gomorrah were ready to swallow up that palace, and all within it, the Lady of Saverne sat demurely in silence, and listened to their croaking and sermons. Listened? The pastor exhorted the household, the old ladies talked night after night, and poor Madame de Saverne never heeded. Her thoughts were away in Great Saverne; her spirit was forever hankering about those woods. Letters came now and again from M. de Saverne, with the army. They had been engaged with the enemy. Very good. He was unhurt. Heaven be praised! And then the grim husband read his poor little wife a grim sermon; and the grim sisters and the Chaplain commented on it. Once, after an action at Calvi, Monsieur de Saverne, who was always specially lively in moments of danger, described how narrowly he had escaped with his life, and the Chaplain took advantage of the circumstance, and delivered to the household a prodigious discourse on death, on danger, on preservation here and hereafter, and alas, and alas! poor Madame

de Saverne found that she had not listened to a word of the homily. Her thoughts were not with the preacher, nor with the Captain of Viomesnil's regiment before Calvi; they were in the palace at Great Saverne, with the balls, and the comedies, and the music, and the fine gentlemen from Paris and Strasbourg, and out of the Empire beyond the Rhine, who frequented the Prince's entertainments.

What happened where the wicked spirit was whispering, "Eat," and the tempting apple hung within reach? One night when the household was at rest, Madame de Saverne, muffled in cloak and calash, with a female companion similarly disguised, tripped silently out of the back gate of the Hôtel de Saverne, found a *carriole* in waiting, with a driver who apparently knew the road and the passengers he was to carry, and after half an hour's drive through the straight avenues of the park of Great Saverne, alighted at the gates of the château, where the driver gave up the reins of the *carriole* to a domestic in waiting, and, by doors and passages which seemed perfectly well known to him, the coachman and the two women entered the castle together and found their way to a gallery in a great hall, in which many lords and ladies were seated, and at the end of which was a stage, with a curtain before it. Men and women came backwards and forwards on the stage, and recited dialogue in verses. O mercy! It was a comedy they were acting, one of those wicked delightful plays which she was forbidden to see, and which she was longing to behold! After the comedy, was to be a ball, in which the actors would dance in their stage habits. Some of the people were in masks already, and in that box near to the stage, surrounded by a little crowd of dominos, sat Mon-

seigneur the Prince Cardinal himself. Madame de Saverne had seen him and his cavalcade sometimes returning from hunting. She would have been as much puzzled to say what the play was about as to give an account of Pasteur Schnorr's sermon a few hours before. But Frontin made jokes with his master Damis; and G ronte locked up the doors of his house, and went to bed grumbling; and it grew quite dark, and Mathurine flung a rope-ladder out of window, and she and her mistress Elmire came down the ladder; and Frontin held it, and Elmire, with a little cry, fell into the arms of Mons. Damis; and master and man, and maid and mistress, sang a merry chorus together, in which human frailty was very cheerfully depicted; and when they had done, away they went to the gondola which was in waiting at the canal stairs, and so good-night. And when old G ronte, wakened up by the disturbance, at last came forth in his nightcap, and saw the boat paddling away out of reach, you may be sure that the audience laughed at the poor impotent raging old wretch. It was a very merry play indeed, and is still popular and performed in France and elsewhere.

After the play came a ball. Would Madame dance? Would the noble Countess of Saverne dance with a coachman? There were others below on the dancing-floor dressed in mask and domino as she was. Who ever said she had a mask and domino? You see it has been stated that she was muffled in cloak and calash. Well, is not a domino a cloak? and has it not a hood or calash appended to it? and, pray, do not women wear masks at home as well as at the Ridotto?

Another question arises here. A high-born lady entrusts herself to a charioteer, who drives her to the

castle of a prince her husband's enemy. Who was her companion? Of course he could be no other than that luckless Monsieur de la Motte. He had never been very far away from Madame de Saverne since her husband's departure. In spite of chaplains, and duennas, and guards, and locks and keys, he had found means of communicating with her. How? By what lies and stratagems? By what arts and bribery? These poor people are both gone to their account. Both suffered a fearful punishment. I will not describe their follies, and don't care to be Mons. Figaro, and hold the ladder and lantern, while the count scales Rosina's window. Poor, frightened erring soul! She suffered an awful penalty for what, no doubt, was a great wrong.

A child almost, she was married to M. de Saverne, without knowing him, without liking him, because her parents ordered her, and because she was bound to comply with their will. She was sold and went to her slavery. She lived at first obediently enough. If she shed tears, they were dried; if she quarrelled with her husband, the two were presently reconciled. She bore no especial malice, and was as gentle, subordinate a slave as ever you shall see in Jamaica or Barbadoes. Nobody's tears were sooner dried, as I should judge: none would be more ready to kiss the hand of the overseer who drove her. But you don't expect sincerity and subservience too. I know, for my part, a lady who only obeys when she likes: and faith! it may be it is *I* who am the hypocrite, and have to tremble, and smile, and swindle before *her*.

When Madame de Saverne's time was nearly come, it was ordered that she should go to Strasbourg, where the best medical assistance is to be had: and



here, six months after her husband's departure for Corsica, their child, Agnes de Saverne, was born.

Did secret terror and mental disquietude and remorse now fall on the unhappy lady? She wrote to my mother, at this time her only confidante (and yet not a confidante of all!).

"O Ursule! I dread this event. Perhaps I shall die. I think I hope I shall. In these long days, since he has been away, I have got so to dread his return, that I believe I shall go mad when I see him. Do you know, after the battle before Calvi, when I read that many officers had been killed, I thought, is M. de Saverne killed? And I read the list down, and his name was not there: and, my sister, my sister, I was not glad! Have I come to be such a monster as to wish my own husband— No; I wish I was. I can't speak to M. Schnorr about this. He is so stupid. He does n't understand me. He is like my husband; forever preaching me his sermons.

"Listen, Ursule! Speak it to nobody! I have been to hear a sermon. Oh, it was indeed divine! It was not from one of our pastors. Oh, how they weary me! It was from a good bishop of the *French* Church—not our *German* Church the Bishop of Amiens—who happens to be here on a visit to the Cardinal Prince. The Bishop's name is *M. de la Motte*. He is a relative of a gentleman of whom we have seen a great deal lately—of a great friend of M. de Saverne, *who saved my husband's life* in the battle M. de S. is always talking about.

"How beautiful the cathedral is! It was night when I went. The church was lighted like the stars, and the music was like *Heaven*. Ah, how different from M. Schnorr at home, from—*from somebody else* at my new home who is *always* preaching—that is, when he is at home! Poor man! I wonder whether he preaches to them in Corsica! I pity them if he does. Don't mention the cathedral if you write to me. The dragons don't know anything about it. How they would scold if they did! Oh, how they *ennuyent* me, the dragons! Behold them! They think I am writing to my husband. Ah, Ursule! When I write to him, I sit for hours

before the paper. I say nothing ; and what I say seems to be lies. Whereas when I write to you, my pen runs — runs ! The paper is covered before I think I have begun. So it is when I write to — I do believe that *vilain dragon* is peering at my note with her spectacles ! Yes, my good sister, I am writing to M. le Comte !”

To this letter a postscript is added, as by the Countess’s command, in the German language, in which Madame de Saverne’s medical attendant announces the birth of a daughter, and that the child and mother are doing well.

The daughter is sitting before me now — with spectacles on nose too — very placidly spelling the Portsmouth paper, where I hope she will soon read the promotion of Monsieur Scapegrace, her son. She has exchanged her noble name for mine, which is only humble and honest. My dear ! your eyes are not so bright as once I remember them, and the raven locks are streaked with silver. To shield thy head from dangers has been the blessed chance and duty of my life. When I turn towards her, and see her moored in our harbor of rest, after our life’s checkered voyage, calm and happy, a sense of immense gratitude fills my being, and my heart says a hymn of praise.

The first days of the life of Agnes de Saverne were marked by incidents which were strangely to influence her career. Around her little cradle a double, a triple tragedy was about to be enacted. Strange that death, crime, revenge, remorse, mystery, should attend round the cradle of one so innocent and pure — as pure and innocent, I pray Heaven now, as upon that day when, at scarce a month old, the adventures of her life began.

That letter to my mother, written by Madame de Saverne on the eve of her child’s birth, and finished by her attendant, bears date November 25, 1768. A

month later Martha Seebach, her attendant, wrote (in German) that her mistress had suffered frightfully from fever; so much so that her reason left her for some time, and her life was despaired of. Mesdemoiselles de Barr were for bringing up the child by hand; but not being versed in nursery practices, the infant had ailed sadly until restored to its mother. Madame de Saverne was now tranquil. Madame was greatly better. She had suffered most fearfully. In her illness she was constantly calling for her foster-sister to protect her from some danger, which, as she appeared to fancy, menaced Madame.

Child as I was at the time when these letters were passing, I remember the arrival of the next. It lies in yonder drawer, and was written by a poor fevered hand which is now cold, in ink which is faded after fifty years.<sup>1</sup> I remember my mother screaming out in German, which she always spoke when strongly moved, "Dear Heaven, my child is mad — is mad!" And indeed that poor faded letter contains a strange rhapsody.

"Ursule," she wrote,— I do not care to give at length the words of the poor wandering creature,— "after my child was born the demons wanted to take her from me. But I struggled and kept her quite close, and now they can no longer hurt her. I took her to church. Martha went with me, and He was there — he always is — to defend me from the demons, and I had her christened Agnes, and I was christened Agnes too. Think of my being christened at twenty-two! Agnes the First, and Agnes the Second. But though my name is changed, I am always the same to my Ursule, and my name now is, Agnes Clarisse de Saverne, born de Viomesnil."

<sup>1</sup> The memoirs appear to have been written in the years '20, '21. Mr. Duval was gazetted Rear-Admiral and K. C. B. in the promotions on the accession of King George IV.

She had actually, when not quite mistress of her own reason, been baptized into the Roman Catholic Church with her child. Was she sane when she so acted? Had she thought of the step before taking it? Had she known Catholic clergymen at Saverne, or had she other reasons for her conversion than those which were furnished in the conversations which took place between her husband and M. de la Motte? In this letter the poor lady says, "Yesterday two persons came to my bed with gold crowns round their heads. One was dressed like a priest; one was beautiful and covered with arrows, and they said, 'We are Saint Fabian and Saint Sebastian; and to-morrow is the day of Saint Agnes; and she will be at church to receive you there.'"

What the real case was I never knew. The Protestant clergyman whom I saw in after days could only bring his book to show that he had christened the infant not Agnes, but Augustine. Martha Seebach is dead. La Motte, when I conversed with him, did not touch upon this part of the poor lady's history. I conjecture that the images and pictures which she had seen in the churches operated upon her fevered brain; that, having procured a Roman Calendar and Missal, she knew saints' days and feasts; and, not yet recovered from her delirium or quite responsible for the actions which she performed, she took her child to the cathedral, and was baptized there.

And now, no doubt, the poor lady had to practise more deceit and concealment. The "demons" were the old maiden sisters left to watch over her. She had to hoodwink these. Had she not done so before — when she went to the Cardinal's palace at Saverne? Wherever the poor thing moved I fancy those ill-omened eyes of La Motte glimmering upon her out of

the darkness. Poor Eve — not lost quite, I pray and think, — but that serpent was ever trailing after her, and she was to die poisoned in its coil. Who shall understand the awful ways of Fate? A year after that period, regarding which I write, a lovely Imperial Princess rode through the Strasbourg streets radiant and blushing, amidst pealing bells, roaring cannon, garlands and banners, and shouting multitudes. Did any one ever think that the last stage of that life's journey was to be taken in a hideous tumbrel, and to terminate on a scaffold? The life of Madame de Saverne was to last but a year more, and her end to be scarcely less tragical.

Many physicians have told me how often after the birth of a child the brain of a mother will be affected. Madame de Saverne remained for some time in this febrile condition, if not unconscious of her actions, at least not accountable for all of them. At the end of three months she woke up as out of a dream, having a dreadful recollection of the circumstances which had passed. Under what hallucinations we never shall know, or yielding to what persuasions, the wife of a stern Protestant nobleman had been to a Roman Catholic church, and had been christened there with her child. She never could recall that step. A great terror came over her as she thought of it — a great terror and a hatred of her husband, the cause of all her grief and her fear. She began to look out lest he should return; she clutched her child to her breast, and barred and bolted all doors for fear people should rob her of the infant. The Protestant chaplain, the Protestant sisters-in-law, looked on with dismay and anxiety; they thought justly that Madame de Saverne was not yet quite restored to her reason; they consulted the physicians, who agreed with them; who

arrived, who prescribed; who were treated by the patient with scorn, laughter, insult sometimes; sometimes with tears and terror, according to her wayward mood. Her condition was most puzzling. The sisters wrote from time to time guarded reports respecting her to her husband in Corsica. He, for his part, replied instantly with volumes of his wonted verbose commonplace. He acquiesced in the decrees of Fate, when informed that a daughter was born to him; and presently wrote whole reams of instructions regarding her nurture, dress, and physical and religious training. The child was called Agnes? He would have preferred Barbara, as being his mother's name. I remember in some of the poor gentleman's letters there were orders about the child's pap, and instructions as to the nurse's diet. He was coming home soon. The Corsicans had been defeated in every action. Had he been a Catholic he would have been a knight of the King's orders long ere this. M. de Viomesnil hoped still to get for him the order of Military Merit (the Protestant order which his Majesty had founded ten years previously). These letters (which were subsequently lost by an accident at sea<sup>1</sup>) spoke modestly enough of the Count's personal adventures. I hold him to have been a very brave man, and only not tedious and prolix when he spoke of his own merits and services.

The Count's letters succeeded each other post after post. The end of the war was approaching, and with it his return was assured. He exulted in the thought of seeing his child, and leading her in the way she should go—the right way, the true way. As the

<sup>1</sup> The letters from *Madame de Saverne* to my mother at Winchelsea were not subject to this mishap, but were always kept by Madame Duval in her own *escritoire*.

mother's brain cleared, her terror grew greater — her terror and loathing of her husband. She could not bear the thought of his return, or to face him with the confession which she knew she must make. His wife turn Catholic and baptize his child? She felt he would kill her, did he know what had happened. She went to the priest who had baptized her. M. Georgel (his Eminence's secretary) knew her husband. The Prince Cardinal was so great and powerful a prelate, Georgel said, that he would protect her against all the wrath of all the Protestants in France. I think she must have had interviews with the Prince Cardinal, though there is no account of them in any letter to my mother.

The campaign was at an end. M. de Vaux, M. de Viomesnil, both wrote in highly eulogistic terms of the conduct of the Comte de Saverne. Their good wishes would attend him home; Protestant as he was their best interest should be exerted in his behalf.

The day of the Count's return approached. The day arrived: I can fancy the brave gentleman with beating heart ascending the steps of the homely lodging where his family have been living at Strasbourg ever since the infant's birth. How he has dreamed about that child: prayed for her and his wife at night-watch and bivouac — prayed for them as he stood, calm and devout, in the midst of battle.

When he enters the room, he sees only two frightened domestics and the two ghastly faces of his scared old sisters.

"Where are Clarisse and the child?" he asks.

The child and the mother were gone. The aunts knew not where.

A stroke of palsy could scarcely have smitten the unhappy gentleman more severely than did the news



which his trembling family was obliged to give him. In later days I saw M. Schnorr, the German pastor from Kehl, who has been mentioned already, and who was installed in the Count's house as tutor and chaplain during the absence of the master. "When Madame de Saverne went to make her *coucher* at Strasbourg" (M. Schnorr said to me), "I retired to my duties at Kehl, glad enough to return to the quiet of my home, for the noble lady's reception of me was anything but gracious; and I had to endure much female sarcasm and many unkind words from Madame la Comtesse, whenever, as in duty bound, I presented myself at her table. Sir, that most unhappy lady used to make sport of me before her domestics. She used to call me her jailer. She used to mimic my ways of eating and drinking. She would yawn in the midst of my exhortations, and cry out, 'O que c'est bête!' and when I gave out a Psalm, would utter little cries, and say, 'Pardon me, M. Schnorr, but you sing so out of tune you make my head ache;' so that I could scarcely continue that portion of the service, the very domestics laughing at me when I began to sing. My life was a martyrdom, but I bore my tortures meekly, out of a sense of duty and my love for M. le Comte. When her ladyship kept her chamber I used to wait almost daily upon Mesdemoiselles the Count's sisters, to ask news of her and her child. I christened the infant; but her mother was too ill to be present, and sent me out word by Mademoiselle Marthe that *she* should call the child Agnes, though I might name it what I pleased. This was on the 21st January, and I remember being struck, because in the Roman Calendar the feast of Saint Agnes is celebrated on that day.

"Haggard and actually grown gray, from a black



man which he was, my poor lord came to me with wildness and agony of grief in all his features and actions, to announce to me that Madame la Comtesse had fled, taking her infant with her. And he had a scrap of paper with him, over which he wept and raged as one demented; now pouring out fiercer imprecations, now bursting into passionate tears and cries, calling upon his wife, his darling, his prodigal, to come back, to bring him his child, when all should be forgiven. As he thus spoke his screams and groans were so piteous, that I myself was quite unmanned, and my mother, who keeps house for me (and who happened to be listening at the door), was likewise greatly alarmed by my poor lord's passion of grief. And when I read on that paper that my Lady Countess had left the faith to which our fathers gloriously testified in the midst of trouble, slaughter, persecution, and bondage, I was scarcely less shocked than my good lord himself.

"We crossed the bridge to Strasbourg back again and went to the Cathedral Church, and entering there, we saw the Abbé Georgel coming out of a chapel where he had been to perform his devotions. The Abbé, who knew me, gave a ghastly smile as he recognized me, and for a pale man, his cheek blushed up a little when I said, 'This is Monsieur le Comte de Saverne.'

" 'Where is she?' asked my poor lord, clutching the Abbé's arm.

" 'Who?' asked the Abbé, stepping back a little.

" 'Where is my child? where is my wife?' cries the Count.

" 'Silence, Monsieur!' says the Abbé. 'Do you know in whose house you are?' and the chant from the altar, where the service was being performed, came

upon us, and smote my poor lord as though a shot had struck him. We were standing, he tottering against a pillar in the nave, close by the christening font, and over my lord's head was a picture of St. Agnes.

"The agony of the poor gentleman could not but touch any one who witnessed it. 'M. le Comte,' says the Abbé, 'I feel for you. This great surprise has come upon you unprepared—I—I pray that it may be for your good.'

"'You know, then, what has happened?' asked M. de Saverne; and the Abbé was obliged to stammer a confession that he *did* know what had occurred. He was, in fact, the very man who had performed the rite which separated my unhappy lady from the church of her fathers.

"'Sir,' he said, with some spirit, 'this was a service which no clergyman could refuse. I would to Heaven, Monsieur, that you, too, might be brought to ask it from me.'

"The poor Count, with despair in his face, asked to see the register which confirmed the news, and there we saw that on the 21st January, 1769, being the feast of St. Agnes, the noble lady, Clarisse, Countess of Saverne, born de Viomesnil, aged twenty-two years, and Agnes, only daughter of the same Count of Saverne and Clarisse his wife, were baptized and received into the Church in the presence of two witnesses (clerics) whose names were signed.

"The poor Count knelt over the registry book with an awful grief in his face, and in a mood which I heartily pitied. He bent down, uttering what seemed an imprecation rather than a prayer, and at this moment it chanced that the service at the chief altar was concluded, and Monseigneur and his suite of clergy came into the sacristy. Sir, the Comte de Saverne,

starting up, clutching his sword in his hand, and shaking his fist at the Cardinal, uttered a wild speech calling down imprecations upon the church of which the Prince was a chief: 'Where is my lamb that you have taken from me?' he said, using the language of the Prophet towards the King who had despoiled him.

"The Cardinal haughtily said the conversion of Madame de Saverne was of Heaven, and no act of his, and, adding, 'bad neighbor as you have been to me, sir, I wish you so well that I hope you may follow her.'

"At this the Count, losing all patience, made a violent attack upon the Church of Rome, denounced the Cardinal, and called down maledictions upon his head; said that a day should come when his abominable pride should meet with a punishment and fall; and spoke, as, in fact, the poor gentleman was able to do only too readily and volubly, against Rome and all its errors.

"The Prince Louis de Rohan replied with no little dignity, as I own. He said that such words in such a place were offensive and out of all reason: that it only depended on him to have M. de Saverne arrested, and punished for blasphemy and insult to the Church: but that, pitying the Count's unhappy condition, the Cardinal would forget the hasty and insolent words he had uttered — as he would know how to defend Madame de Saverne and her child after the righteous step which she had taken. And he swept out of the sacristy with his suite, and passed through the door which leads, into his palace, leaving my poor Count still in his despair and fury.

"As he spoke with those Scripture phrases which M. de Saverne ever had at command, I remember how the Prince Cardinal tossed up his head and smiled. I wonder whether he thought of the words

when his own day of disgrace came, and the fatal affair of the diamond necklace which brought him to ruin."<sup>1</sup>

"Not without difficulty" (M. Schnorr resumed) "I induced the poor Count to quit the church where his wife's apostasy had been performed. The outer gates and walls are decorated with numberless sculptures of saints of the Roman Calendar: and for a minute or two the poor man stood on the threshold shouting imprecations in the sunshine, and calling down woe upon France and Rome. I hurried him away. Such language was dangerous, and could bring no good to either of us. He was almost a madman when I conducted him back to his home, where the ladies his sisters, scared with his wild looks, besought me not to leave him.

"Again he went into the room which his wife and child had inhabited, and, as he looked at the relics of both which still were left there, gave way to bursts of grief which were pitiable indeed to witness. I speak of what happened near forty years ago, and remember the scene as though yesterday: the passionate agony of the poor gentleman, the sobs and prayers. On a chest of drawers there was a little cap belonging to the infant. He seized it: kissed it: wept over it: calling upon the mother to bring the child back and he would forgive all. He thrust the little cap into his breast: opened every drawer, book, and closet, seeking for some indications of the fugitives. My opinion was, and that even of the ladies, sisters of M.

<sup>1</sup> My informant, Protestant though he was, did not, as I remember, speak with very much asperity against the Prince Cardinal. He said that the Prince lived an edifying life after his fall, succoring the poor, and doing everything in his power to defend the cause of loyalty. — D. D.



le Comte, that Madame had taken refuge in a convent with the child, that the Cardinal knew where she was, poor and friendless, and that the Protestant gentleman would in vain seek for her. Perhaps when tired of that place — I for my part thought Madame la Comtesse a light-minded, wilful person, who certainly had no *vocation*, as the Catholics call it, for a religious life — I thought she might come out after awhile, and gave my patron such consolation as I could devise, upon this faint hope. He who was all forgiveness at one minute, was all wrath at the next. He would rather see his child dead than receive her as a Catholic. He would go to the King, surrounded by harlots as he was, and ask for justice. There were still Protestant gentlemen left in France, whose spirit was not altogether trodden down, and they would back him in demanding reparation for this outrage.

“I had some vague suspicion, which, however, I dismissed from my mind as unworthy, that there might be a third party cognizant of Madame’s flight; and this was a gentleman, once a great favorite of M. le Comte, and in whom I myself was not a little interested. Three or four days after the Comte de Saverne went away to the war, as I was meditating on a sermon which I proposed to deliver, walking at the back of my lord’s house of Saverne, in the fields which skirt the wood where the Prince Cardinal’s great Schloss stands, I saw this gentleman with a gun over his shoulder, and recognized him — the Chevalier de la Motte, the very person who had saved the life of M. de Saverne in the campaign against the English.

“M. de la Motte said he was staying with the Cardinal, and trusted that the ladies of Saverne were well. He sent his respectful compliments to them:

the Countess was forever quarrelling with those old ladies, and they were a yelping ill-natured pair. They treated me, a pastor of the Reformed Church of the Augsburg Confession, as no better than a lackey, sir, and made me eat the bread of humiliation; whereas Madame la Comtesse, though often haughty, flighty, and passionate, could also be so winning and gentle, that no one could resist her. Ah, sir!" said the pastor, "that woman had a coaxing way with her when she chose, and when her flight came I was in such a way that the jealous old sisters-in-law said I was in love with her myself. Pfui! For a month before my lord's arrival I had been knocking at all doors to see if I could find my poor wandering lady behind them. She, her child, and Martha her maid, were gone, and we knew not whither.

"On that very first day of his unhappy arrival, M. le Comte discovered what his sisters, jealous and curious as they were, what I, a man of no inconsiderable acumen, had failed to note. Amongst torn papers and chiffons, in her ladyship's bureau, there was a scrap with one line in her handwriting—'*Ursule, Ursule, le tyran rev —*' and no more.

"Ah!" M. le Comte said, 'she is gone to her foster-sister in England! Quick, quick, horses!' And before two hours were passed he was on horseback, making the first stage of that long journey."

## CHAPTER III.

### THE TRAVELLERS.

THE poor gentleman was in such haste that the old proverb was realized in his case, and his journey was anything but speedy. At Nanci he fell ill of a fever, which had nearly carried him off, and in which he unceasingly raved about his child, and called upon his faithless wife to return her. Almost before he was convalescent, he was on his way again, to Boulogne, where he saw that English coast on which he rightly conjectured his fugitive wife was sheltered.

And here, from my boyish remembrance, which, respecting these early days, remains extraordinarily clear, I can take up the story, in which I was myself a very young actor, playing in the strange, fantastic, often terrible, drama which ensued a not insignificant part. As I survey it now, the curtain is down, and the play long over; as I think of its surprises, disguises, mysteries, escapes, and dangers, I am amazed myself, and sometimes inclined to be almost as great a fatalist as M. de la Motte, who vowed that a superior Power ruled our actions for us, and declared that he could no more prevent his destiny from accomplishing itself, than he could prevent his hair from growing. What a destiny it was! What a fatal tragedy was now about to begin!

One evening in our Midsummer holidays, in the year 1769, I remember being seated in my little chair at home, with a tempest of rain beating down the

street. We had customers on most evenings, but there happened to be none on this night; and I remember I was puzzling over a bit of Latin grammar, to which mother used to keep me stoutly when I came home from school.

It is fifty years since.<sup>1</sup> I have forgotten who knows how many events of my life, which are not much worth the remembering; but I have as clearly before my eyes now a little scene which occurred on this momentous night, as though it had been acted within this hour. As we are sitting at our various employments, we hear steps coming up the street, which was empty, and silent but for the noise of the wind and rain. We hear steps—several steps—along the pavement, and they stop at our door.

"Madame Duval! It is Gregson!" cries a voice from without.

"Ah, bon Dieu!" says mother, starting up and turning quite white.

And then I heard the cry of an infant. Dear heart! How well I remember that little cry!

As the door opens, a great gust of wind sets our two candles flickering, and I see enter—

A gentleman giving his arm to a lady who is veiled in cloaks and wraps, an attendant carrying a crying child, and Gregson the boatman after them.

My mother gives a great hoarse shriek, and crying out, "Clarisse! Clarisse!" rushes up to the lady and hugs and embraces her passionately. The child cries and wails. The nurse strives to soothe the infant. The gentleman takes off his hat and wrings the wet from it, and looks at me. It was then I felt a strange shock and terror. I have felt the same shock once or twice in my life: and once, notably, the person so af-

<sup>1</sup> The narrative seems to have been written about the year 1820.



fecting me has been my enemy, and has come to a dismal end.

"We have had a very rough voyage," says the gentleman (in French) to my grandfather. "We have been fourteen hours at sea. Madame has suffered greatly and is much exhausted."

"Thy rooms are ready," says mother, fondly. "My poor Biche, thou shalt sleep in comfort to-night, and need fear nothing, nothing!"

A few days before I had seen mother and her servant mightily busy in preparing the rooms on the first floor, and decorating them. When I asked whom she was expecting, she boxed my ears, and bade me be quiet; but these were evidently the expected visitors; and, of course, from the names which mother used, I knew that the lady was the Countess of Saverne.

"And this is thy son, Ursule?" says the lady "He is a great boy! My little wretch is always crying."

"Oh, the little darling," says mother, seizing the child, which fell to crying louder than ever, "scared by the nodding plume and bristling crest" of Madame Duval, who wore a great cap in those days, and indeed looked as fierce as any Hector.

When the pale lady spoke so harshly about the child, I remember myself feeling a sort of surprise and displeasure. Indeed, I have loved children all my life, and am a fool about them (as witness my treatment of my own rascal), and no one can say that I was ever a tyrant at school, or ever fought there except to hold my own.

My mother produced what food was in the house, and welcomed her guests to her humble table. What trivial things remain impressed on the memory! I remember laughing in my boyish way because the

lady said, "Ah! c'est ça du thé? je n'en ai jamais goûté. Mais c'est très mauvais, n'est-ce pas, M. le Chevalier?" I suppose they had not learned to drink tea in Alsace yet. Mother stopped my laughing with her usual appeal to my ears. I was daily receiving that sort of correction from the good soul. Grandfather said, If Madame the Countess would like a little tass of real Nantes brandy after her voyage, he could supply her; but she would have none of that either, and retired soon to her chamber, which had been prepared for her with my mother's best sheets and diapers, and in which was a bed for her maid Martha, who had retired to it with the little crying child. For M. le Chevalier de la Motte an apartment was taken at Mr. Billis's the baker's, down the street: — a friend who gave me many a plum-cake in my childhood, and whose wigs grandfather dressed, if you must know the truth.

At morning and evening we used to have prayers, which grandfather spoke with much eloquence; but on this night, as he took out his great Bible, and was for having me read a chapter, my mother said, "No. This poor Clarisse is fatigued, and will go to bed." And to bed accordingly the stranger went. And as I read my little chapter, I remember how tears fell down mother's cheeks, and how she cried, "Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu! ayez pitié d'elle," and when I was going to sing our evening hymn, "Nun ruhen alle Wälder," she told me to hush. Madame up stairs was tired, and wanted to sleep. And she went up stairs to look after Madame, and bade me be a little guide to the strange gentleman, and show him the way to Billis's house. Off I went, prattling by his side; I dare say I soon forgot the terror which I felt when I first saw him. You may be sure all Winchel-

sea knew that a French lady, and her child, and her maid, were come to stay with Madame Duval, and a French gentleman to lodge over the baker's.

I never shall forget my terror and astonishment when mother told me that this lady who came to us was a Papist. There were two gentlemen of that religion living in our town, at a handsome house called the Priory; but they had little to do with persons in my parents' humble walk of life, though of course my mother would dress Mrs. Weston's head as well as any other lady's. I forgot also to say that Mrs. Duval went out sometimes as ladies' nurse, and in that capacity had attended Mrs. Weston, who, however, lost her child. The Westons had a chapel in their house, in the old grounds of the Priory, and clergymen of their persuasion used to come over from my Lord Newburgh's of Slindon, or from Arundel, where there is another great Papist house; and one or two Roman Catholics — there were very few of them in our town — were buried in a part of the old gardens of the Priory, where a monks' burying-place had been before Harry VIII.'s time.

The new gentleman was the first Papist to whom I had ever spoken; and as I trotted about the town with him, showing him the old gates, the church, and so forth, I remember saying to him, "And have you burned any Protestants?"

"Oh, yes!" says he, giving a horrible grin, "I have roasted several, and eaten them afterwards." And I shrank back from him, and his pale grinning face; feeling once more that terror which had come over me when I first beheld him. He was a queer gentleman; he was amused by my simplicity and odd sayings. He was never tired of having me with him. He said I should be his little English master; and

indeed he learned the language surprisingly quick, whereas poor Madame de Saverne never understood a word of it.

She was very ill — pale, with a red spot on either cheek, sitting for whole hours in silence, and looking round frightened, as if a prey to some terror. I have seen my mother watching her, and looking almost as scared as the Countess herself. At times, Madame could not bear the crying of the child, and would order it away from her. At other times, she would clutch it, cover it with cloaks, and lock her door, and herself into the chamber with her infant. She used to walk about the house of a night. I had a little room near mother's, which I occupied during the holidays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, when I came over from Rye. I remember quite well waking up one night, and hearing Madame's voice at mother's door, crying out, "Ursula, Ursula! quick! horses! I must go away. He is coming; I know he is coming!" And then there were remonstrances on mother's part, and Madame's maid came out of her room, with entreaties to her mistress to return. At the cry of the child, the poor mother would rush away from whatever place she was in, and hurry to the infant. Not that she loved it. At the next moment she would cast the child down on the bed, and go to the window again, and look to the sea. For hours she sat at that window, with a curtain twisted round her, as if hiding from some one. Ah! how have I looked up at that window since, and the light twinkling here! I wonder does the house remain yet? I don't like now to think of the passionate grief I have passed through, as I looked up to yon glimmering lattice.

It was evident our poor visitor was in a deplorable condition. The apothecary used to come and shake

his head, and order medicine. The medicine did little good. The sleeplessness continued. She was a prey to constant fever. She would make incoherent answers to questions put to her, laugh and weep at odd times and places; push her meals away from her. though they were the best my poor mother could supply; order my grandfather to go and sit in the kitchen, and not have the impudence to sit down before her; coax and scold my mother by turns, and take her up very sharply when she rebuked me. Poor Madame Duval was scared by her foster-sister. She, who ruled everybody, became humble before the poor crazy lady. I can see them both now, the lady in white, listless and silent as she would sit for hours taking notice of no one, and mother watching her with terrified dark eyes.

The Chevalier de la Motte had his lodgings, and came and went between his house and ours. I thought he was the lady's cousin. He used to call himself her cousin; I did not know what our pastor M. Borel meant when he came to mother one day, and said, "Fi, donc, what a pretty business thou hast commenced, Madame Denis — thou an elder's daughter of our Church!"

"What business?" says mother.

"That of harboring crime and sheltering iniquity," says he, naming the crime, viz., No. VII. of the Decalogue.

Being a child, I did not then understand the word he used. But as soon as he had spoken, mother, taking up a saucepan of soup, cries out, "Get out of there. Monsieur, all pastor as you are, or I will send this soup at thy ugly head, and the saucepan afterwards." And she looked so fierce, that I am not surprised the little man trotted off.

Shortly afterwards grandfather comes home, looking almost as frightened as his *commanding officer*, M. Borel. Grandfather expostulated with his daughter-in-law. He was in a great agitation. He wondered how she could speak so to the pastor of the Church. "All the town," says he, "is talking about you and this unhappy lady."

"All the town is an old woman," replies Madame Duval, stamping her foot and *twisting her mustache*, I might say, almost. "What? These white-beaks of French cry out because I receive my foster-sister? What? It is wrong to shelter a poor foolish dying woman? Oh, the cowards, the cowards! Listen, petit-papa; if you hear a word said at the club against your *bru*, and do not knock the man down, I will." And, faith, I think grandfather's *bru* would have kept her word.

I fear my own unlucky simplicity brought part of the opprobrium down upon my poor mother, which she had now to suffer in our French colony; for one day a neighbor, Madame Crochu by name, stepping in and asking, "How is your boarder, and how is her cousin the Count?"

"Madame Clarisse is no better than before," said I (shaking my head wisely), "and the gentleman is not a count, and he is not her cousin, Madame Crochu!"

"Oh, he is no relation?" says the mantua-maker. And that story was quickly told over the little town, and when we went to church next Sunday, M. Borel preached a sermon which made all the congregation look to us, and poor mother sat boiling red like a lobster fresh out of the pot. I did not quite know what I had done: I know what mother was giving me for my pains, when our poor patient, entering the room, hearing, I suppose, the hissing of the stick (and never

a word from me, I used to bite a bullet, and hold my tongue), rushed into the room, whisked the cane out of mother's hand, flung her to the other end of the room with a strength quite surprising, and clasped me up in her arms and began pacing up and down the room, and glaring at mother. "Strike your own child, monster, monster!" says the poor lady. "Kneel down and ask pardon: or, as sure as I am the queen, I will order your head off!"

At dinner, she ordered me to come and sit by her. "Bishop!" she said to grandfather, "my lady of honor has been naughty. She whipped the little prince with a scorpion. I took it from her hand. Duke! if she does it again, there is a sword: I desire you to cut the Countess's head off!" And then she took a carving-knife and waved it, and gave one of her laughs, which always set poor mother a-crying. She used to call us dukes and princes — I don't know what — poor soul. It was the Chevalier de la Motte, whom she generally styled duke, holding out her hand, and saying, "Kneel, sir, kneel, and kiss our royal hand." And M. de la Motte would kneel with a sad sad face, and go through this hapless ceremony. As for grandfather, who was very bald, and without his wig, being one evening below her window culling a salad in his garden, she beckoned him to her smiling, and when the poor old man came, she upset a dish of tea over his bald pate and said, "I appoint you and anoint you Bishop of St. Denis!"

The woman Martha, who had been the companion of the Comtesse de Saverne in her unfortunate flight from home — I believe that since the birth of her child the poor lady had never been in her right senses at all — broke down under the ceaseless watching and care her mistress's condition necessitated, and I have no doubt found her duties yet more painful and difficult

when a second mistress, and a very harsh, imperious, and jealous one, was set over her in the person of worthy Madame Duval. My mother was for ordering everybody who would submit to her orders, and entirely managing the affairs of all those whom she loved. She put the mother to bed, and the baby in her cradle; she prepared food for both of them, dressed one and the other with an equal affection, and loved that unconscious mother and child with a passionate devotion. But she loved her own way, was jealous of all who came between her and the objects of her love, and no doubt led her subordinates an uncomfortable life.

Three months of Madame Duval tired out the Countess's Alsatian maid, Martha. She revolted and said she would go home. Mother said she was an ungrateful wretch, but was delighted to get rid of her. She always averred the woman stole articles of dress, and trinkets, and laces, belonging to her mistress, before she left us: and in an evil hour this wretched Martha went away. I believe she really loved her mistress, and would have loved the child, had my mother's rigid arms not pushed her from its cot. Poor little innocent, in what tragic gloom did thy life begin! But an unseen Power was guarding that helpless innocence: and sure a good angel watched it in its hour of danger!

So Madame Duval turned Martha out of her tent as Sarah thrust out Hagar. Are women pleased after doing these pretty tricks? Your ladyships know best. Madame D. not only thrust out Martha, but flung stones after Martha all her life. She went away, not blameless perhaps, but wounded to the quick with ingratitude which had been shown to her, and a link in that mysterious chain of destiny which was



binding *all* these people — me the boy of seven years old ; yonder little speechless infant of as many months ; that poor wandering lady bereft of reason ; that dark inscrutable companion of hers who brought evil with him wherever he came.

From Dungeness to Boulogne is but six-and-thirty miles, and our boats, when war was over, were constantly making journeys there. Even in war-time the little harmless craft left each other alone, and, I suspect, carried on a great deal of peaceable and fraudulent trade together. Grandfather had a share in a "fishing" boat with one Thomas Gregson of Lydd. When Martha was determined to go, one of our boats was ready to take her to the place from whence she came, or transfer her to a French boat, which would return into its own harbor.<sup>1</sup> She was carried back to Boulogne and landed. I know the day full well from a document now before me, of which the dismal writing and signing were occasioned by that very landing.

As she stepped out from the pier (a crowd of people, no doubt, tearing the poor wretch's slender luggage from her to carry it to the *Customs*) almost the first person on whom the woman's eyes fell was her master the Comte de Saverne. He had actually only reached the place on that very day, and walked the pier, looking towards England, as many a man has done from the same spot, when he saw the servant of his own wife come up the side of the pier.

He rushed to her, as she started back screaming and almost fainting, but the crowd of beggars behind her prevented her retreat. "The child, — does the

<sup>1</sup> There were points for which our boats used to make, and meet the French boats when not disturbed, and do a great deal more business than I could then understand. — D. D.

child live?" asked the poor Count, in the German tongue, which both spoke.

The child was well. Thank God, thank God! The poor father's heart was freed from *that* terror, then! I can fancy the gentleman saying, "Your mistress is at Winchelsea, with her foster-sister?"

"Yes, M. le Comte."

"The Chevalier de la Motte is always at Winchelsea?"

"Ye—oh, no, no, M. le Comte!"

"Silence, liar! He made the journey with her. They stopped at the same inns. M. le Brun, merchant, aged 34; his sister, Madame Dubois, aged 24, with a female infant in her arms, and a maid, left this port, on the 20th April, in the English fishing-boat 'Mary,' of Rye. Before embarking they slept at the 'Ecu de France.' I knew I should find them."

"By all that is sacred, I never left Madame once during the voyage!"

"Never till to-day? Enough. How was the fishing-boat called which brought you to Boulogne?"

One of the boat's crew was actually walking behind the unhappy gentleman at the time, with some packet which Martha had left in it.<sup>1</sup> It seemed as if fate was determined upon suddenly and swiftly bringing the criminal to justice, and under the avenging sword of the friend he had betrayed. He bade the man follow him to the hotel. There should be a good drink-money for him.

"Does he treat her well?" asked the poor gentleman, as he and the maid walked on.

"*Dame!* No mother can be more gentle than he is with her?" Where Martha erred was in not say-

<sup>1</sup> I had this from the woman herself, whom we saw when we paid our visit to Lorraine and Alsace in 1814.

ing that her mistress was utterly deprived of reason, and had been so almost since the child's birth. She owned that she had attended her lady to the cathedral when the Countess and the infant were christened, and that M. de la Motte was also present. "He has taken body and soul too," no doubt the miserable gentleman thought.

He happened to alight at the very hotel where the fugitives of whom he was in search had had their quarters four months before (so that for two months at least poor M. de Saverne must have lain ill at Nanci at the commencement of his journey). The boatman, the luggage people, and Martha the servant followed the Count to this hotel; and the *femme-de-chambre* remembered how Madame Dubois and her brother had been at the hotel — a poor sick lady, who sat up talking the whole night. Her brother slept in the right wing across the court. Monsieur has the lady's room. How that child did cry! See, the windows look on the port. "Yes, this was the lady's room."

"And the child lay on which side?"

"On that side."

M. de Saverne looked at the place which the woman pointed out, stooped his head towards the pillow, and cried as if his heart would break. The fisherman's tears rolled down too over his brown face and hands. *Le pauvre homme, le pauvre homme!*

"Come into my sitting-room with me," he said to the fisherman. The man followed him and shut the door.

His burst of feeling was now over. He became entirely calm.

"You know the house from which this woman came, at Winchelsea, in England?"

"Yes."

"You took a gentleman and a lady thither?"

"Yes."

"You remember the man?"

"Perfectly."

"For thirty louis will you go to sea to-night, take a passenger, and deliver a letter to M. de la Motte?"

The man agreed: and I take out from my secretary that letter, in its tawny ink of fifty years' date, and read it with a strange interest always:—

*"To the Chevalier François Joseph de la Motte, at  
Winchelsea, in England.*

"I knew I should find you. I never doubted where you were. But for a sharp illness which I made at Nanci, I should have been with you two months earlier. After what has occurred between us, I know this invitation will be to you as a command, and that you will hasten as you did to my rescue from the English bayonets at Hastenbeck. Between us, M: le Chevalier, it is to life or death. I depend upon you to communicate this to no one, and to follow the messenger, who will bring you to me.

"COMTE DE SAVERNE."

This letter was brought to our house one evening as we sat in the front shop. I had the child on my knee, which would have no other playfellow but me. The Countess was pretty quiet that evening—the night calm, and the windows open. Grandfather was reading his book. The Countess and M. de la Motte were at cards, though, poor thing, she could scarce play for ten minutes at a time; and there comes a knock, at which grandfather puts down his book.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There was a particular knock, as I learned later, in use among grandpapa's private friends, and Mons. Bidois no doubt had this signal.

"All's well," says he. "Entrez. Comment! c'est vous, Bidois?"

"Oui, c'est bien moi, patron!" says Mons. Bidois, a great fellow in boots and petticoat, with an eelskin queue hanging down to his heels. "C'est là le petit du pauvre Jean Louis? Est i genti le pti patron!"

And as he looks at me, he rubs a hand across his nose.

At this moment Madame la Comtesse gave one, two, three screams, a laugh, and then cried—"Ah, c'est mon mari qui revient de la guerre. Il est là—à la croisée. Bonjour, M. le Comte! Bonjour. Vous avez une petite fille bien laide, bien laide, que je n'aime pas du tout, pas du tout! He is there! I saw him at the window. There! there! Hide me from him. He will kill me, he will kill me!" she cried.

"Calmez-vous, Clarisse," says the Chevalier, who was weary, no doubt, of the poor ladies endless outcries and follies.

"Calmez-vous, ma fille!" sings out mother, from the inner room, where she was washing.

"Ah, Monsieur is the Chevalier de la Motte?" says Bidois.

"Après, Monsieur," says the Chevalier, looking haughtily up from the cards.

"In that case, I have a letter for M. le Chevalier." And the sailor handed to the Chevalier de la Motte that letter which I have translated, the ink of which was black and wet then, though now it is sere and faded.

This Chevalier had faced death and danger in a score of dare-devil expeditions. At the game of steel and lead there was no cooler performer. He put the letter which he had received quietly into his

pocket, finished his game with the Countess, and telling Bidois to follow him to his lodgings, took leave of the company. I dare say the poor Countess built up a house with the cards, and took little more notice. Mother, going to close the shutters, said, "It was droll, that little man, the friend to Bidois, was still standing in the street. You see we had all sorts of droll friends. Seafaring men, speaking a jargon of English, French, Dutch, were constantly dropping in upon us. Dear Heaven! when I think in what a company I have lived, and what a *galère* I rowed in, is it not a wonder that I did not finish where some of my friends did?"

I made a *drôle de métier* at this time. I was set by grandfather to learn his business. Our apprentice taught me the commencement of the noble art of wig-weaving. As soon as I was tall enough to stand to a gentleman's nose I was promised to be *promoted* to be a shaver. I trotted on mother's errands with her band-boxes, and what not; and I was made dry-nurse to poor Madame's baby, who, as I said, loved me most of all in the house; and who would put her little dimpled hands out and crow with delight to see me. The first day I went out with this little baby in a little wheel-chair mother got for her, the town boys made rare fun of me: and I had to fight one, as poor little Agnes sat sucking her little thumb in her chair, I suppose; and whilst the battle was going on, who should come up but Dr. Barnard, the English rector of Saint Philip's, who lent us French Protestants the nave of his church for our service, whilst our tumble-down old church was being mended. Dr. Barnard (for a reason which I did not know at that time, but which I am compelled to own now was a good one) did not like grandfather, nor mother, nor

our family. You may be sure our people abused him in return. He was called a haughty priest — a *vilain beeg-veeg*, mother used to say, in her French-English. And perhaps one of the causes of her dislike to him was, that his *big vig* — a fine cauliflower it was — was powdered at another barber's. Well, whilst the battle royal was going on between me and Tom Caffin (dear heart ! how well I remember the fellow, though — let me see — it is fifty-four years since we punched each other's little noses), Dr. Barnard walks up to us boys and stops the fighting. "You little rogues, I'll have you all put in the stocks and whipped by my beadle," says the Doctor, who was a magistrate too: "as for this little French barber, he is always in mischief."

"They laughed at me and called me Dry-nurse, and wanted to upset the little cart, sir, and I wouldn't bear it. And it's my duty to protect a poor child that can't help itself," said I, very stoutly. "Her mother is ill. Her nurse has run away, and she has nobody — nobody to protect her but me — and 'Notre Père qui est aux cieux ;' " and I held up my little hand as grandfather used to do; "and if those boys hurt the child, I *will* fight for her."

The Doctor rubbed his hand across his eyes; and felt in his pocket and gave me a dollar.

"And come to see us all at the Rectory, child," Mrs. Barnard says, who was with the Doctor; and she looked at the little baby that was in its cot, and said, "Poor thing, poor thing!"

And the Doctor, turning round to the English boys, still holding me by the hand, said, "Mind, all you boys ! If I hear of you being such cowards again as to strike this little lad for doing his duty, I will have you whipped by my beadle, as sure as my name is

Thomas Barnard. Shake hands, you Thomas Caffin, with the French boy ;" and I said, "I would shake hands or fight it out whenever Tom Caffin liked ;" and so took my place as pony again, and pulled my little cart down Sandgate.

These stories got about amongst the townspeople, and fisherman, and seafaring folk, I suppose, and the people of our little circle ; and they were the means, God help me, of bringing me in those very early days *a legacy* which I have still. You see, the day after Bidois, the French fisherman, paid us a visit, as I was pulling my little cart up the hill to a little farmer's house where grandfather and a partner of his had some pigeons, of which I was very fond as a boy, I met a little dark man whose face I cannot at all recall to my mind, but who spoke French and German to me like grandfather and mother. "That is the child of Madame von Zabern ?" says he, trembling very much.

"Ja, Herr !" says the little boy.

O Agnes, Agnes ! How the years roll away ! What strange events have befallen us : what passionate griefs have we had to suffer : what a merciful Heaven has protected us, since that day when your father knelt over the little car, in which his child lay sleeping ! I have the picture in my mind now. I see a winding road leading down to one of the gates of our town ; the blue marsh-land, and yonder, across the marsh, Rye towers and gables ; a great silver sea stretching beyond ; and that dark man's figure stooping and looking at the child asleep. He never kissed the infant or touched her. I remember it woke smiling, and held out its little arms, and he turned away with a sort of groan.

Bidois, the French fisherman I spoke of as having



been to see us on the night before, came up here with another companion, an Englishman I think.

"Ah! we seek for you everywhere, Monsieur le Comte," says he. "The tide serves and it is full time."

"Monsieur le Chevalier is on board?" says the Comte de Saverne.

"Il est bien là," says the fisherman. And they went down the hill through the gate, without turning to look back.

Mother was quite quiet and gentle all that day. It seemed as if something scared her. The poor Countess prattled and laughed, or cried in her unconscious way. But grandfather at evening prayer that night making the exposition rather long, mother stamped her foot, and said, "Assez bavardé comme ça, mon père," and sank back in her chair with her apron over her face.

She remained all next day very silent, crying often, and reading in our great German Bible. She was kind to me that day. I remember her saying, in her deep voice, "Thou art a brave boy, Denikin." It was seldom she patted my head so softly. That night our patient was very wild; and laughing a great deal, and singing so that the people would stop in the streets to listen.

Dr. Barnard again met me that day, dragging my little carriage, and he fetched me into the Rectory for the first time, and gave me cake and wine, and the book of the "Arabian Nights," and the ladies admired the little baby, and said it was a pity it was a little Papist, and the Doctor hoped I was not going to turn Papist, and I said, "Oh, never." Neither mother nor I liked that darkling Roman Catholic clergyman who was fetched over from our neighbors

at the Priory by M. de la Motte. The Chevalier was very firm himself in that religion. I little thought then that I was to see him on a day when his courage and his faith were both to have an awful trial.

I was reading then in this fine book of Monsieur Galland which the Doctor had given me. I had no orders to go to bed, strange to say, and I dare say was peeping into the cave of the Forty Thieves along with Master Ali Baba, when I heard the clock whirling previously to striking twelve, and steps coming rapidly up our empty street.

Mother started up, looking quite haggard, and undid the bolt of the door.

"C'est lui!" says she, with her eyes starting, and the Chevalier de la Motte came in, looking as white as a corpse.

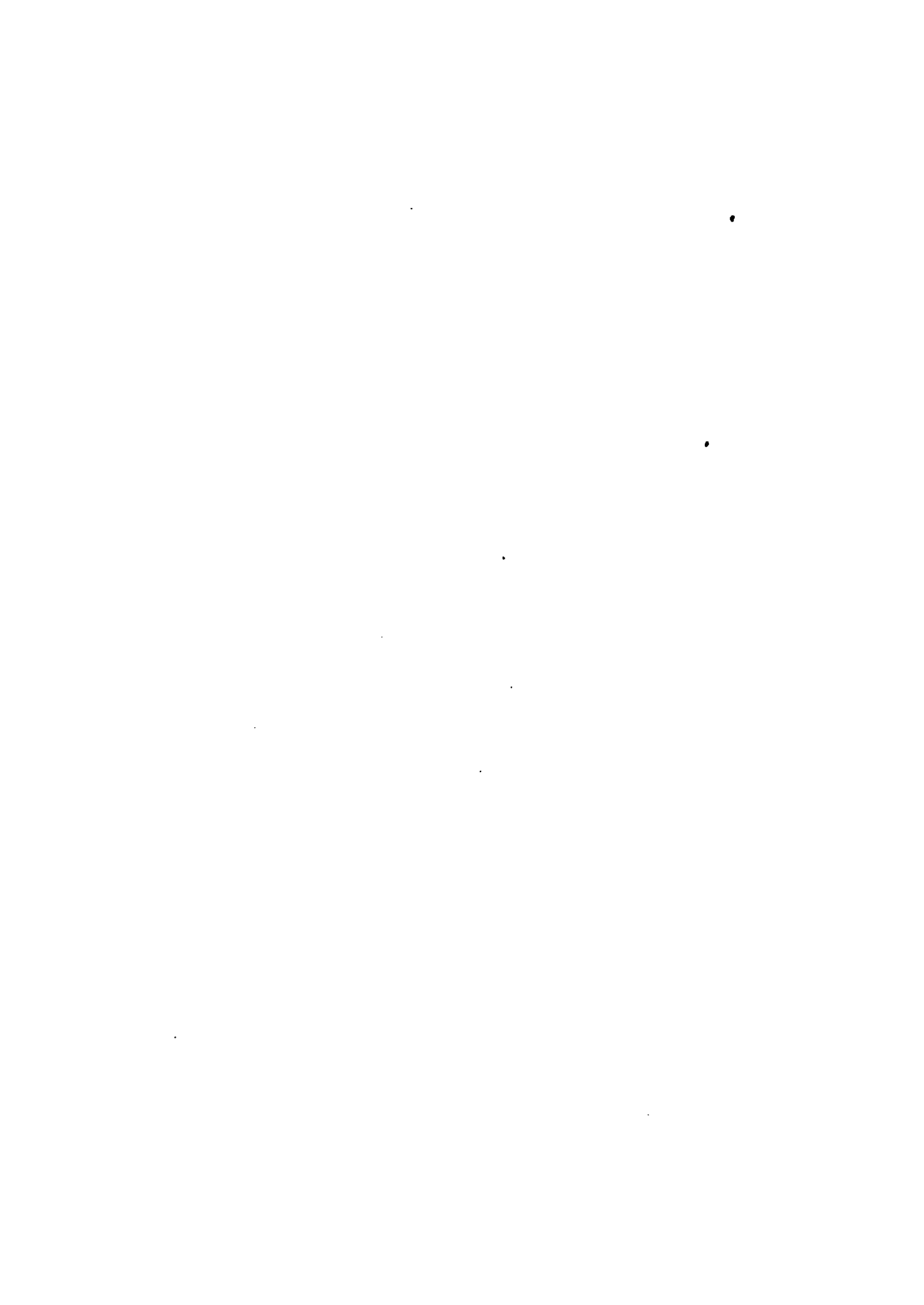
Poor Madame de Saverne up stairs, awakened by the striking clock perhaps, began to sing overhead, and the Chevalier gave a great start, looking more ghastly than before, as my mother with an awful face looked at him.

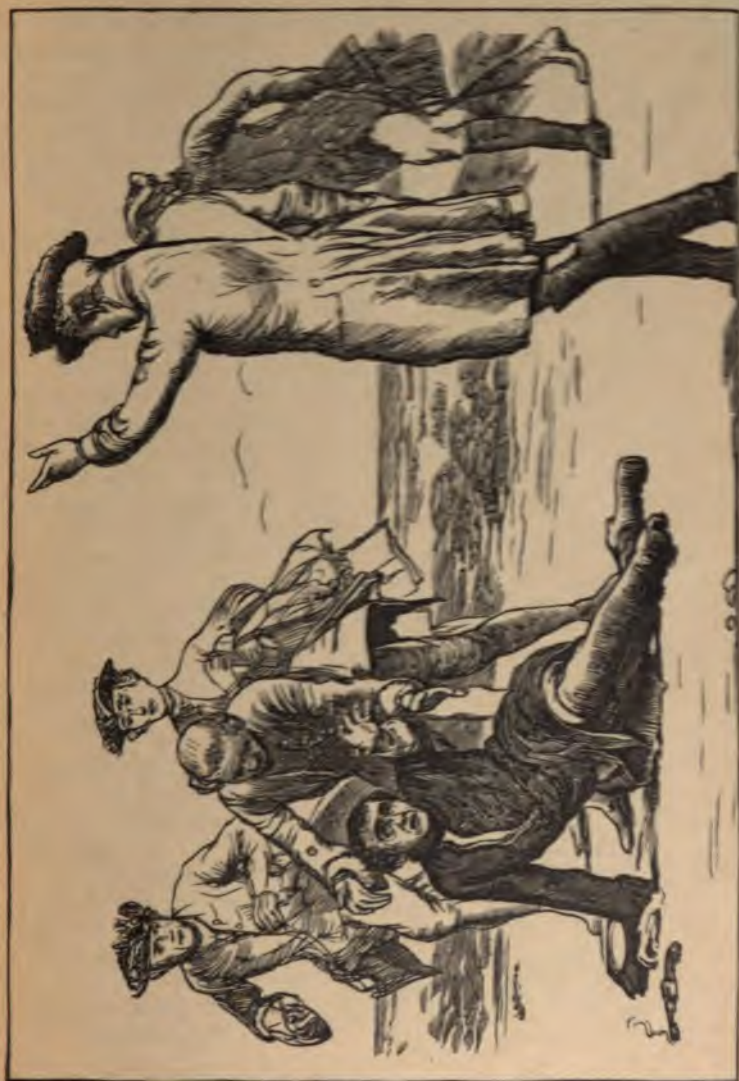
"Il l'a voulu," says M. de la Motte, hanging down his head; and again poor Madame's crazy voice began to sing.

#### REPORT.

"On the 27th June of this year, 1769, the Comte de Saverne arrived at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and lodged at the 'Ecu de France,' where also was staying M. le Marquis du Quesne Menneville, Chef d'Escadre of the Naval Armies of his Majesty. The Comte de Saverne was previously unknown to the Marquis du Quesne, but recalling to M. du Quesne's remembrance the fact that his illustrious ancestor the Amiral du Quesne professed the Reformed religion, as did M. de Saverne himself, M. de Saverne entreated the Marquis du Quesne to be his friend in a rencontre which deplorable circumstances rendered unavoidable.







LAST MOMENTS OF THE COUNT DE SAVERNE.



"At the same time, M. de Saverne stated to M. le Marquis du Quesne the causes of his quarrel with the Chevalier Francis Joseph de la Motte, late officer of the regiment of Soubise, at present residing in England in the town of Winchelsea, in the county of Sussex. The statement made by the Comte de Saverne was such as to convince M. du Quesne of the Count's right to exact a reparation from the Chevalier de la Motte.

"A boat was despatched on the night of the 29th June, with a messenger bearing the note of M. le Comte de Saverne. And in this boat M. de la Motte returned from England.

"The undersigned Comte de Bérigny, in garrison at Boulogne, and an acquaintance of M. de la Motte, consented to serve as his witness in the meeting with M. de Saverne.

"The meeting took place at seven o'clock in the morning, on the sands at half a league from the port of Boulogne : and the weapons chosen were pistols. Both gentlemen were perfectly calm and collected, as one might expect from officers distinguished in the King's service, who had faced the enemies of France as comrades together.

"Before firing, M. le Chevalier de la Motte advanced four steps, and holding his pistol down, and laying his hand on his heart, he said, — 'I swear on the faith of a Christian, and the honor of a gentleman, that I am innocent of the charge laid against me by Monsieur de Saverne.'

"The Comte de Saverne said, — 'M. le Chevalier de la Motte, I have made no charge ; and if I had, a lie costs you nothing.'

"M. de la Motte, saluting the witnesses courteously, and with grief rather than anger visible upon his countenance, returned to his line on the sand which was marked out as the place where he was to stand, at a distance of ten paces from his adversary.

"At the signal being given both fired simultaneously. The ball of M. de Saverne grazed M. de la Motte's side-curl, while his ball struck M. de Saverne in the right breast. M. de Saverne stood a moment, and fell.

"The seconds, the surgeon, and M. de la Motte advanced towards the fallen gentleman ; and M. de la Motte holding up

his hand, again said, — 'I take Heaven to witness the person is innocent.'

"The Comte de Saverne seemed to be about to speak. He lifted himself from the sand, supporting himself on one arm : but all he said was, 'You, you —' and a great issue of blood rushed from his throat, and he fell back, and, with a few convulsions, died.

(Signed)

"MARQUIS DU QUESNE MENNEVILLE,  
" *Chef d'Escadre aux Armées Navales du Roy.*  
"COMPTE DE BÉRIGNY,  
" *Brigadier de Cavalerie.*"

#### SURGEON'S REPORT.

"I, JEAN BAPTISTE DROUOT, Surgeon-Major of the Regiment Royal Cravate, in garrison at Boulogne-sur-Mer, certify that I was present at the meeting which ended so lamentably. The death of the gentleman who succumbed was immediate ; the ball, passing to the right of the middle of the breastbone, penetrated the lung and the large artery supplying it with blood, and caused death by immediate suffocation."



## CHAPTER IV.

### OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

THAT last night which he was to pass upon earth, M. de Saverne spent in a little tavern in Winchelsea, frequented by fishing people, and known to Bidois, who, even during the war, was in the constant habit of coming to England upon errands in which Mons. Grandpapa was very much interested — precentor, elder, perruquier as he was.

The Comte de Saverne had had some talk with the fisherman during the voyage from Boulogne, and more conversation took place on this last night, when the Count took Bidois partly into his confidence: and, without mentioning the precise cause of his quarrel with M. de la Motte, said that it was inevitable; that the man was a villain who ought not to be allowed to pollute the earth; and that no criminal was ever more righteously executed than this Chevalier would be on the morrow, when it was agreed that the two were to meet.

The meeting would have taken place on that very night, but M. de la Motte demanded, as indeed he had a right to do, some hours for the settlement of his own affairs; and preferred to fight on French ground rather than English, as the survivor of the quarrel would be likely to meet with very rough treatment in this country.

La Motte betook himself then to arranging his papers. As for the Comte de Saverne, he said all his dis-

positions were made. A dowry — that which his wife brought — would go to her child. His own property was devised to his own relations, and he could give the child nothing. He had only a few pieces in his purse, and, "*Tenez*," says he, "this watch. Should anything befall me, I desire it may be given to the little boy who saved my — that is, her child." And the voice of M. le Comte broke as he said these words, and the tears ran over his fingers. And the seaman wept too, as he told the story to me years after, nor were some of mine wanting, I think, for that poor heart-broken, wretched man, writhing in helpless agony, as the hungry sand drank his blood. Assuredly, the guilt of that blood was on thy head, Francis de la Motte.

The watch is ticking on the table before me as I write. It has been my companion for half a century. I remember my childish delight when Bidois brought it to me, and told my mother the tale of the meeting of the two gentlemen.

"You see her condition," M. de la Motte said to my mother at this time. "We are separated forever, as hopelessly as though one or other were dead. My hand slew her husband. Perhaps my fault destroyed her reason. I transmit misfortunes to those I love and would serve. Shall I marry her? I will if you think I can serve her. As long as a guinea remains to me, I will halve it with her. I have but very few left now. My fortune has crumbled under my hands, as have my friendships, my once bright prospects, my ambitions. I am a doomed man: somehow I drag down those who love me into my doom."

And so indeed there was a *Cain mark*, as it were, on this unhappy man. He *did* bring wreck and ruin on those who loved him. He was as a lost soul, I

somehow think, whose tortures had begun already. Predestined to evil, to crime, to gloom ; but now and again some one took pity upon this poor wretch, and amongst those who pitied him was my stern mother.

And here I may relate how it happened that I "saved" the child, for which act poor M. de Saverne rewarded me. Bidois no doubt told that story to M. le Comte in the course of their gloomy voyage. Mrs. Martha, the Countess's attendant, had received or taken leave of absence one night, after putting the child and the poor lady, who was no better than a child, to bed. I went to my bed, and to sleep as boys sleep ; and I forget what business called away my mother likewise, but when she came back to look for her poor Biche and the infant in its cradle — both were gone.

I have seen the incomparable Siddons, in the play, as, white and terrified, she passed through the darkened hall after King Duncan's murder. My mother's face wore a look of terror to the full as tragical, when, starting up from my boyish sleep, I sat up in my bed and saw her. She was almost beside herself with terror. The poor insane lady and her child were gone — who could say where ? Into the marshes — into the sea — into the darkness — it was impossible to say whither the Countess had fled.

"We must get up, my boy, and find them," says Mother, in a hoarse voice ; and I was sent over to Mr. Bliss's the grocer, in East Street, where the Chevalier lived, and where I found him sitting (with two priests, by the way, guests, no doubt, of Mr. Weston, at the Priory), and all these, and Mother, on her side, with me following her, went out to look for the fugitives.

We went by pairs, taking different roads. Mother's was the right one as it appeared, for we had not

walked many minutes, when we saw a white figure coming towards us, glimmering out of the dark, and heard a voice singing.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" says Mother, and "Gott sey dank," and I know not what exclamations of gratitude and relief. It was the voice of the Countess.

As we came up, she knew us with our light, and began to imitate, in her crazy way, the cry of the watchman, whom the poor sleepless soul had often heard under the windows. "Past twelve o'clock, a starlight night!" she sang, and gave one of her sad laughs.

When we came up to her we found her in a white wrapper, her hair flowing down her back and over her poor pale face, and again she sang, "Past twelve o'clock."

*The child was not with her.* Mother trembled in every limb. The lantern shook so in her hand I thought she would drop it.

She put it down on the ground. She took her shawl off her back, and covered the poor lady with it, who smiled in her childish way, and said, "C'est bon; c'est chaud ça; ah! que c'est bien!"

As I chanced to look down at the lady's feet, I saw one of them was naked. Mother, herself in a dreadful agitation, embraced and soothed Madame de Saverne. "Tell me, my angel, tell me, my love, where is the child?" says Mother, almost fainting.

"The child, what child? That little brat who always cries? I know nothing about children," says the poor thing. "Take me to my bed this moment, Madam! How dare you bring me into the streets with naked feet!"

"Where have you been walking, my dear?" says poor Mother, trying to soothe her.

"I have been to Great Saverne. I wore a domino. I knew the coachman quite well, though he was muffled up all but his nose. I was presented to Monseigneur le Cardinal. I made him such a curtsy — like this. Oh, my foot hurts me!"

She often rambled about this ball and play, and hummed snatches of tunes and little phrases of dialogue, which she may have heard there. Indeed, I believe it was the only play and ball the poor thing ever saw in her life; her brief life, her wretched life. 'Tis pitiful to think how unhappy it was. When I recall it, it tears my heart strings somehow, as it doth to see a child in pain.

As she held up the poor bleeding foot, I saw that the edge of her dress was all wet, and covered *with sand*.

"Mother, Mother!" said I, "she has been to the sea!"

"Have you been to the sea, Clarisse?" asks mother.

"J'ai été au bal: j'ai dansé; j'ai chanté. J'ai bien reconnu mon cocher. J'ai été au bal chez le Cardinal. But you must not tell M. de Saverne. Oh, no, you must n't tell him!"

A sudden thought came to me. And, whenever I remember it, my heart is full of thankfulness to the gracious Giver of all good thoughts. Madame, of whom I was not afraid, and who sometimes was amused by my prattle, would now and then take a walk accompanied by Martha her maid, who held the infant, and myself, who liked to draw it in its little carriage. We used to walk down to the shore, and there was a rock there, on which the poor lady would sit for hours.

"You take her home, Mother," says I, all in a tremble. "You give me the lantern, and I'll go —

I'll go" — I was off before I said where. Down I went through Westgate; down I ran along the road towards the place I guessed at. When I had gone a few hundred yards, I saw in the road something white. It was *the Countess's slipper*, that she had left there. I knew she had gone that way.

I got down to the shore, running, running with all my little might. The moon had risen by this time, shining gloriously over a great silver sea. A tide of silver was pouring in over the sand. Yonder was that rock where we often had sat. The infant was sleeping on it under the stars unconscious. He, who loves little children, had watched over it. I scarce can see the words as I write them down. My little baby was waking. She had known nothing of the awful sea coming nearer with each wave; but she knew me as I came, and smiled and warbled a little infant welcome. I took her up in my arms, and trotted home with my pretty burden. As I paced up the hill, M. de la Motte and one of the French clergymen met me. By ones and twos the other searchers after my little wanderer came home from their quest. She was laid in her little crib, and never knew, until years later, the danger from which she had been rescued.

My adventures became known in our town, and I made some acquaintances who were very kind to me, and were the means of advancing me in after-life. I was too young to understand much what was happening round about me; but now, if the truth must be told, I must confess that old grandfather, besides his business of perruquier, which you will say is no very magnificent trade, followed others which were far less reputable. What do you say, for instance, of a church elder, who lends money *à la petite semaine*,

and at great interest? The fishermen, the market-people, nay, one or two farmers and gentlemen round about, were beholden to Grandfather for supplies, and they came to him, to be *shaved* in more ways than one. No good came out of his gains, as I shall presently tell: but meanwhile his hands were forever stretched out to claw other folks' money towards himself; and it must be owned that *Madame sa bru* loved a purse too, and was by no means scrupulous as to the way of filling it. Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte was free-handed and grand in his manner. He paid a pension, I know not how much, for the maintenance of poor Madame de Saverne. He had brought her to the strait in which she was, poor thing. Had he not worked on her, she never would have left her religion; she never would have fled from her husband: that fatal duel would never have occurred: right or wrong, he was the cause of her calamity, and he would make it as light as it might be. I know how, for years, extravagant and embarrassed as he was, he yet supplied means for handsomely maintaining the little Agnes when she was presently left an orphan in the world, when mother and father both were dead, and her relatives at home disowned her.

The ladies of Barr, Agnes's aunts, totally denied that the infant was their brother's child, and refused any contribution towards her maintenance. Her mother's family equally disavowed her. They had been taught the same story, and I suppose we believe willingly enough what we wish to believe. The poor lady was guilty. Her child had been born in her husband's absence. When his return was announced, she fled from her home, not daring to face him; and the unhappy Comte de Saverne died by the pistol of the man who had already robbed him of his honor.

La Motte had to bear this obloquy, or only protest against it by letters from England. He could not go over to Lorraine, where he was plunged in debt. "At least, Duval," said he to me, when I shook hands with him, and with all my heart forgave him, "mad, and reckless as I have been, and fatal to all whom I loved; I have never allowed the child to want, and have supported her in comfort, when I was myself almost without a meal." A bad man, no doubt this was; and yet not utterly wicked: a great criminal who paid an awful penalty. Let us be humble, who have erred too; and thankful, if we have a hope that we have found mercy.

I believe it was some braggart letter, which La Motte wrote to a comrade in M. de Vaux's camp, and in which he boasted of making the conversion of a *petite Protestante* at Strasbourg, which came to the knowledge of poor M. de Saverne, hastened his return home, and brought about this dreadful end. La Motte owned as much, indeed, in the last interview I ever had with him.

Who told Madame de Saverne of her husband's death? It was not for years after that I myself (unlucky chatterbox, whose tongue was always blabbing) knew what had happened. My mother thought that she must have overheard Bidois the boatman, who told the whole story over his glass of Geneva in our parlor. The Countess's chamber was overhead, and the door left open. The poor thing used to be very angry at the notion of a locked door, and since that awful escapade to the sea-shore, my mother slept in her room, or a servant whom she liked pretty well supplied Mother's place.

In her condition the dreadful event affected her but little; and we never knew that she was aware of



it until one evening when it happened that a neighbor, one of our French people of Rye, was talking over the tea-table, and telling us of a dreadful thing he had seen on Penenden Heath as he was coming home. He there saw *a woman burned at the stake* for the murder of her husband. The story is in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for the year 1769, and that will settle pretty well the date of the evening when our neighbor related the horrible tale to us.

Poor Madame de Saverne (who had a very grand air, and was perfectly like a lady) said quite simply, "In this case, my good Ursule, I shall be burned too. For you know I was the cause of my husband being killed. M. le Chevalier went and killed him in Corsica." And she looked round with a little smile, and nodded; and arranged her white dress with her slim hot hands.

When the poor thing spoke, the Chevalier sank back as if he had been shot himself.

"Good-night, neighbor Marion," groans Mother; "she is very bad to-night. Come to bed, my dear, come to bed." And the poor thing followed Mother, curtsying very finely to the company, and saying, quite softly, "*Oui, oui, oui*, they will burn me; they will burn me."

This idea seized upon her mind and never left it. Madame la Comtesse passed a night of great agitation; talking incessantly. Mother and her maid were up with her all night. All night long we could hear her songs, her screams, her terrible laughter. Oh, pitiful was thy lot in this world, poor guiltless, harmless lady. In thy brief years, how little happiness! For thy marriage portion only gloom, and terror, and submission, and captivity. The awful Will above us ruled it so. Poor frightened spirit! it has

woke under serener skies now, and passed out of reach of our terrors, and temptations, and troubles.

At my early age I could only be expected to obey my elders and parents, and to consider all things were right which were done round about me. Mother's cuffs on the head I received without malice, and if the truth must be owned, had not seldom to submit to the *major* operation which my grandfather used to perform with a certain rod which he kept in a locked cupboard, and accompany with long wearisome sermons between each cut or two of his favorite instrument. These good people, as I gradually began to learn, bore but an indifferent reputation in the town which they inhabited, and were neither liked by the French of their own colony, nor by the English among whom we dwelt. Of course, being a simple little fellow, I honored my father and mother as became me — my grandfather and mother, that is — father being dead some years.

Grandfather, I knew, had a share in a fishing-boat, as numbers of people had, both at Rye and Winchelsea. Stokes, our fisherman, took me out once or twice, and I liked the sport very much: but it appeared that I ought to have said nothing about the boat and the fishing — for one night when we pulled out only a short way beyond a rock which we used to call the Bull Rock, from a pair of horns which stuck out of the water, and there were hailed by my old friend Bidois, who had come from Boulogne in his lugger; and then — Well then, I was going to explain the whole matter artlessly to one of our neighbors who happened to step in to supper, when Grandpapa (who had made a grace of five minutes long before taking the dish-cover off) fetched me a slap across the face

which sent me reeling off my perch. And the Chevalier, who was supping with us, only laughed at my misfortune.

This being laughed at somehow affected me more than the blows. I was used to those, from Grandfather and Mother too; but when people once had been kind to me I could not bear a different behavior from them. And this gentleman certainly was. He improved my French very much, and used to laugh at my blunders and bad pronunciation. He took a good deal of pains with me when I was at home, and made me speak French like a little gentleman.

In a very brief time he learned English himself, with a droll accent to be sure, but so as to express himself quite intelligibly. His head-quarters were at Winchelsea, though he would frequently be away at Deal, Dover, Canterbury, even London. He paid Mother a pension for little Agnes, who grew apace, and was the most winning child I ever set eyes on. I remember, as well as yesterday, the black dress which was made for her after her poor mother's death, her pale cheeks, and the great solemn eyes gazing out from under the black curling ringlets which fell over her forehead and face.

Why do I make zigzag journeys? 'T is the privilege of old age to be garrulous, and its happiness to remember early days. As I sink back in my arm-chair, safe and sheltered *post tot discrimina*, and happier than it has been the lot of most fellow-sinners to be, the past comes back to me—the stormy past, the strange unhappy yet happy past—and I look at it scared and astonished sometimes; as huntsmen look at the gaps and ditches over which they have leaped, and wonder how they are alive.

My good fortune in rescuing that little darling child

caused the Chevalier to be very kind to me; and when he was with us, I used to hang on to the skirts of his coat, and prattle for hours together, quite losing all fear of him. Except my kind namesake, the captain and admiral, this was the first *gentleman* I ever met in intimacy—a gentleman with many a stain, nay crime to reproach him; but not all lost, I hope and pray. I own to having a kindly feeling towards that fatal man. I see myself a child prattling at his coat-skirts, and trotting along our roads and marshes with him. I see him with his sad pale face—and a kind of *blighting* look he had—looking at that unconscious lady, at that little baby. My friends the Neapolitans would have called his an evil eye, and exorcised it accordingly. A favorite walk we had was to a house about a mile out of Winchelsea, where a grazing farmer lived. My delight then was to see not his cattle, but his pigeons, of which he had a good stock, of croppers, pouters, runts, and turbits; and amongst these I was told there were a sort of pigeons called carriers, which would fly for prodigious distances, returning from the place to which they were taken though it were ever so distant, to that where they lived and were bred.

Whilst I was at Mr. Perreau's, one of these pigeons actually came in flying from the sea, as it appeared to me: and Perreau looked at it, and fondled it, and said to the Chevalier, "There is nothing. It is to be at the old place." On which M. le Chevalier only said, "C'est bien;" and as we walked away told me all he knew about pigeons, which I dare say was no great knowledge.

Why did he say there was nothing? I asked in the innocence of my prattle. The Chevalier told me that these birds sometimes brought messages, written

on a little paper, and tied under their wings, and that Perrean said there was nothing because there was nothing.

"Oh, then! he sometimes *does* have messages with his birds?"

The Chevalier shrugged his shoulder, and took a great pinch out of his fine snuff-box. "What did papa Duval do to you the other day when you began to talk too fast?" says he. "Learn to hold thy little tongue, Denis, *mon garçon*. If thou livest a little longer, and tellest all thou seest, the Lord help thee!" And I suppose our conversation ended here, and he strode home, and I trotted after him.

I narrate these things occurring in childhood by the help of one or two marks which have been left behind — as the ingenious boy found his way home by the pebbles which he dropped along his line of march. Thus I happen to know the year when poor Madame de Saverne must have been ill, by referring to the date of the execution of the woman whom our neighbor saw burned on Penenden Heath. Was it days, was it weeks after this that Madame de Saverne's illness ended as all our illnesses will end one day?

During the whole course of her illness, whatever its length may have been, those priests from Slindon (or from Mr. Weston's the Popish gentleman's at the Priory) were constantly in our house, and I suppose created a great scandal among the Protestants of the town. M. de la Motte showed an extraordinary zeal in this business; and, sinner as he was, certainly was a most devout sinner, according to his persuasion. I do not remember, or was not cognizant, when the end came; but I remember my astonishment as, passing by her open chamber door, I saw candles lighted before her bed, and some of those clergy watching

there, and the Chevalier de la Motte kneeling in the passage in an attitude of deep contrition and grief.

On that last day there was, as it appeared, a great noise and disturbance round our house. The people took offence at the perpetual coming in and out of the priest; and on the very night when the coffin was to be taken from our house, and the clergymen were performing the last services there, the windows of the room, where the poor lady lay, were broken in by a great volley of stones, and a roaring mob shouting, "No Popery, down with priests!"

Grandfather lost all courage at these threatening demonstrations, and screamed out at his *bru* for bringing all this persecution and danger upon him. "Silence, *miserable!*" says she. "Go sit in the back kitchen and count your money-bags!" *She*, at least, did not lose her courage.

M. de la Motte, though not frightened, was much disturbed. The matter might be very serious. I did not know at the time how furiously angry our townspeople were with my parents for harboring a Papist. Had they known that the lady was a converted Protestant, they would, doubtless, have been more violent still.

We were in a manner besieged in our house; the garrison being — the two priests in much terror; my grandfather, under the bed for what I know, or somewhere where he would be equally serviceable; my mother and the Chevalier, with their wits about them; and little Denis Duval, no doubt very much in the way. When the poor lady died it was thought advisable to send her little girl out of the way; and Mrs. Weston at the Priory took her in, who belonged, as has before been said, to the ancient faith.

We looked out with no little alarm for the time

when the hearse should come to take the poor lady's body away; for the people would not leave the street, and barricaded either end of it, having perpetrated no actual violence beyond the smashing of the windows as yet, but ready no doubt for more mischief.

Calling me to him, M. de la Motte said, "Denis, thou rememberest about the carrier pigeon the other day with nothing under his wing?" I remembered, of course.

"Thou shalt be my carrier pigeon. Thou shalt carry no letter but a message. I can trust thee now with a secret." And I kept it, and will tell it now that the people are quite out of danger from *that* piece of intelligence, as I can promise you.

"You know Mr. Weston's house?" Know the house where Agnes was—the best house in the town? Of course I did. He named eight or ten houses besides Weston's at which I was to go and say, "The mackerel are coming in. Come as many of you as can." And I went to the houses, and said the words; and when the people said, "Where?" I said, "Opposite our house," and so went on.

The last and handsomest house (I had never been in it before) was Mr. Weston's, at the Priory: and there I went and called to see him. And I remember Mrs. Weston was walking up and down a gallery over the hall with a little crying child who would not go to sleep.

"Agnes, Agnes!" says I, and that baby was quiet in a minute, smiling, and crowing, and flinging out her arms. Indeed, mine was the first name she could speak.

The gentlemen came out of their parlor, where they were over their pipes, and asked me, surlily enough, "What I wanted." I said, "The mackerel were

out, and the crews were wanted before Peter Duval's, the barber's." And one of them, with a scowl on his face, and an oath, said they would be there, and shut the door in my face.

As I went away from the Priory, and crossed the churchyard by the Rectory gate, who should come up but Dr. Barnard in his gig, with lamps lighted; and I always saluted him after he had been so kind to me, and had given me the books and the cake. "What," says he, "my little shrimper! Have you fetched any fish off the rocks to-night?"

"Oh, no, sir!" says I. "I have been taking messages all round."

"And what message, my boy?"

I told him the message about the mackerel, etc.; but added that I must not tell the names, for the Chevalier had desired me not to mention them. And then I went on to tell how there was a great crowd in the street, and that they were breaking windows at our house.

"Breaking windows? What for?" I told him what had happened. "Take Dolly to the stables. Don't say anything to your mistress, Samuel, and come along with me, my little shrimper," says the Doctor. He was a very tall man in a great white wig. I see him now skipping over the tombstones, by the great ivy tower of the church, and so through the churchyard gate towards our house.

The hearse had arrived by this time. The crowd had increased, and there was much disturbance and agitation. As soon as the hearse came, a yell rose up from the people. "Silence, shame! Hold your tongue! Let the poor woman go in quiet," a few people said. These were the men *of the mackerel fishery*; whom the Weston gentleman presently joined.



But the fishermen were a small crowd; the townspeople were many and very angry. As we passed by the end of Port Street (where our house was) we could see the people crowding at either end of the street, and in the midst the great hearse with its black plumes before our door.

It was impossible that the hearse could pass through the crowd at either end of the street, if the people were determined to bar the way. I went in, as I had come, by the back gate of the garden, where the lane was still quite solitary, Dr. Barnard following me. We were awfully scared as we passed through the back kitchen (where the oven and boiler is) by the sight of an individual who suddenly leaped out of the copper, and who cried out, "O mercy, mercy, save me from the wicked men!" This was my grandpapa, and, with all respect for grandpapas (being of their age and standing myself now), I cannot but own that mine on this occasion cut rather a pitiful figure.

"Save my house! Save my property!" shouts my ancestor, and the Doctor turns away from him scornfully, and passes on.

In the passage out of this back kitchen we met Monsieur de la Motte, who says, "Ah, c'est toi, mon garçon. Thou hast been on thy errands. Our people are well there!" and he makes a bow to the Doctor, who came in with me, and who replied by a salutation equally stiff. M. de la Motte, reconnoitring from the upper room, had, no doubt, seen his people arrive. As I looked towards him I remarked that he was armed. He had a belt with pistols in it, and a sword by his side.

In the back room were the two Roman Catholic clergymen, and four men who had come with the

hearse. They had been fiercely assailed as they entered the house with curses, shouts, hustling, and I believe even sticks and stones. My mother was serving them with brandy when we came in. She was astonished when she saw the rector make his appearance in our house. There was no love between his reverence and our family.

He made a very grand obeisance to the Roman Catholic clergyman. "Gentlemen," said he, "as rector of this parish, and magistrate of the county, I have come to keep the peace: and if there is any danger, to share it with you. The lady will be buried in the old churchyard, I hear. Mr. Trestles, are you ready to move?"

The men said they would be prepared immediately, and went to bring down their melancholy burden. "Open the door, you!" says the Doctor. The people within shrank back. "I will do it," says my mother.

"Et moi, parbleu!" says the Chevalier advancing, his hand on his hilt.

"I think, sir, I shall be more serviceable than you," says the Doctor, very coldly. "If these gentlemen, my *confrères*, are ready, we will go out; I will go first as rector of this parish." And Mother drew the bolts, and he walked out and took off his hat.

A Babel roar of yells, shouts, curses, came pouring into the hall as the door opened, and the Doctor remained on the steps, bareheaded and undaunted.

"How many of my parishioners are here? Stand aside all who come to my church!" he called out very bold.

At this arose immense roars of "No Popery! down with the priests! down with them! drown them!" and I know not what more words of hatred and menace.

"You men of the French church," shouted out the Doctor, "are you here?"

"We are here! Down with Popery!" roar the Frenchmen.

"Because you were persecuted a hundred years ago, you want to persecute in your turn. Is that what your Bible teaches you? Mine does n't. When your church wanted repair, I gave you my nave where you had your service, and were welcome. Is this the way you repay kindness which has been shown to you, you who ought to know better? For shame on you! I say for shame! Don't try and frighten *me*. Roger Hooker, I know you, you poaching vagabond; who kept your wife and children when you were at Lewes Jail? How dare *you* be persecuting anybody, Thomas Flint? As sure as my name is Barnard, if you stop this procession, I will commit you to-morrow."

Here was a cry of "Huzzay for the Doctor! huzzay for the Rector!" which I am afraid came from the *mackerels*, who were assembled by this time, and were *not* mum as fish generally are.

"Now, gentlemen, advance, if you please!" This he said to the two foreign clergymen, who came forward courageously enough, the Chevalier de la Motte walking behind them. "Listen, you friends and parishioners, Churchmen and Dissenters! These two foreign dissenting clergymen are going to bury, in a neighboring churchyard, a departed sister, as you foreign dissenters have buried your own dead without harm or hindrance; and I will accompany these gentlemen to the grave prepared for the deceased lady, and I will see her laid in peace there, as surely as I hope myself to lie in peace."

Here the people shouted; but it was with admiration for the Rector. There was no outcry any more.

The little procession fell into an orderly rank, passed through the streets, and round the Protestant church to the old burying-ground behind the house of the Priory. The Rector walked between the two Roman Catholic clergymen. I imagine the scene before me now — the tramp of the people, the flicker of a torch or two ; and then we go in at the gate of the Priory ground into the old graveyard of the monastery, where a grave had been dug, on which the stone still tells that Clarissa, born de Viomesnil, and widow of Francis Stanislas Count of Saverne and Barr in Lorraine, lies buried beneath.

When the service was ended, the Chevalier de la Motte (by whose side I stood, holding by his cloak) came up to the Doctor. "Monsieur le Docteur," says he, "you have acted like a gallant man ; you have prevented bloodshed—"

"I am fortunate, sir," says the Doctor.

"You have saved the lives of these two worthy ecclesiastics, and rescued from insult the remains of one —"

"Of whom I know the sad history," says the Doctor, very gravely.

"I am not rich, but will you permit me to give this purse for your poor ?"

"Sir, it is my duty to accept it," replied the Doctor. ♦ The purse contained a hundred louis, as he afterwards told me.

"And may I ask to take your hand, sir ?" cries the poor Chevalier, clasping his own together.

"No, sir!" said the Doctor, putting his own hands behind his back. "Your hands have that on them which the gift of a few guineas cannot wash away." The Doctor spoke very good French. "My child, good-night ; and the best thing I can wish

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thee is to wish thee out of the hands of that man."

"Monsieur!" says the Chevalier, laying his hand on his sword mechanically.

"I think, sir, the last time it was with the pistol you showed your skill!" says Dr. Barnard, and went in at his own wicket as he spoke, leaving poor La Motte like a man who has just been struck with a blow; and then he fell to weeping and crying that the curse — the curse of Cain was upon him.

"My good boy," the old Rector said to me in after days, while talking over these adventures, "thy friend the Chevalier was the most infernal scoundrel I ever set eyes on, and I never looked at his foot without expecting to see it was cloven."

"And could he tell me anything about the poor Countess?" I asked. He knew nothing. He saw her but once, he thought. "And faith," says he, with an arch look, "it so happened that I was not too intimate with your *own* worthy family."

## CHAPTER V.

### I HEAR THE SOUND OF BOW BELLS.

WHATEVER may have been the Rector's dislike to my parents, in respect to us juniors and my dear little Agnes de Saverne he had no such prejudices, and both of us were great favorites with him. He considered himself to be a man entirely without prejudices; and towards Roman Catholics he certainly was most liberal. He sent his wife to see Mrs. Weston, and an acquaintance was made between the families, who had scarcely known each other before. Little Agnes was constantly with these Westons, with whom the Chevalier de la Motte also became intimate. Indeed, we have seen that he must have known them already, when he sent me on the famous "mackerel" message which brought together a score at least of townspeople. I remember Mrs. Weston as a frightened-looking woman, who seemed as if she had a ghost constantly before her. Frightened, however, or not, she was always kind to my little Agnes.

The younger of the Weston brothers (he who swore at me the night of the burial) was a red-eyed, pimple-faced, cock-fighting gentleman forever on the trot, and known, I dare say not very favorably, all the country round. They were said to be gentlemen of good private means. They lived in a pretty genteel way, with a post-chaise for the lady, and excellent nags to ride. They saw very little company; but this may have been because they were Roman Cath-

olics, of whom there were not many in the county, except at Arundel and Slindon, where the lords and ladies were of too great quality to associate with a pair of mere fox-hunting, horse-dealing squires. M. de la Motte, who was quite the fine gentleman, as I have said, associated with these people freely enough: but then he had interests in common with them, which I began to understand when I was some ten or a dozen years old, and used to go to see my little Agnes at the Priory. She was growing apace to be a fine lady. She had dancing-masters, music-masters, language-masters (those foreign *tonsured* gentry who were always about the Priory), and was so tall that Mother talked of putting powder in her hair. Ah, *belle dame!* another hand hath since whitened it, though I love it ebony or silver!

I continued at Rye School, boarding with Mr. Budge and his dram-drinking daughter, and got a pretty fair smattering of such learning as was to be had at the school. I had a fancy to go to sea, but Dr. Barnard was strong against that wish of mine: unless indeed I should go out of Rye and Winchelsea altogether—get into a king's ship, and perhaps on the quarterdeck, under the patronage of my friend Sir Peter Dennis, who ever continued to be kind to me.

Every Saturday night I trudged home from Rye, as gay as schoolboy could be. After Madame de Saverne's death the Chevalier de la Motte took our lodgings on the first floor. He was of an active disposition, and found business in plenty to occupy him. He would be absent from his lodgings for weeks and months. He made journeys on horseback into the interior of the country; went to London often; and

sometimes abroad with our fishermen's boats. As I have said, he learned our language well, and taught me his. Mother's German was better than her French, and my book for reading the German was Doctor Luther's Bible; indeed, that very volume in which poor M. de Saverne wrote down his prayer for the child whom he was to see only twice in this world.

Though Agnes's little chamber was always ready at our house, where she was treated like a little lady, having a servant specially attached to her, and all the world to spoil her, she passed a great deal of time with Mrs. Weston, of the Priory, who took a great affection for the child even before she lost her own daughter. I have said that good masters were here found for her. She learned to speak English as a native, of course, and French and music from the Fathers who always were about the house. Whatever the child's expenses or wants were, M. de la Motte generously defrayed them. After his journeys he would bring her back toys, sweetmeats, knick-knacks fit for a little duchess. She lorded it over great and small in the Priory, in the *Perruquery*, as we may call my mother's house, ay, and in the Rectory too, where Dr. and Mrs. Barnard were her very humble servants, like all the rest of us.

And here I may as well tell you that I was made to become a member of the Church of England, because Mother took huff at our French Protestants, who would continue persecuting her for harboring the Paucets, and insisted that between the late poor Countess and the Chevalier there had been an unlawful intimacy. M. Borel, our pastor, preached at poor mother's funeral, she said. I did not understand his inimitable being a simple child, I fear not caring much



for sermons in those days. For Grandpapa's I know I did not; he used to give us half an hour at morning, and half an hour at evening. I could not help thinking of Grandfather skipping out of the copper, and calling on us to spare his life on the day of the funeral; and his preaching went in at one ear and out at t'other. One day — *à propos* of some pomatum which a customer wanted to buy, and which I knew Mother made with lard and bergamot herself — I heard him tell such a fib to a customer, that somehow I never could respect the old man afterwards. He actually said the pomatum had just come to him from France direct — from the Dauphin's own hair-dresser: and our neighbor, I dare say, would have bought it, but I said, "Oh, Grandpapa, you must mean some other pomatum! I saw Mother make this with her own hands." Grandfather actually began to cry when I said this. He said I was being his death. He asked that some body should fetch him out and hang him that moment. Why is there no bear, says he, to eat that little monster's head off and destroy that prodigy of crime? Nay, I used to think I *was* a monster sometimes: he would go on so fiercely about my wickedness and perverseness.

Dr. Barnard was passing by our pole one day, and our open door, when Grandfather was preaching upon this sin of mine, with a strap in one hand, laying over my shoulders in the intervals of the discourse. Down goes the strap in a minute, as the Doctor's lean figure makes its appearance at the door; and Grandfather begins to smirk and bow, and hope his reverence was well. My heart was full. I had had sermon in the morning, and sermon at night, and strapping every day that week; and Heaven help me, I loathed that old man, and loathe him still.

"How can I, sir," says I, bursting out into a passion of tears — "How can I honor my grandfather and mother if Grandfather tells such d—— lies as he does?" And I stamped with my feet, trembling with wrath and indignation at the disgrace put upon me. I then burst out with my story, which there was no controverting; and I will say Grandfather looked at me as if he would kill me; and I ended my tale sobbing at the Doctor's knees.

"Listen, Mr. Duval," says Dr. Barnard, very sternly: "I know a great deal more than you think about you and your doings." My advice to you is to treat this child well, and to leave off some practices which will get you into trouble, as sure as your name is what it is. I know where your pigeons go to, and where they come from. And some day, when I have you in my justice-room, we shall see whether I will show you any more mercy than you have shown to this child. I know you to be —" and the Doctor whispered something into Grandfather's ears and stalked away.

Can you guess by what name the Doctor called my grandfather? If he called him hypocrite, *ma foi*, he was not far wrong. But the truth is, he called him smuggler, and that was a name which fitted hundreds of people along our coast, I promise you. At Hythe, at Folkestone, at Dover, Deal, Sandwich, there were scores and scores of these gentry. All the way to London they had depots, friends, and correspondents. Inland and along the Thames there were battles endless between them and the revenue people. Our friends "the mackerel," who came out at Monsieur de la Motte's summons, of course were of this calling. One day when he came home from one of his expeditions, I remember jumping forward to welcome him,

for he was at one time very kind to me, and as I ran into his arms he started back, and shrieked out an oath and a *sacré-bleu* or two. He was wounded in the arm. There had been a regular battle at Deal between the dragoons and revenue officers on the one side, and the smugglers and their friends. Cavalry had charged cavalry, and Monsieur de la Motte (his smuggling name, he told me afterwards, was Mr. Paul, or Pole) had fought on the *mackerel* side.

So were my gentlemen at the Priory of the Mackerel party. Why, I could name you great names of merchants and bankers at Canterbury, Dover, Rochester, who were engaged in this traffic. My grandfather, you see, howled with the wolves; but then he used to wear a snug *lamb's-skin* over his wolf's hide. Ah, shall I thank Heaven, like the Pharisee, that I am not as those men are? I hope there is no harm in being thankful that I have been brought out of temptation; that I was not made a rogue at a child's age; and that I did not come to the gallows as a man. Such a fate has befallen more than one of the precious friends of my youth, as I shall have to relate in due season.

That habit I had of speaking out everything that was on my mind brought me, as a child, into innumerable scrapes, but I do thankfully believe has preserved me from still greater. What could you do with a little chatterbox, who, when his grandfather offered to sell a pot of pomatum as your true Pommade de Cythère, must cry out, "No, Grandpapa, Mother made it with marrow and bergamot"? If anything happened which I was not to mention, I was sure to blunder out some account of it. Good Dr. Barnard, and my patron Captain Denis (who was a great friend of our Rector), I suppose used to joke about this pro-

pensity of mine, and would laugh for ten minutes together, as I told my stories; and I think the Doctor had a serious conversation with my mother on the matter; for she said, "He has reason. The boy shall not go any more. We will try and have *one* honest man in the family."

Go any more *where*? Now I will tell you (and I am much more ashamed of this than of the barber's pole, *Monsieur mon fils*, that I can promise you). When I was boarding at the grocer's at Rye, I and other boys were constantly down at the water, and we learned to manage a boat pretty early. Rudge did not go out himself, being rheumatic and lazy, but his apprentice would be absent frequently all night; and on more than one occasion I went out as odd boy in the boat to put my hand to anything.

Those pigeons I spoke of anon came from Boulogne. When one arrived he brought a signal that our Boulogne correspondent was on his way, and we might be on the look-out. The French boat would make for a point agreed upon, and we lie off until she came. We took cargo from her: barrels without number, I remember. Once we saw her chased away by a revenue-cutter. Once the same ship fired at us. I did not know what the balls were, which splashed close alongside of us; but I remember the apprentice of Rudge's (he used to make love to Miss R., and married her afterwards) singing out, "Lord, have mercy," in an awful consternation, and the Chevalier crying out, "Hold, your tongue, *miserable*! You were never born to be drowned or shot." He had some hesitation about taking me out on this expedition. He was engaged in running smuggled goods, that is the fact; and "smuggler" was the word which Doctor Barnard whispered in my grandfather's ear. If we were hard

pressed at certain points which we knew, and could ascertain by cross-bearings which we took, we would sink our kegs till a more convenient time, and then return and drag for them, and bring them up with line and grapnel.

I certainly behaved much better when we were fired at than that oaf of a Bevil, who lay howling his "Lord, have mercy upon us," at the bottom of the boat; but somehow the Chevalier discouraged my juvenile efforts in the smuggling line, from his fear of that unlucky tongue of mine, which would blab everything I knew. I may have been out *a-fishing* half a dozen times in all; but especially after we had been fired at, La Motte was for leaving me at home. My mother was averse, too, to my becoming a seaman (a smuggler) by profession. Her aim was to make a gentleman of me, she said, and I am most unfeignedly thankful to her for keeping me out of mischief's way. Had I been permitted to herd along with the black sheep, Dr. Barnard would never have been so kind to me as he was; and indeed that good man showed me the greatest favor. When I came home from school he would often have me to the Rectory, and hear me my lessons, and he was pleased to say I was a lively boy of good parts.

The Doctor received rents for his college at Oxford, which has considerable property in these parts, and twice a year would go to London and pay the moneys over. In my boyish times these journeys to London were by no means without danger; and if you will take a "Gentleman's Magazine" from the shelf you will find a highway robbery or two in every month's chronicle. We boys at school were never tired of talking of highwaymen and their feats. As I often had to walk over to Rye from home of a night (so as to be in time for early morning school), I must needs

buy a little brass-barrelled pistol, with which I practised in secret, and which I had to hide, lest Mother or Rudge, or the schoolmaster, should take it away from me. Once as I was talking with a schoolfellow, and vamping about what we would do, were we attacked, I fired my pistol and shot away a piece of his coat. I might have hit his stomach, not his coat — Heaven be good to us! — and this accident made me more careful in the use of my artillery. And now I used to practise with small shot instead of bullets, and pop at sparrows whenever I could get a chance.

At Michaelmas, in the year 1776 (I promise you I remember the year), my dear and kind friend, Dr. Barnard, having to go to London with his rents, proposed to take me to London to see my other patron, Sir Peter Denis, between whom and the Doctor there was a great friendship; and it is to those dear friends that I owe the great good fortune which has befallen me in life. Indeed, when I think of what I might have been, and of what I have escaped, my heart is full of thankfulness for the great mercies which have fallen to my share. Well, at this happy and eventful Michaelmas of 1776, Dr. Barnard says to me, "Denis, my child, if thy mother will grant leave, I have a mind to take thee to see thy godfather, Sir Peter Denis, in London. I am going up with my rents, my neighbor Weston will share the horses with me, and thou shalt see the Tower and Mrs. Salmon's wax-work before thou art a week older."

You may suppose that this proposition made Master Denis Duval jump for joy. Of course I had heard of London all my life, and talked with people who had been there, but that I should go myself to Admiral Sir Peter Denis's house, and see the play, St. Paul's and Mrs. Salmon's, here was a height of bliss

I never had hoped to attain. I could not sleep for thinking of my pleasure; I had some money, and I promised to buy as many toys for Agnes as the Chevalier used to bring her. My mother said I should go like a gentleman, and turned me out in a red waistcoat with plate buttons, a cock to my hat, and ruffles to my shirts. How I counted the hours of the night before our departure! I was up before the dawn, packing my little valise. I got my little brass-barrelled pocket-pistol, and I loaded it with shot. I put it away into my breast-pocket; and if we met with a highwayman I promised myself he should have my charge of lead in his face. The Doctor's post-chaise was at his stables not very far from us. The stable lanterns were alight, and Brown, the Doctor's man, cleaning the carriage, when Mr. Denis Duval comes up to the stable door, lugging his portmanteau after him through the twilight. Was ever daylight so long a-coming? Ah! There come the horses at last; the horses from the "King's Head," and old Pascoe, the one-eyed postilion. How well I remember the sound of their hoofs in that silent street! I can tell everything that happened on that day; what we had for dinner — viz., veal cutlets and French beans, at Maidstone; where we changed horses, and the color of the horses. "Here, Brown! Here's my portmanteau! I say, where shall I stow it?" My portmanteau was about as large as a good-sized apple-pie. I jump into the carriage and we drive up to the Rectory: and I think the Doctor will never come out. There he is at last: with his mouth full of buttered toast, and I bob my head to him a hundred times out of the chaise window. Then I must jump out, forsooth. "Brown, shall I give you a hand with the luggage?" says I,

and I dare say they all laugh. Well, I am so happy that anybody may laugh who likes. The Doctor comes out, his precious box under his arm. I see dear Mrs. Barnard's great cap nodding at us out of the parlor window as we drive away from the Rectory door to stop a hundred yards farther on at the Priory.

There at the parlor window stands my dear little Agnes, in a white frock, in a great cap with a blue ribbon and bow, and curls clustering over her face. I wish Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted thee in those days, my dear: but thou wert the very image of one of his little ladies, that one who became Duchess of Buccleuch afterwards. There is my Agnes, and now presently comes out Mr. Weston's man and luggage, and it is fixed on the roof. Him, his master, Mr. George Weston, follows. This was the most good-natured of the two, and I shall never forget my sensation of delight, when I saw him bring out two holster-pistols, which he placed each in a pocket of the chaise. Is Tommy Chapman, the apothecary's son of Westgate, alive yet, and does he remember my wagging my head to him as our chaise whirled by? He was shaking a mat at the door of his father's shop as my lordship accompanied by my noble friends passed by.

First stage, Ham Street, "The Bear." A gray horse and a bay to change, I remember them. Second stage, Ashford. Third stage . . . I think I am asleep about the third stage: and no wonder, a poor lit wretch who had been awake half the night before and no doubt many nights previous, thinking of wonderful journey. Forth stage, Maidstone, "Bell." "And here we will stop to dinner, Mr Shrimpcatcher," says the Doctor, and I jumped



out of the carriage nothing loth. The Doctor followed with his box, of which he never lost sight.

The Doctor liked his ease in his inn, and took his sip of punch so comfortably, that I for my part, thought he never would be gone. I was out in the stables and looking at the horses, and talking to the ostler who was rubbing his nags down. I dare say I had a peep into the kitchen, and at the pigeons in the inn yard, and at all things which were to be seen at "The Bell," while my two companions were still at their interminable punch. It was an old-fashioned inn, with a gallery round the court-yard. Heaven bless us! Falstaff and Bardolph may have stopped there on the road to Gadshill. I was in the stable looking at the nags, when Mr. Weston comes out of the inn, looks round the court, opens the door of the post-chaise, takes out his pistols, looks at the priming, and puts them back again. Then we are off again, and time enough too. It seemed to me many hours since we had arrived at that creaking old "Bell." And away we go through Addington, Eynesford, by miles and miles of hop-gardens. I dare say I did not look at the prospect much, beautiful though it might be, my young eyes being for ever on the look-out for St. Paul's and London.

For a great part of the way Dr. Barnard and his companion had a fine controversy about their respective religions, for which each was alike zealous. Nay: it may be the Rector invited Mr. Weston to take a place in his post-chaise in order to have this battle, for he never tired of arguing the question between the two churches. Towards the close of the day Master Denis Duval fell asleep on Dr. Barnard's shoulder, and the good-natured clergyman did not disturb him.

I woke up with the sudden stoppage of the carriage. The evening was falling. We were upon a lonely common, and a man on horseback was at the window of the post-chaise.

"Give us out that there box! and your money!" I heard him say in a very gruff voice. Oh heavens! we were actually stopped by a highwayman! It was delightful.

Mr. Weston jumped at his pistols very quick. "Here's our money, you scoundrel!" says he, and he fired point-blank at the rogue's head. Confusion! The pistol missed fire. He aimed the second, and again no report followed!

"Some scoundrel has been tampering with these," says Mr. Weston, aghast.

"Come," says Captain Macheath, "come, your —"

But the next word the fellow spoke was a frightful oath; for I took out my little pistol, which was full of shot, and fired it into his face. The man reeled, and I thought would have fallen out of his saddle. The postilion, frightened no doubt, clapped spurs to his horse, and began to gallop. "Shan't we stop and take that rascal, sir?" said I to the Doctor. On which Mr. Weston gave a peevish kind of push at me, and said, "No, no. It is getting quite dark. Let us push on." And, indeed, the highwayman's horse had taken fright, and we could see him galloping away across the common.

I was so elated to think that I, a little boy, had shot a live highwayman, that I dare say I bragged outrageously of my action. We set down Mr. Weston at his inn in the Borough, and crossed London Bridge, and there I was in London at last. Yes, and that was the Monument, and then we came to the Exchange, and yonder, yonder was St. Paul's. We went

up Holborn, and so to Ormond Street, where my patron lived in a noble mansion; and where his wife, my Lady Denis, received me with a great deal of kindness. You may be sure the battle with the highwayman was fought over again, and I got due credit from myself and others for my gallantry.

Sir Peter and his lady introduced me to a number of their acquaintances as the little boy who shot the highwayman. They received a great deal of company, and I was frequently had in to their dessert. I suppose I must own that my home was below in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Jellicoe; but my lady took such a fancy to me that she continually had me up stairs, took me out driving in her chariot, or ordered one of the footmen to take me to the sights of the town, and sent me in his charge to the play. It was the last year Garrick performed; and I saw him in the play of Macbeth, in a gold-laced blue coat, with scarlet plush waistcoat and breeches. Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, was on the outskirts of the town, then, with open country behind, stretching as far as Hampstead. Bedford House, north of Bloomsbury Square, with splendid gardens, was close by, and Montague House, where I saw stuffed camelopards, and all sorts of queer things from foreign countries. Then there were the Tower and the Waxwork, and Westminster Abbey, and Vauxhall. What a glorious week of pleasure it was! At the week's end the kind Doctor went home again, and all those dear kind people gave me presents, and cakes, and money, and spoiled the little boy who shot the highwayman.

The affair was actually put into the newspapers, and who should come to hear of it but my gracious Sovereign himself. One day, Sir Peter Denis took me to see Kew Gardens and the new Chinese pagoda

her Majesty had put up. Whilst walking here, and surveying this pretty place, I had the good fortune to see his M-j-sty, walking with our most gracious Qu—n, the Pr—nce of W—s, *the Bishop of Osnaburg*, my namesake, and, I think, two, or it may be three, of the Princesses. Her M-j-sty knew Sir Peter from having sailed with him, saluted him very graciously, and engaged him in conversation. And the Best of Monarchs, looking towards his humblest subject and servant, said, "What, what? Little boy shot the highwayman. Shot him in the face. Shot him in the face!" On which the youthful Pr—nces graciously looked towards me, and the King asking Sir Peter what my profession was to be, the admiral said I hoped to be a sailor and serve his Majesty.

I promise you I was a mighty grand personage when I went home; and both at Rye and Winchelsea scores of people asked me what the King said. On our return, we heard of an accident which had happened to Mr. Joseph Weston, which ended most unhappily for that gentleman. On the very day when we set out for London he went out shooting—a sport of which he was very fond; but in climbing a hedge, and dragging his gun incautiously after him, the lock caught in a twig, and the piece discharged itself into the poor gentleman's face, lodging a number of shot into his left cheek, and into his eye, of which he lost the sight, after suffering much pain and torture.

"Bless my soul! A charge of small shot in his face! What an extraordinary thing!" cries Dr. Barnard, who came down to see Mother and Grandfather the day after our return home. Mrs. Barnard had told him of the accident at supper on the night previous. Had he been shot or shot some one him-

self, the Doctor could scarce have looked more scared. He put me in mind of Mr. Garrick, whom I had just seen at the playhouse, London, when he comes out after murdering the King.

"You look, *Docteur*, as if you done it yourself," says M. de la Motte, laughing, and in his English jargon. "Two time, three time, I say, Weston, you shoot yourself, you carry you gun that way, and he say he not born to be shot, and he swear!"

"But, my good Chevalier, Doctor Blades picked some bits of crape out of his eye, and thirteen or fourteen shot. What is the size of your shot, Denny, with which you fired at the highwayman?"

"*Quid autem vides festucam in oculo fratris tui, Doctor?*" says the Chevalier; "that is good doctrine — Protestant or Popish, eh?" On which the Doctor held down his head, and said, "Chevalier, I am corrected; I was wrong — very wrong."

"And as for crape," La Motte resumed, "Weston is in mourning. He go to funeral at Canterbury four days ago. Yes, he tell me so. He and my friend Lütterloh go." This Mr. Lütterloh was a German living near Canterbury, with whom M. de la Motte had dealings. He had dealings with all sorts of people; and very queer dealings, too, as I began to understand, now that I was a stout boy approaching fourteen years of age, and standing pretty tall in my shoes.

De la Motte laughed then at the Doctor's suspicions. "Parsons and women all the same, save your respect, ma bonne Madame Duval, all tell tales; all believe evil of their neighbors. I tell you I see Weston shoot twenty, thirty time. Always drag his gun through hedge."

"But the crape —?"

"Bah! Always in mourning, Weston is! For shame of your *caneans*, little Denis! Never think such thing again. Don't make Weston your enemy. If a man say that of me, I would shoot him myself, *parbleu!*"

"But if he has done it?"

"*Parbleu!* I would shoot him so much *ze mor!*" says the Chevalier, with a stamp of his foot. And the first time he saw me alone he reverted to the subject. "Listen, Denisot!" says he: "thou becomest a great boy. Take my counsel, and hold thy tongue. This suspicion against Mr. Joseph is a monstrous crime, as well as a folly. A man say that of me — right or wrong — I burn him the brain. Once I come home, and you run against me, and I cry out, and swear and pest. I was wounded myself, I deny it not."

"And I said nothing, sir," I interposed.

"No, I do thee justice: thou didst say nothing. You know the *métier* we make sometimes? That night in the boat" ("zat night in *ze* boat," he used to say), "when the revenue cutter fire, and your poor *camarade* howl — ah, how he howl — you don't suppose we were there to look for lobsterpot, eh? Tu n'as pas bronché, toi. You did not crane; you show yourself a man of heart. And now, petit, apprends à te taire!" And he gave me a shake of the hand, and a couple of guineas in it too, and went off to his stables on his business. He had two or three horses now, and was always on the trot; he was very liberal with his money, and used to have handsome entertainments in his up-stairs room, and never quarrelled about the bills which Mother sent in. "Hold thy tongue, Denisot," said he. "Never tell who comes in or who goes out. And mind thee, child, if thy

tongue wags, little birds come whisper me, and say, 'He tell.'"

I tried to obey his advice, and to rein in that truant tongue of mine. When Dr. and Mrs. Barnard themselves asked me questions I was mum, and perhaps rather disappointed the good lady and the Rector too by my reticence. For instance, Mrs. Barnard would say, "That was a nice goose I saw going from market to your house, Denny."

"Goose is very nice, Ma'am," says I.

"The Chevalier often has dinners?"

"Dines every day, regular, Ma'am."

"Sees the Westons a great deal?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I say, with an indescribable heart-pang. And the cause of that pang I may as well tell. You see, though I was only thirteen years old, and Agnes but eight, I loved that little maid with all my soul and strength. Boy or man I never loved any other woman. I write these very words by my study fire in Fareport with madam opposite dozing over her novel till the neighbors shall come in to tea and their rubber. When my ink is run out, and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o'clock prayer shall toll for a certain D. D., you will please, good neighbors, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan, when her turn shall arrive.

Now in the last year or two, since she had been adopted at the Priory, Agnes came less and less often to see us. She did not go to church with us, being a Catholic. She learned from the good Fathers her tutors. She learned music and French and dancing to perfection. All the county could not show a finer little lady. When she came to our shop it was indeed a little countess honoring us with a visit.

Mother was gentle before her — Grandfather obsequious — I, of course, her most humble little servant. Wednesday (a half-holiday), and half Saturday, and all Sunday I might come home from school; and how I used to trudge, and how I longed to see that little maiden, any gentleman may imagine who has lost his heart to an Agnes of his own.

The first day of my arrival at home, after the memorable London journey, I presented myself at the Priory, with my pocket full of presents for Agnes. The footman let me into the hall civilly enough: but the young lady was out with Mrs. Weston in the post-chaise. I might leave my message.

I wanted to *give* my message. Somehow, in that fortnight's absence from home, I had so got to long after Agnes that I never had my little sweetheart quite out of my mind. It may have been a silly thing, but I got a little pocket-book, and wrote in French a journal of all I saw in London. I dare say there were some pretty faults in grammar. I remember a fine paragraph about my meeting the royal personages at Kew, and all their names written down in order; and this little pocket-book I must needs send to Mademoiselle de Saverne.

The next day I called again. Still Mademoiselle de Saverne was not to be seen: but in the evening a servant brought a little note from her, in which she thanked her dear brother for his beautiful book. That was some consolation. She liked the pocket-book, anyhow. I wonder, can you young people guess what I did to it before I sent it away? Yes, I did. "One, tree, feefty time," as the Chevalier would say. The next morning, quite early, I had to go back to school, having promised the Doctor to work hard after my holiday; and work I did with a



will, at my French and my English, and my Navigation. I thought Saturday would never come: but it did at last, and I trotted as quick as legs would carry me from school to Winchelsea. My legs were growing apace now; and especially as they took me homewards, few could outrun them.

All good women are match-makers at heart. My dear Mrs. Barnard saw quite soon what my condition of mind was, and was touched by my boyish fervor. I called once, twice, thrice, at the Priory, and never could get a sight of Miss Agnes. The servant used to shrug his shoulders and laugh at me in an insolent way, and the last time said — "You need not call any more. We don't want our hair cut here, nor no pomatum, nor no soap, do you understand that?" and he slammed the door in my face. I was stunned by this insolence, and beside myself with rage and mortification. I went to Mrs. Barnard, and told her what had happened to me. I burst into tears of passion and grief as I flung myself on a sofa by the good lady. I told her how I had rescued little Agnes, how I loved the little thing better than all the world. I spoke my heart out, and eased it somewhat, for the good lady wiped her eyes more than once, and finished by giving me a kiss. She did more; she invited me to tea with her on the next Wednesday when I came home from school, and who should be there but little Agnes. She blushed very much. Then she came towards me. Then she held up her little cheek to be kissed, and then she cried — oh, how she did cry! There were three people whimpering in that room. (How well I recollect it, opening into the garden, and the little old blue dragon teacups and silver pot!) There were three persons, I say, crying: a lady of fifty, a boy of thir-

teen, and a little girl of eight years of age. Can you guess what happened next? Of course the lady of fifty remembered that she had forgotten her spectacles, and went up stairs to fetch them; and then the little maiden began to open her heart to me, and told her dear Denny how she had been longing to see him, and how they were very angry with him at the Priory; so angry that his name was never to be spoken. "The Chevalier said that, and so did the gentlemen—especially Mr. Joseph, who had been dreadful since his accident, and one day (says my dear) when you called, he was behind the door with a great horsewhip, and said he would let you in, and flog your soul out of your body, only Mrs. Weston cried, and Mr. George said, 'Don't be a fool, Joe.' But something you have done to Mr. Joseph, dear Denny, and when your name is mentioned, he rages and swears so that it is dreadful to hear him. What can make the gentlemen so angry with you?"

"So he actually was waiting with a horsewhip, was he? In that case I know what I would do. I would never go about without my pistol. I have hit one fellow," said I, "and if any other man threatens me I will defend myself."

My dear Agnes said that they were very kind to her at the Priory, although she could not bear Mr. Joseph—that they gave her good masters, that she was to go to a good school kept by a Catholic lady at Arundel. And oh, how she wished her Denny would turn Catholic, and she prayed for him always, always! And for that matter I know some one who never night or morning on his knees has forgotten that little maiden. The Father used to come and give her lessons three or four times in the week, and she used to learn her lessons by heart, walking up and down in the

great green walk in the kitchen-garden every morning at eleven o'clock. I knew the kitchen-garden! the wall was in North Lane, one of the old walls of the convent; at the end of the green walk there was a pear-tree. And that was where she always went to learn her lessons.

And here, I suppose, Mrs. Barnard returned to the room, having found her spectacles. And as I take mine off my nose and shut my eyes, that well-remembered scene of boyhood passes before them—that garden basking in the autumn evening—that little maiden with peachy cheeks, and glistening curls, that dear and kind old lady, who says, "Tis time now, children, you should go home."

I had to go to school that night; but before I went I ran up North Lane and saw the old wall and the pear-tree behind it. And do you know I thought I would try and get up the wall, and easy enough it was to find a footing between those crumbling old stones; and when on the top I could look down from the branches of the tree into the garden below, and see the house at the farther end. So that was the broad walk where Agnes learned her lessons? Master Denis Duval pretty soon had that lesson by heart.

Yes: but one day in the Christmas holidays, when there was a bitter frost, and the stones and the wall were so slippery that Mr. D. D. tore his fingers and his small-clothes in climbing to his point of observation, it happened that little Agnes was *not* sitting under the tree learning her lessons, and none but an idiot would have supposed that she would have come out on such a day.

But who should be in the garden, pacing up and down the walk all white with hoar-frost, but Joseph Weston with his patch over his eye. Unluckily he

had one eye left with which he saw me ; and the next moment I heard the *report* of a tremendous oath, and then a brickbat came whizzing at my head, so close that, had it struck me, it would have knocked out my eye, and my brains too.

I was down the wall in a moment : it was slippery enough ; and two or three more brickbats came *à mon adresse*, but luckily failed to hit their mark.

## CHAPTER VI.

### I ESCAPE FROM A GREAT DANGER.

I SPOKE of the affair of the brickbats, at home, to Monsieur de la Motte only, not caring to tell Mother, lest she should be inclined to resume her box-on-the-ear practice, for which I thought I was growing too old. Indeed, I had become a great boy. There were not half a dozen out of the sixty at Pocock's who could beat me when I was thirteen years old, and from these champions, were they ever so big, I never would submit to a thrashing, without a fight on my part, in which, though I might get the worst, I was pretty sure to leave some ugly marks on my adversary's nose and eyes. I remember one lad especially, Tom Parrot by name, who was three years older than myself, and whom I could no more beat than a frigate can beat a seventy-four; but we *engaged* nevertheless, and, after we had had some rounds together, Tom put one hand in his pocket, and, with a queer face and a great black eye I had given him, says — "Well, Denny, I could do it — you know I could: but I'm so lazy, I don't care about going on." And one of the bottle-holders beginning to jeer, Tom fetches him such a rap on the ear, that I promise you he showed no inclination for laughing afterwards. By the way, that knowledge of the noble art of fisticuffs which I learned at school, I had to practice at sea presently, in the cockpit of more than one of his Majesty's ships of war.

In respect of the slapping and caning at home, I think M. de la Motte remonstrated with my mother, and represented to her that I was now too old for that kind of treatment. Indeed, when I was fourteen, I was as tall as Grandfather, and in a tussle I am sure I could have tripped his old heels up easily enough, and got the better of him in five minutes. Do I speak of him with undue familiarity? I pretend no love for him; I never could have any respect. Some of his practices which I knew of made me turn from him, and his loud professions only increased my distrust. *Monsieur mon fils*, if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, "I loved him," when the daisies cover me.

La Motte, then, caused "the abolition of torture" in our house, and I was grateful to him. I had the queerest feelings towards that man. He was a perfect fine gentleman when he so wished: of his money most liberal, witty (in a dry, *cruel* sort of way) most tenderly attached to Agnes. *Eh bien!* As I looked at his yellow, handsome face, cold shudders would come over me, though at this time I did not know that Agnes's father had fallen by his fatal hand.

When I informed him of Mr. Joe Weston's salute of brickbats, he looked very grave. And I told him then, too, a thing which had struck me most forcibly — viz., that the shout which Weston gave and the oath which he uttered when he saw me on the wall, were precisely like the oath and execration uttered by *the man with the craped face*, at whom I fired from the post-chaise.

"Bah, *bêtise!*" says La Motte. "What didst thou on the wall? One does not steal pears at thy age." I dare say I turned red. "I heard somebody's

voice," I said. "In fact, I heard Agnes singing in the garden, and—and I got on the wall to see her."

"What, you—you, a little barber's boy, climb a wall to speak to Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne, of one of the most noble houses of Lorraine?" La Motte yelled, with a savage laugh. "Parbleu! Monsieur Weston has done well!"

"Sir!" said I, in a towering rage, "barber as I am, my fathers were honorable Protestant clergymen in Alsace, and we are as good as highwaymen at any rate! Barber, indeed!" I say again. "And now I am ready to *swear* that the man who swore at me, and the man I shot on the road, are one and the same; and I'll go to Dr. Barnard's, and swear it before him!"

The Chevalier looked aghast, and threatening for a while. "Tu me menaces, je crois, petit manant!" says he, grinding his teeth. "This is too strong. Listen, Denis Duval! Hold thy tongue, or evil will come to thee. Thou wilt make for thyself enemies the most unscrupulous, and the most terrible—do you hear? I have placed Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne with that admirable woman, Mistress Weston, because she can meet at the Priory with society more fitting her noble birth than that which she will find under your grandfather's pole—parbleu. Ah, you dare mount on wall to look for Mademoiselle de Saverne? Gare aux manstraps, mon garçon! *Vive Dieu*, if I see thee on that wall, I will fire on thee, *moi le premier*! You pretend to Mademoiselle Agnes. Ha! Ha! Ha!" And he grinned and looked like that *cloven-footed* gentleman of whom Dr. Barnard talked.

I felt that henceforward there was war between La Motte and me. At this time I had suddenly shot up

to be a young man, and was not the obedient, prattling child of last year. I told Grandfather that I would bear no more punishment, such as the old man had been accustomed to bestow upon me; and once when my mother lifted her hand, I struck it up, and griped it so tight that I frightened her. From that very day she never raised a hand to me. Nay, I think she was not ill-pleased, and soon actually began to spoil me. Nothing was too good for me. I know where the silk came from which made my fine new waistcoat, and the cambric for my ruffled shirts but very much doubt whether they ever paid any duty. As I walked to church, I dare say I cocked my hat, and strutted very consequentially. When Tom Billie, the baker's boy, jeered at my fine clothes, "Tom," says I, "I will take my coat and waistcoat off for half an hour on Monday, and give thee a beating if thou hast a mind; but to-day let us be at peace, and go to church."

On the matter of church I am not going to make any boast. That awful subject lies between a man and his conscience. I have known men of lax faith pure and just in their lives, as I have met very loud-professing Christians loose in their morality, and hard and unjust in their dealings. There was a little old man at home — Heaven help him! — who was of this sort, and who, when I came to know his life, would put me into such a rage of revolt whilst preaching his daily and nightly sermons, that it is a wonder I was not enlisted among the scoffers and evil-doers altogether. I have known many a young man fall away, and become utterly reprobate, because the bond of discipline was tied too tightly upon him, and because he has found the preacher who was perpetually prating over him lax in his own conduct. I am



thankful, then, that I had a better instructor than my old grandfather with a strap and his cane; and was brought (I hope and trust) to a right state of thinking by a man whose brain was wise, as his life was excellently benevolent and pure. This was my good friend Dr. Barnard, and to this day I remember the conversations I had with him, and am quite sure they influenced my future life. Had I been altogether reckless and as lawless as many people of our acquaintance and neighborhood, he would have ceased to feel any interest in me; and instead of wearing his Majesty's epaulets (which I trust I have not disgraced), I might have been swabbing a smuggler's boat, or riding in a night caravan, with kegs beside me and pistols and cutlasses to defend me, as that unlucky La Motte owned for his part that he had done. My good mother, though she gave up the practice of smuggling, never could see the harm in it; but looked on it as a game where you played your stake, and lost or won it. She ceased to play, not because it was wrong, but it was expedient no more; and Mr. Denis, her son, was the cause of her giving up this old trade.

For me, I thankfully own that I was taught to see the matter in a graver light, not only by our Doctor's sermons (two or three of which, on the text of "Render unto Cæsar," he preached, to the rage of a great number of his congregation), but by many talks which he had with me; when he showed me that I was in the wrong to break the laws of my country to which I owed obedience, as did every good citizen. He knew (though he never told me, and his reticence in this matter was surely very kind) that my poor father had died of wounds received in a smuggling encounter; but he showed me how such a life must

be loose, lawless, secret, and wicked; must bring a man amongst desperate companions, and compel him to resist Cæsar's lawful authority by rebellion, and possibly murder. "To thy mother I have used other arguments, Denny, my boy," he said, very kindly. "I and the Admiral want to make a gentleman of thee. Thy old grandfather is rich enough to help us if he chooses. I won't stop to inquire too strictly where all his money came from;<sup>1</sup> but 't is clear we cannot make a gentleman of a smuggler's boy, who may be transported any day, or, in case of armed resistance, may be —" And here my good Doctor puts his hand to his ear, and indicates the punishment for piracy which was very common in my young time. "My Denny does not want to ride with a crape over his face, and fire pistols at revenue officers! No! I pray you will ever show an honest countenance to the world. You will render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and — the rest, my child, you know."

Now, I remarked about this man, that when he approached *a certain subject*, an involuntary awe came over him, and he hushed as it were at the very idea of that sacred theme. It was very different with poor grandfather prating his sermons (and with some other pastors I have heard), who used this Name as familiarly as any other — but who am I to judge? and, my poor old grandfather, is there any need at this distance of time that I should be picking out the *trabem in oculo tuo*? — Howbeit, on that night, as I was walking home after drinking tea with my dear Doctor, I made a vow that I would strive henceforth to lead an honest life; that my tongue should speak the truth, and my hand should be sullied by no secret

<sup>1</sup> Ehen! where a part of it *went to*, I shall have to say presently. — D. D.

crime. And as I spoke I saw my dearest little maiden's light glimmering in her chamber, and the stars shining overhead, and felt — who could feel more bold and happy than I?

That walk schoolwards by West Street certainly was a *détour*. I might have gone a straighter road, but then I should not have seen a *certain window*: a little twinkling window in a gable of the Priory House, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock. T'other day, when we took over the King of France to Calais (his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs hire a post-chaise from Dover, to look at that old window in the Priory House at Winchelsea. I went through the old tears, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as sentimentally, after forty years, as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the schoolboy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy. I used as a boy to try and pass that window at nine, and I know a prayer was said for the inhabitant of yonder chamber. She knew my holidays, and my hours of going to school and returning thence. If my little maid hung certain signals in that window (such as a flower, for example, to indicate all was well, a cross-curtain, and so forth), I hope she practised no very unjustifiable stratagems. We agreed to consider that she was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy; and we had few means of communication save these simple artifices, which are allowed to be fair in love and war. Monsieur de la Motte continued to live at our house, when his frequent affairs did not call him away thence; but, as I said, few words passed between us after that angry altercation already described, and he and I were never friends again.

He warned me that I had another enemy, and facts strangely confirmed the Chevalier's warning. One Sunday night, as I was going to school, a repetition of the brickbat assault was made upon me, and this time the smart cocked hat which Mother had given me came in for such a battering as effectually spoiled its modish shape. I told Dr. Barnard of this second attempt, and the good Doctor was not a little puzzled. He began to think that he was not so very wrong in espying a beam in Joseph Weston's eye. We agreed to keep the matter quiet, however; and a fortnight after, on another Sunday evening, as I was going on my accustomed route to school, whom should I meet but the Doctor and Mr. Weston walking together! A little way beyond the town gate there is a low wall round a field; and Dr. Barnard, going by this field *a quarter of an hour before my usual time for passing*, found Mr. Joseph Weston walking there behind the stone enclosure!

"Good-night, Denny," says the Doctor, when he and his companion met me; but surly Mr. Weston said nothing. "Have you had any more brickbats at your head, my boy?" the Rector continued.

I said I was not afraid. I had got a good pistol, and *a bullet* in it this time.

"He shot that scoundrel on the same day you were shot, Mr. Weston," says the Doctor.

"Did he?" growls the other.

"And your gun was loaded with the same-sized shot which Denis used to pepper *his* rascal," continues the Doctor. "I wonder if any of the crape went into the rascal's wound?"

"Sir," said Mr. Weston, with an oath, "what do you mean for to hint?"

"The very oath the fellow used whom Denny hit

when your brother and I travelled together. I am sorry to hear you use the language of such scoundrels, Mr. Weston."

"If you dare to suspect me of anything unbecoming a gentleman, I'll have the law of you, Mr. Parson, that I will!" roars the other.

"Denis, mon garçon, tire ton pistolet de suite, et vise moi bien cet homme là," says the Doctor; and griping hold of Weston's arm, what does Dr. Barnard do but plunge his hand into Weston's pocket and draw thence *another* pistol! He said afterwards he saw the brass butt sticking out of Weston's coat, as the two were walking together.

"What!" shrieks Mr. Weston: "is that young miscreant to go about armed, and tell everybody he will murder me; and ain't I for to defend myself? I walk in fear of my life for him!"

"You seem to me to be in the habit of travelling with pistols, Mr. Weston, and you know when people pass sometimes with money in their post-chaises."

"You scoundrel, you — you boy! I call you to witness the words this man have spoken. He have insulted me, and libelled me, and I'll have the *lor* on him as sure as I am born!" shouts the angry man.

"Very good, Mr. Joseph Weston," replied the other, fiercely. "And I will ask Mr. Blades, the surgeon, to bring the shot which he took from your eye, and the scraps of crape adhering to your face, and we will go to *lor* as soon as you like!"

Again I thought with a dreadful pang how Agnes was staying in that man's house, and how this quarrel would more than ever divide her from me; for now she would not be allowed to visit the Rectory — the dear neutral ground where I sometimes hoped to see her.

Weston never went to law with the Doctor, as he threatened. Some awkward questions would have been raised, which he would have found a difficulty in answering: and though he averred that his accident took place on the day before our encounter with the *beau masque* on Dartford Common, a little witness on our side was ready to aver that Mr. Joe Weston left his house at the Priory before sunrise on the day when we took our journey to London, and that he returned the next morning with his eye bound up, when he sent for Mr. Blades, the surgeon of our town. Being awake, and looking from her window, my witness saw Weston mount his horse by the stable-lantern below, and heard him swear at the groom as he rode out at the gate. Curses used to drop naturally out of this nice gentleman's lips; and it is certain in his case that bad words and bad actions went together.

The Westons were frequently absent from home, as was the Chevalier our lodger. My dear little Agnes was allowed to come and see us at these times; or slipped out by the garden-door, and ran to see her nurse Duval, as she always called my mother. I did not understand for a while that there was any prohibition on the Westons' part to Agnes visiting us, or know that there was such mighty wrath harbored against me in that house.

I was glad, for the sake of a peaceable life at home, as for honesty's sake too, that my mother did not oppose my determination to take no share in that smuggling business in which our house still engaged. Any one who opposed Mother in her own house had, I promise you, no easy time: but she saw that if she wished to make a gentleman of her boy, he must be no smuggler's apprentice; and when M. le Chevalier,

being appealed to, shrugged his shoulders and said he washed his hands of me — “*Eh bien*, M. de la Motte!” says she, “we shall see if we can’t pass ourselves of you and your patronage. I imagine that people are not always the better for it.” “No,” replied he, with a groan, and one of his gloomy looks, “my friendship may do people harm, but my enmity is worse — *entendez-vous*?” “Bah, bah!” says the stout old lady. “Denisot has a good courage of his own. What do you say to me about enmity to a harmless boy, M. le Chevalier?”

I have told how, on the night of the funeral of Madame de Saverne, Monsieur de la Motte sent me out to assemble his Mackerel men. Among these was the father of one of my town playfellows, by name Hookham, a seafaring man, who had met with an accident at his business — strained his back — and was incapable of work for a time. Hookham was an improvident man: the rent got into arrears. My grandfather was his landlord, and I fear me, not the most humane creditor in the world. Now, when I returned home after my famous visit to London, my patron, Sir Peter Denis, gave me two guineas, and my lady made me a present of another. No doubt I should have spent this money had I received it sooner in London; but in our little town of Winchelsea there was nothing to tempt me in the shops, except a fowling-piece at the pawnbroker’s, for which I had a great longing. But Mr. Triboulet wanted four guineas for the gun, and I had but three, and would not go into debt. He would have given me the piece on credit, and frequently tempted me with it, but I resisted manfully, though I could not help hankering about the shop, and going again and again to look at the beautiful gun. The stock fitted my shoulder to

a nicety. It was of the most beautiful workmanship. "Why not take it now, Master Duval?" Monsieur Triboulet said to me; "and pay me the remaining guinea when you please. Ever so many gentlemen have been to look at it; and I should be sorry now, indeed I should, to see such a beauty go out of the town." As I was talking to Triboulet (it may have been for the tenth time), some one came in with a telescope to pawn, and went away with fifteen shillings. "Don't you know who that is?" says Triboulet (who was a chatterbox of a man). "That is John Hookham's wife. It is but hard times with them since John's accident. I have more of their goods here, and, *entre nous*, John has a hard landlord, and quarter-day is just at hand." I knew well enough that John's landlord was hard, as he was my own grandfather. "If I take my three pieces to Hookham," thought I, "he may find the rest of the rent." And so he did; and my three guineas went into my grandfather's pocket out of mine; and I suppose some one else bought the fowling-piece for which I had so longed.

"What, it is *you* who have given me this money, Master Denis?" says poor Hookham, who was sitting in his chair, groaning and haggard with his illness. "I can't take it—I ought not to take it."

"Nay," said I; "I should only have bought a toy with it, and if it comes to help you in distress, I can do without my plaything."

There was quite a chorus of benedictions from the poor family in consequence of this act of good-nature; and I dare say I went away from Hookham's mightily pleased with myself and my own virtue.

It appears I had not been gone long when Mr. Joe Weston came in to see the man, and when he heard



that I had relieved him, broke out into a flood of abuse against me, cursed me for a scoundrel and impertinent jackanapes, who was always giving myself the airs of a gentleman, and flew out of the house in a passion. Mother heard of the transaction, too, and pinched my ear with a grim satisfaction. Grandfather said nothing, but pocketed my three guineas when Mrs. Hookham brought them; and, though I did not brag about the matter much, everything is known in a small town, and I got a great deal of credit for a very ordinary good action.

And now, strangely enough, Hookham's boy confirmed to me what the Slindon priests had hinted to good Dr. Barnard. "Swear," says Tom (with that wonderful energy we used to have as boys) — "Swear, Denis, 'So help you, strike you down dead!' you never will tell!"

"So help me, strike me down dead!" said I.

"Well, then, those — you know who — the gentlemen — want to do you some mischief."

"What mischief can they do to an honest boy?" I asked.

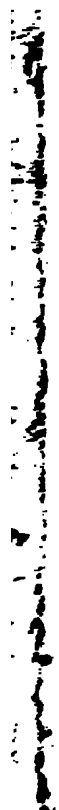
"Oh, you don't know what they are," says Tom. "If they mean a man harm, harm will happen to him. Father says no man ever comes to good who stands in Mr. Joe's way. Where's John Wheeler, of Rye, who had a quarrel with Mr. Joe? He's in jail. Mr. Barnes, of Playden, had words with him at Hastings market: and Barne's ricks were burnt down before six months were over. How was Thomas Barry taken, after deserting from the man-of-war? He is an awful man, Mr. Joe Weston is. Don't get into his way. Father says so. But you are not to tell — no, never, that he spoke about it. Don't go alone to Rye of nights, Father says. Don't go on any — and

you know what not—any *fishing* business with those you know.” And so Tom laid a finger to his lip and terror in his face.

As for the *fishing*, though I loved a salmon, my mind was made up by good Dr. Barnardine for me. I would have no more night-fishing. I had seen sometimes as a boy; and when my apprentice one night invited me, and I was a coward for refusing to go, I showed him as much of a coward as far as fisticuffs went, and stood up with him, in which I do believe I should have been a conqueror, though the fellow was four years senior, had not his ally, Miss Sukey Rudge, come in the midst of our fight, and knocked me with the kitchen bellows, when they both beat me, as I lay kicking on the ground. Mr. Rudge came in at the close of this dreadful scene, and his abandoned hussy of a daughter had the impudence to declare that the quarrel arose because I was rude to her—I, an innocent boy, who would soon have made love to a negress as to that hideous, pock-marked, squinting, crooked, tipsy Sukey Rudge. I fall in love with Miss Squintum, indeed! I kept a pair of eyes at home so bright, innocent, and pure that I should have been ashamed to look in them had I been guilty of such a rascally treason. My little maid of Winchelsea heard of this battle, as she was daily hearing slanders against me from those *worthies*, Mr. Westons; but she broke into a rage at the accusation, and said to the assembled gentlemen (as she told my good mother in after days), “Denis Duval is *not* wicked. He is brave and he is good. And it is *not* true, the story you tell against him. It is a lie!”

And now, once more it happened that my little pistol helped to confound my enemies, and was to me,







EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

1

indeed, a *gute Wehr und Waffen*. I was forever popping at marks with this little piece of artillery. I polished, oiled, and covered it with the utmost care, and kept it in my little room in a box of which I had the key. One day, by a most fortunate chance, I took my school-fellow, Tom Parrot, who became a great crony of mine, into the room. We went up stairs, by the private door of Rudge's house, and not through the shop, where Mademoiselle Figs and Monsieur the apprentice were serving their customers; and arrived in my room, we boys opened my box, examined the precious pistol, screw, barrel, flints, powder-horn, etc., locked the box, and went away to school, promising ourselves a good afternoon's sport on that half-holiday. Lessons over, I returned home to dinner, to find black looks from all the inmates of the house where I lived, from the grocer, his daughter, his apprentice, and even the little errand-boy who blacked the boots and swept the shop stared at me impertinently, and said, "Oh, Denis, ain't you going to catch it!"

"What is the matter?" I asked, very haughtily.

"Oh, my lord! we'll soon show your lordship what is the matter." (This was a silly nickname I had in the town and at school, where, I believe, I gave myself not a few airs since I had worn my fine new clothes, and paid my visit to London.) "This accounts for his laced waistcoat, and his guineas which he flings about. Does your lordship know these here shillings, and this half-crown? Look at them, Mr. Beales! See the marks on them which I scratched with my own hand before I put them into the till from which my lord took 'em."

Shillings? — till? What did they mean? "How dare you ask, you little hypocrite!" screams out

And now for the first time I heard the particulars of the charge made against me. Rudge, and his daughter after him, stated (on oath, I am shocked to say) that for some time past they had missed money from the till; small sums of money, in shillings and half-crowns, they could not say how much. It might be two pounds, three pounds, in all; but the money was constantly going. At last, Miss Rudge said, she was determined to mark some money, and did so; and that money was found in that box which belonged to Denis Duval, and which the constable brought into court.

"Oh, gentlemen!" I cried out in agony, "it's a wicked, wicked lie, and it's not the first she has told about me. A week ago she said I wanted to kiss her, and she and Bevil both set on me; and I never wanted to kiss the nasty thing, so help me —"

"You did, you lying wicked boy!" cries Miss Sukey. "And Edward Bevil came to my rescue; and you struck me, like a low mean coward; and we beat him well, and served him right, the little abandoned boy."

"And he kicked one of my teeth out — you did, you little villain!" roars Bevil, whose jaws had indeed suffered in that scuffle in the kitchen, when his precious sweetheart came to his aid with the bellows.

"He called me a coward, and I fought him fair, though he is ever so much older than me," whimpers out the prisoner. "And Sukey Rudge set upon me, and beat me too; and if I kicked him, he kicked me."

"And since this kicking match they have found out that you stole their money, have they?" says the Doctor, and turns round, appealing to his brother magistrates.

"Miss Rudge, please to tell the rest of your story?" calls out the justices' clerk.



The rest of the Rudges' story was, that having their suspicions roused against me, they determined to examine my cupboards and boxes in my absence, to see whether the stolen objects were to be found, and in my box they discovered the two marked half-crowns, the three marked shillings, a brass-barrelled pistol, which were now in court. "Me and Mr. Bevil, the apprentice, found the money in the box; and we called my papa from the shop, and we fetched Mr. Beales, the constable, who lives over the way; and when the little monster came back from school, we seized upon him, and brought him before your worships, and hanging is what I said he would always come to," shrieks my enemy Miss Rudge.

"Why, I have the key of that box in my pocket now!" I cried out.

"We had means of opening it," says Miss Rudge, looking very red.

"Oh, if you have another key —" interposes the Doctor.

"We broke it open with the tongs and poker," says Miss Rudge, "me and Edward did — I mean Mr. Bevil, the apprentice."

"When?" said I, in a great tremor.

"When? When you was at school, you little miscreant! Half an hour before you came back to dinner."

"Tom Parrot, Tom Parrot!" I cried. "Call Tom Parrot, gentlemen. For goodness' sake call Tom!" I said, my heart beating so that I could hardly speak.

"Here I am Denny!" pipes Tom in the crowd; and presently he comes up to their honors on the bench.

"Speak to Tom, Doctor, dear Dr. Barnard!"

I continued. "Tom, when did I show you my pistol?"

"Just before ten o'clock school."

"What did I do?"

"You unlocked your box, took the pistol out of a handkerchief, showed it to me, and two flints, a powder-horn, a bullet-mould, and some bullets, and put them back again, and locked the box."

"Was there any money in the box?"

"There was nothing in the box but the pistol, and the bullets and things. I looked into it. It was as empty as my hand."

"And Denis Duval has been sitting by you in school ever since?"

"Ever since — except when I was called up and caned for my Corderius," says Tom, with a roguish look; and there was a great laughter and shout of applause from our boys of Pocock's when this testimony was given in their schoolfellow's favor.

My kind Doctor held his hand over the railing to me, and when I took it, my heart was so full that my eyes overflowed. I thought of little Agnes. What would she have felt if her Denis had been committed as a thief? I had such a rapture of thanks and gratitude that I think the pleasure of the acquittal was more than equivalent to the anguish of the accusation. What a shout all Pocock's boys set up, as I went out of the justice-room! We trooped joyfully down the stairs, and there were fresh shouts and huzzays as we got down to the market. I saw Mr. Joe Weston buying corn at a stall. He only looked at me once. His grinding teeth and his clenched riding-whip did not frighten me in the least now.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LAST OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

As our joyful procession of boys passed by Partlett's the pastry-cook's one of the boys — Samuel Arbin — I remember the fellow well — a greedy boy with a large beard and whiskers, though only fifteen years old — insisted that I ought to stand treat in consequence of my victory over my enemies. As far as a groat went, I said I was ready : for that was all the money I had.

"Oh, you story-teller!" cries the other. "What have you done with your three guineas which you were bragging about and showing to the boys at school? I suppose they were in the box when it was broken open." This Samuel Arbin was one of the boys who had jeered when I was taken in charge by the constable, and would have liked me to be guilty, I almost think. I am afraid I had bragged about my money when I possessed it, and may have shown my shining gold pieces to some of the boys in school.

"I know what he has done with his money!" broke in my steadfast crony Tom Parrot. "He has given away every shilling of it to a poor family who wanted it, and nobody ever knew *you* give away a shilling, Samuel Arbin," he says.

"Unless he could get eighteen pence by it!" sang out another little voice.

"Tom Parrot, I'll break every bone in your body, as sure as my name is Arbin!" cried the other, in a fury.

"Sam Arbin," said I, "after you have finished Tom, you must try me; or we'll do it now if you like." To say the truth, I had long had an inclination to try my hand against Arbin. He was an ill friend to me, and amongst the younger boys a bully and a usurer to boot. The rest called out, "A ring! a ring! Let us go on the green and have it out!" being in their innocent years always ready for a fight.

But this one was never to come off: and, except in later days, when I went to revisit the old place, and ask for a half-holiday for my young successors at Pocock's, I was never again to see the ancient school-room. While we boys were brawling in the market-place before the pastry-cook's door, Dr. Barnard came up, and our quarrel was hushed in a moment.

"What! fighting and quarreling already?" says the Doctor, sternly.

"It was n't Denny's fault, sir!" cried out several of the boys. "It was Arbin began." And, indeed, I can say for myself that in all the quarrels I have had in life, — and they have not been few — I consider I *always* have been in the right.

"Come along with me, Denny," says the Doctor, taking me by the shoulder: and he led me away and we took a walk in the town together, and as we passed old Ypres Tower, which was built by King Stephen, they say, and was a fort in old days, but is used as the town-prison now, "Suppose you had been looking from behind those bars now, Denny, and awaiting your trial at assizes? Yours would not have been a pleasant plight," Dr. Barnard said.

"But I was innocent, sir! You know I was!"

"Yes. Praise be where praise is due. But if you had not providentially been able to prove your innocence—if you and your friend Parrot had not happened to inspect your box, you would have been in yonder place. Ha! there is the bell ringing for afternoon service, which my good friend Dr. Wing keeps up. What say you? Shall we go and—and—offer up our thanks, Denny—for the—the immense peril from which—you have been—delivered?"

I remember how my dear friend's voice trembled as he spoke, and two or three drops fell from his kind eyes on my hand, which he held. I followed him into the church. Indeed and indeed I was thankful for my deliverance from a great danger, and even more thankful to have the regard of the true gentleman, the wise and tender friend, who was there to guide, and cheer, and help me.

As we read the last psalm appointed for that evening service, I remember how the good man, bowing his own head, put his hand upon mine; and we recited together the psalm of thanks to the Highest, who had had respect unto the lowly, and who had stretched forth His hand upon the furiousness of my enemies, and whose right hand had saved me.

Dr. Wing recognized and greeted his comrade when service was over: and the one doctor presented me to the other, who had been one of the magistrates on the bench at the time of my trial. Dr. Wing asked us into his house, where dinner was served at four o'clock, and of course the transactions of the morning were again discussed. What could be the reason of the persecution against me? Who instigated it? There were matters connected with this

story regarding which I *could* not speak. Should I do so, I must betray secrets which were not mine, and which implicated I knew not whom, and regarding which I must hold my peace. Now, they are secrets no more. That old society of smugglers is dissolved long ago: nay, I shall have to tell presently how I helped myself to break it up. Grandfather, Rudge, the Chevalier, the gentleman of the Priory, were all connected in that great smuggling society of which I have spoken; which had its depots all along the coast and inland, and its correspondents from Dunkirk to Havre de Grace. I have said as a boy how I had been on some of these "fishing" expeditions; and how, mainly, by the effect of my dear Doctor's advice, I had withdrawn from all participation in this lawless and wicked life. When Bevil called me coward for refusing to take a share in a night-cruise, a quarrel ensued between us, ending in that battle royal which left us all sprawling, and cuffing and kicking each other on the kitchen floor. Was it rage at the injury to her sweetheart's teeth, or hatred against myself, which induced my sweet Miss Sukey to propagate calumnies against me? The provocation I had given certainly did not seem to warrant such a deadly enmity as a prosecution and a perjury showed must exist. Howbeit, there was a reason for the anger of the grocer's daughter and apprentice. They would injure me in any way they could; and (as in the before mentioned case of the bellows) take the first weapon at hand to overthrow me.

As magistrates of the county, and knowing a great deal of what was happening round about them, and the character of their parishioners and neighbors, the two gentlemen could not, then, press me too closely.

Smuggled silk and lace, rum and brandy? Who had not these in his possession along the Sussex and Kent coast? "And, Wing, will you promise me there are no ribbons in your house but such as have paid duty?" asks one doctor of the other.

"My good friend, it is lucky my wife has gone to her tea-table," replies Dr. Wing, "or I would not answer for the peace being kept."

"My dear Wing," continues Dr. Barnard, "this brandy punch is excellent, and is worthy of being smuggled. To run an anker of brandy seems no monstrous crime; but when men engage in these lawless ventures at all, who knows how far the evil will go? I buy ten kegs of brandy from a French fishing-boat, I land it under a lie on the coast, I send it inland ever so far, be it from here to New York, and all my consignees lie and swindle. I land it, and lie to the revenue officer. Under a lie (that is, a mutual secrecy), I sell it to the landlord of 'The Bell' at Maidstone, say — where a good friend of ours, Denny, looked at his pistols. You remember the day when his brother received the charge of shot in his face? My landlord sells it to a customer under a lie. We are all engaged in crime, conspiracy, and falsehood; nay, if the revenue looks too closely after us, we out with our pistols, and to crime and conspiracy add murder. Do you suppose men engaged in lying every day will scruple about a false oath in a witness-box? Crime engenders crime, sir. Round about us, Wing, I know there exists a vast confederacy of fraud, greed, and rebellion. I name no names, sir. I fear men high placed in the world's esteem, and largely endowed with its riches too, are concerned in the pursuit of this godless traffic of smuggling, and to what does it not lead them? To falsehood, to wickedness, to murder, to —"

"Tea, sir, if you please, sir," says John, entering. "My mistress and the young ladies are waiting."

The ladies had previously heard the story of poor Denis Duval's persecution and innocence, and had shown him great kindness. By the time when we joined them after dinner, they had had time to perform a new toilette, being engaged to cards with some neighbors. I knew Mrs. Wing was a customer to my mother for some of her French goods, and she would scarcely, on an ordinary occasion, have admitted such a lowly guest to her table as the humble dressmaker's boy; but she and the ladies were very kind, and my persecution and proved innocence had interested them in my favor.

"You have had a long sitting, gentlemen," says Mrs. Wing: "I suppose you have been deep in politics, and the quarrel with France."

"We have been speaking of France and French goods, my dear," said Dr. Wing, dryly.

"And of the awful crime of smuggling and encouraging smuggling, my dear Mrs. Wing!" cries my Doctor.

"Indeed, Dr. Barnard!" Now, Mrs. Wing and the young ladies were dressed in smart new caps and ribbons, which my poor mother supplied; and *they* turned red, and I turned as red as the cap-ribbons, as I thought how my good ladies had been provided. No wonder Mrs. Wing was desirous to change the subject of conversation.

"What is this young man to do after his persecution?" she asked. "He can't go back to Mr. Rudge—that horrid Wesleyan who has accused him of stealing."

No, indeed, I could not go back. We had not thought about the matter until then. There had been a hundred things to agitate and interest me in



the half-dozen hours since my apprehension and dismissal.

The Doctor would take me to Winchelsea in his chaise. I could not go back to my persecutors, that was clear, except to reclaim my little property and my poor little boxes, which they had found means to open. Mrs. Wing gave me a hand, the young ladies a stately curtsy; and my good Dr. Barnard putting a hand under the arm of the barber's grandson, we quitted these kind people. I was not on the quarter-deck as yet, you see. I was but a humble lad belonging to ordinary tradesmen.

By the way, I had forgotten to say that the two clergymen, during their after-dinner talk, had employed a part of it in examining me as to my little store of learning at school, and my future prospects. Of Latin I had a smattering; French, owing to my birth, and mainly to M. de la Motte's instruction and conversation, I could speak better than either of my two examiners, and with quite the good manner and conversation. I was well advanced, too, in arithmetic and geometry; and Dampier's Voyages were as much my delight as those of Sinbad or my friends Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. I could pass a good examination in navigation and seamanship, and could give an account of the different sailings, working-tides, double-altitudes, and so forth.

"And you can manage a boat at sea, too?" says Dr. Barnard, dryly. I blushed, I suppose. I *could* do that, and could steer, reef, and pull an oar. At least I could do so two years ago.

"Denny, my boy," says my good Doctor, "I think 't is time for thee to leave this school at any rate, and that our friend Sir Peter must provide for thee."

However he may desire to improve in learning, no

boy, I fancy, is very sorry when a proposal is made to him to leave school. I said that I should be too glad if Sir Peter, my patron, would provide for me. With the education I had, I ought to get on, the Doctor said, and my grandfather he was sure would find the means for allowing me to appear like a gentleman.

To fit a boy for appearance on the quarter-deck, and to enable him to rank with others, I had heard would cost thirty or forty pounds a year at least. I asked, did Dr. Barnard think my grandfather could afford such a sum?

"I know not your grandfather's means," Dr. Barnard answered, smiling. "He keeps his own counsel. But I am very much mistaken, Denny, if he cannot afford to make you a better allowance than many a fine gentleman can give his son. I believe him to be rich. Mind, I have no precise reason for my belief; but I fancy, Master Denis, your good grandpapa's *fishing* has been very profitable to him."

How rich was he? I began to think of the treasures in my favorite "Arabian Nights." Did Dr. Barnard think Grandfather was *very* rich? Well—the Doctor could not tell. The notion in Winchelsea was that old Mr. Peter was very well to do. At any rate I must go back to him. It was impossible that I should stay with the Rudge family after the insulting treatment I had had from them. The Doctor said he would take me home with him in his chaise, if I would pack my little trunks; and with this talk we reached Rudge's shop, which I entered not without a beating heart. There was Rudge glaring at me from behind his desk, where he was posting his books. The apprentice looked daggers at me as he came up through a trap-door from the cellar with a

string of dip-candles; and my charming Miss Susan was behind the counter tossing up her ugly head.

"Ho! he's come back, have he?" says Miss Rudge. "As all the cupboards is locked in the parlor, you can go in, and get your tea there, young man."

"I am going to take Denis home, Mr. Rudge," said my kind Doctor. "He cannot remain with you, after the charge which you made against him this morning."

"Of having our marked money in his box? Do you go for to dare for to say we put it there?" cries Miss, glaring now at me, now at Doctor Barnard. "Go to say that! Please to say that once, Dr. Barnard, before Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Scales" (these were two women who happened to be in the shop purchasing goods). "Just be so good for to say before these ladies, that we have put the money in that boy's box, and we'll see whether there is not justice in Hengland for a poor girl whom you insult, because you are a doctor and a magistrate indeed! Eh, if I was a man, I would n't let some people's gowns, and cassocks, and bands, remain long on their backs—that I would n't. And some people would n't see a woman insulted if they was n't cowards!" As she said this, Miss Sukey looked at the cellar-trap, above which the apprentice's head had appeared, but the Doctor turned also towards it with a glance so threatening, that Bevil let the trap fall suddenly down, not a little to my Doctor's amusement.

"Go and pack thy trunk, Denny. I will come back for thee in half an hour. Mr. Rudge must see that after being so insulted as you have been, you never as a gentleman can stay in this house."

"A pretty gentleman, indeed!" ejaculates Miss

Rudge. "Pray, how long since was barbers gentlemen, I should like to know? Mrs. Scales mum, Mrs. Barker mum, — did you ever have your hair dressed by a gentleman? If you want for to have it, you must go to Mounseer Duval, at Winchelsea, which one of the name was hung, Mrs. Barker mum, for a thief and a robber, and he won't be the last neither!"

There was no use in bandying abuse with this woman. "I will go and get my trunk, and be ready, sir," I said to the Doctor; but his back was no sooner turned than the raging virago opposite me burst out with a fury of words, that I certainly can't remember after five-and-forty years. I fancy I see now the little green eyes gleaming hatred at me, the lean arms a-kimbo, the feet stamping as she hisses out every imaginable imprecation at my poor head.

"Will no man help me, and stand by and see that barber's boy insult me?" she cried. "Bevil, I say — Bevil! 'Elp me!"

I ran up stairs to my little room, and was not twenty minutes in making up my packages. I had passed years in that little room, and somehow grieved to leave it. The odious people had injured me, and yet I would have liked to part friends with them. I had passed delightful nights there in the company of Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and Monsieur Galland and his Contes Arabes, and Hector of Troy, whose adventures and lamentable death (out of Mr. Pope) I could recite by heart; and I had had weary nights, too, with my school-books, cramming that crabbed Latin grammar into my puzzled brain. With arithmetic, logarithms, and mathematics I have said I was more familiar. I took a pretty good place in our school with them, and ranked before many boys of greater age.

And now my boxes being packed (my little library being stowed away in that which contained my famous pistol), I brought them down stairs, with nobody to help me, and had them in the passage ready against Dr. Barnard's arrival. The passage is behind the back shop at Rudge's — (dear me! how well I remember it!) — and a door thence leads into a side-street. On the other side of this passage is the kitchen, where had been the fight which has been described already, and where we commonly took our meals.

I declare I went into that kitchen disposed to part friends with all these people — to forgive Miss Sukey her lies, and Bevil his cuffs, and all the past quarrels between us. Old Rudge was by the fire, having his supper; Miss Sukey opposite to him. Bevil, as yet, was minding the shop.

"I am coming to shake hands before going away," I said.

"You're a-going, are you? And pray, sir, wherever are you a-going of?" says Miss Sukey, over her tea.

"I am going home with Dr. Barnard. I can't stop in this house after you have accused me of stealing your money."

"Stealing! Was n't the money in your box, you little beastly thief?"

"Oh, you young reprobate, I am surprised the bears don't come in and eat you," groans old Rudge. "You have shortened my life with your wickedness, that you have; and if you don't bring your good grandfather's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, I shall be surprised, that I shall. You, who come of a pious family — I tremble when I think of you, Denis Duval!"

"Tremble! Faugh! the wicked little beast! he makes me sick, he do!" cries Miss Sukey, with looks of genuine loathing.

"Let him depart from among us!" cries Rudge.

"Never do I wish to see his ugly face again!" exclaims the gentle Susan.

"I am going as soon as Dr. Barnard's chaise comes," I said. "My boxes are in the passage now, ready packed."

"Ready packed, are they? Is there any more of our money in them, you little miscreant? Pa, is your silver tankard in the cupboard, and is the spoons safe?"

I think poor Sukey had been drinking to drive away the mortifications of the morning in the court-house. She became more excited and violent with every word she spoke, and shrieked and clenched her fists at me like a madwoman.

"Susanna, you have had false witness bore against you, my child; and you are not the first of your name. But be calm, be calm; it's our duty to be calm!"

"Eh!" (here she gives a grunt.) "Calm with that sneak — that pig — that liar — that beast! Where's Edward Bevil? Why don't he come forward like a man, and flog the young scoundrel's life out?" shrieks Susanna. "Oh, with this here horse-whip, how I would like to give it you!" (She clutched her father's whip from the dresser, where it commonly hung on two hooks.) "Oh, you — you villain! you have got your pistol, have you? Shoot me, you little coward, I ain't afraid of you! You have your pistol in your box, have you!" (I uselessly said as much in reply to this taunt.) "Stop! I say, Pa, — that young thief is n't going away with

them boxes, and robbing the whole house as he may. Open the boxes this instant! We'll see he's stole nothing! Open them, I say!"

I said I would do nothing of the kind. My blood was boiling up at this brutal behavior; and as she dashed out of the room to seize one of my boxes, I put myself before her, and sat down on it.

This was assuredly a bad position to take, for the furious vixen began to strike me and lash at my face with the riding-whip, and it was more than I could do to wrench it from her.

Of course, at this act of defence on my part, Miss Sukey yelled for help, and called out, "Edward! Ned Bevil! The coward is a-striking me! Help, Ned!" At this, the shop door flies open, and Sukey's champion is about to rush on me, but he breaks down over my other box with a crash of his shins, and frightful execrations. His nose is prone on the pavement; Miss Sukey is wildly laying about her with her horsewhip (and I think Bevil's jacket came in for most of the blows); we are all *higgledy-piggledy*, plunging and scuffling in the dark — when a carriage drives up, which I had not heard in the noise of action, and as the hall door opened, I was pleased to think that Dr. Barnard had arrived, according to his promise.

It was not the Doctor. The new comer wore a gown, but not a cassock. Soon after my trial before the magistrates was over, our neighbor, John Jephson, of Winchelsea, mounted his cart and rode home from Rye Market. He straightway went to our house, and told my mother of the strange scene which had just occurred, and of my accusation before the magistrates and acquittal. She begged, she ordered Jephson to lend her his cart. She seized whip and reins; she

drove over to Rye; and I don't envy Jephson's old gray mare that journey with such a charioteer behind her. The door, opening from the street, flung light into the passage; and behold, we three warriors were sprawling on the floor in the higgledy-piggledy stage of the battle as my mother entered!

What a scene for a mother with a strong arm, a warm heart, and a high temper! Madame Duval rushed instantly at Miss Susan, and tore her shrieking from my body, which fair Susan was pummelling with the whip. A part of Susan's cap and tufts of her red hair were torn off by this maternal Amazon, and Susan was hurled through the open door into the kitchen, where she fell before her frightened father. I don't know how many blows my parent inflicted upon this creature. Mother might have slain her, but that the chaste Susanna, screaming shrilly, rolled under the deal kitchen table.

Madame Duval had wrenched away from this young person the horsewhip with which Susan had been operating upon the shoulders of her only son, and snatched the weapon as her fallen foe dropped. And now my mamma, seeing old Mr. Rudge sitting in a ghastly state of terror in the corner, rushed at the grocer, and in one minute, with butt and thong, inflicted a score of lashes over his face, nose, and eyes, for which anybody who chooses may pity him. "Ah, you will call my boy a thief, will you? Ah, you will take my Denny before the justices, will you? Prends moi ça gredin! Attrape, lâche! Nimmt noch ein paar Schläge, Spitzbube!" cries out mother, in that polyglot language of English, French, High-Dutch, which she always used when excited. My good mother could shave and dress gentlemen's heads as well as any man; and faith I am certain that no man



in all Europe got a better dressing than Mr. Rudge on that evening.

Bless me ! I have written near a page to describe a battle which could not have lasted five minutes. Mother's cart was drawn up at the side-street whilst she was victoriously engaged within. Meanwhile, Dr. Barnard's chaise had come to the front door of the shop, and he strode through it, and found us conquerors in possession of both fields. Since my last battle with Bevil, we both knew that I was more than a match for him. "In the King's name, I charge you drop your daggers," as the man says in the play. Our wars were over on the appearance of the man of peace. Mother left off plying the horsewhip over Rudge; Miss Sukey came out from under the table; Mr. Bevil rose, and slunk off to wash his bleeding face: and when the wretched Rudge whimpered out that he would have the law for this assault, the Doctor sternly said, "You were three to one during part of the battle, three to two afterwards, and after your testimony to-day, you perjured old miscreant, do you suppose any magistrate will believe you?"

No. Nobody did believe them. A punishment fell on these bad people. I don't know who gave the name, but Rudge and his daughter were called Ananias and Sapphira in Rye; and from that day the old man's affairs seemed to turn to the bad. When our boys of Pocock's met the grocer, his daughter, or his apprentice, the little miscreants would cry out, "Who put the money in Denny's box?" "Who bore false witness against his neighbor?" "Kiss the book, Sukey my dear, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, do you hear?" They had a dreadful life, that poor grocer's family. As for that rogue Tom Parrot, he comes into the shop one market day

when the place was full, and asks for a penn'orth of sugar-candy, in payment for which he offers a penny to old Rudge sitting at his books behind his high desk. "It's a good bit of money," says Tom (as bold as the brass which he was tendering). "*It ain't marked*, Mr. Rudge, like Denny Duval's money!" And, no doubt, at a signal from the young reprobate, a chorus of boys posted outside began to sing, "Ananias, Ananias! He pretends to be so pious! Ananias and Saphia—" Well, well, the Saphia of these young wags was made to rhyme incorrectly with a word beginning with L. Nor was this the only punishment which befell the unhappy Rudge: Mrs. Wing and several of his chief patrons took away their custom from him and dealt henceforth with the opposition grocer. Not long after my affair, Miss Sukey married the toothless apprentice, who got a bad bargain with her, sweetheart or wife. I shall have to tell presently what a penalty they (and some others) had to pay for their wickedness; and of an act of contrition on poor Miss Sukey's part, whom, I am sure, I heartily forgive. Then was cleared up that mystery (which I could not understand, that Dr. Barnard could not, or would not) of the persecutions directed against a humble lad, who never, except in self-defence, did harm to any mortal.

I shouldered the trunks, causes of the late lamentable war, and put them into mother's cart, into which I was about to mount, but the shrewd old lady would not let me take a place beside her. "I can drive well enough. Go thou in the chaise with the Doctor. He can talk to thee better, my son, than an ignorant woman like me. Neighbor Jephson told me how the good gentleman stood by thee in the justice-court. If ever I or mine can do anything to repay him, he may command me. Houp, Schimmel! Fort! Shalt soon

be to house!" And with this she was off with my bag and baggage, as the night was beginning to fall.

I went out of the Rudges' house, into which I have never since set foot. I took my place in the chaise by my kind Dr. Barnard. We passed through Winchelsea gate, and dipped down into the marshy plain beyond, with bright glimpses of the Channel shining beside us, and the stars glittering overhead. We talked of the affair of the day, of course — the affair most interesting, that is, to me, who could think of nothing but magistrates, and committals, and acquittals. The Doctor repeated his firm conviction that there was a great smuggling conspiracy all along the coast and neighborhood. Master Rudge was a member of the fraternity (which, indeed, I knew, having been out with his people once or twice, as I have told, to my shame). "Perhaps there were other people of my acquaintance who belonged to the same society?" the Doctor said, dryly. "Gee up, Daisy! There were other people of my acquaintance, who were to be found at Winchelsea as well as at Rye. Your precious one-eyed enemy is in it; so, I have no doubt, is Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte; so is — can you guess the name of any one besides, Denny?"

"Yes, sir," I said, sadly; I knew my own grandfather was engaged in that traffic. "But if — if others are, I promise you, on my honor, I never will embark in it," I added.

"T will be more dangerous now than it has been. There will be obstacles to crossing the Channel which the contraband gentlemen have not known for some time past. Have you not heard the news?"

"What news?" Indeed I had thought of none but my own affairs. A post had come in that very evening from London, bringing intelligence of no little im-

portance even to poor me, as it turned out. And the news was that his Majesty the King, having been informed that a treaty of amity and commerce had been signed between the Court of France and certain persons employed by his Majesty's revolted subjects in North America, "has judged it necessary to send orders to his ambassador to withdraw from the French Court, . . . and relying with the firmest confidence upon the zealous and affectionate support of his faithful people, he is determined to prepare to exert, if it should be necessary, all the forces and resources of his kingdoms, which he trusts will be adequate to repel every insult and attack, and to maintain and uphold the power and reputation of this country."

So as I was coming out of Rye court-house, thinking of nothing but my enemies, and my trials, and my triumphs, post-boys were galloping all over the land to announce that we were at war with France. One of them, as we made our way home, clattered past us with his twanging horn, crying his news of war with France. As we wound along the plain, we could see the French lights across the Channel. My life has lasted for fifty years since then, and scarcely ever since, but for very very brief intervals, has that baleful war-light ceased to burn.

The messenger who bore this important news arrived after we left Rye, but, riding at a much quicker pace than that which our Doctor's nag practised, overtook us ere we had reached our own town of Winchelsea. All our town was alive with the news in half an hour; and in the market-place, the public-houses, and from house to house, people assembled and talked. So we were at war again with our neighbors across the Channel, as well as with our rebellious children in America; and the rebellious children were having the

better of the parent at this time. We boys at Pocock's had fought the war stoutly and with great elation at first. Over our maps we had pursued the rebels, and beaten them in repeated encounters. We routed them on Long Island. We conquered them at Brandywine. We vanquished them gloriously at Bunker's Hill. We marched triumphantly into Philadelphia with Howe. We were quite bewildered when we had to surrender with General Burgoyne at Saratoga; being, somehow, not accustomed to hear of British armies surrendering, and British valor being beat. "We had a half-holiday for Long Island," says Tom Parrot, sitting next to me in school, "I suppose we shall be flogged all round for Saratoga." As for those Frenchmen, we knew of their treason for a long time past, and were gathering up wrath against them. *Protestant* Frenchmen, it was agreed, were of a different sort; and I think the banished Huguenots of France have not been unworthy subjects of our new sovereign.

There was one dear little Frenchwoman in Winchelsea who I own was a sad rebel. When Mrs. Barnard, talking about the war, turned round to Agnes and said, "Agnes my child, on what side are you?" Mademoiselle de Barr blushed very red, and said, "I am a French girl, and I am of the side of my country. *Vive la France! vive le Roi!*"

"Oh, Agnes! oh, you perverted, ungrateful little, little monster!" cries Mrs. Barnard, beginning to weep.

But the Doctor, far from being angry, smiled and looked pleased; and making Agnes a mock reverence, he said, "*Mademoiselle de Saverne*, I think a little Frenchwoman should be for France; and here is the tray, and we won't fight until after supper." And as he spoke that night the prayer appointed by his

Church for the time of war — prayed that we might be armed with His defence who is the only giver of all victory — I thought I never heard the good man's voice more touching and solemn.

When this daily and nightly ceremony was performed at the Rectory, a certain little person who belonged to the Roman Catholic faith used to sit aloof, her spiritual instructors forbidding her to take part in our English worship. When it was over, and the Doctor's household had withdrawn, Miss Agnes had a flushed, almost angry face.

"But what am I to do, Aunt Barnard?" said the little rebel. "If I pray for you, I pray that my country may be conquered, and that you may be saved and delivered out of our hands."

"No, faith, my child, I think we will not call upon thee for Amen," says the Doctor, patting her cheek.

"I don't know why you should wish to prevail over my country," whimpers the little maid. "I am sure I won't pray that any harm may happen to you, and Aunt Barnard, and Denny — never, never!" And in a passion of tears she buried her head against the breast of the good man, and we were all not a little moved.

Hand in hand we two young ones walked from the Rectory to the Priory House, which was only too near. I paused ere I rang at the bell, still holding her wistful little hand in mine.

"You will never be my enemy, Denny, will you?" she said, looking up.

"My dear," I faltered out, "I will love you forever and ever!" I thought of the infant whom I brought home in my arms from the seashore, and once more my dearest maiden was held in them, and my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### I ENTER HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY.

I PROMISE you there was no doubt or hesitation next Sunday regarding our good Rector's opinions. Ever since the war with America began, he had, to the best of his power, exhorted his people to be loyal, and testified to the authority of Cæsar. "War," he taught, "is not altogether an evil; and ordained of Heaven, as our illnesses and fevers doubtless are, for our good. It teaches obedience and contentment under privations; it fortifies courage; it tests loyalty; it gives occasion for showing mercifulness of heart; moderation in victory; endurance and cheerfulness under defeat. The brave who do battle victoriously in their country's cause leave a legacy of honor to their children. We English of the present day are the better for Creçy, and Agincourt, and Blenheim. I do not grudge the Scots their day of Bannockburn, nor the French their Fontenoy. Such valor proves the manhood of nations. When we have conquered the American rebellion, as I have no doubt we shall do, I trust it will be found that these rebellious children of ours have comported themselves in a manner becoming our English race, that they have been hardy and resolute, merciful and moderate. In that Declaration of War against France, which has just reached us, and which interests all England, and the men of this coast especially, I have no more

doubt in my mind that the right is on our side, than I have that Queen Elizabeth had a right to resist the Spanish Armada. In an hour of almost equal peril, I pray we may show the same watchfulness, constancy, and valor; bracing ourselves to do the duty before us, and leaving the issue to the Giver of all Victory."

Ere he left the pulpit, our good Rector announced that he would call a meeting for next market-day in our town-hall — a meeting of gentry, farmers, and seafaring men, to devise means for the defence of our coast and harbors. The French might be upon us any day; and all our people were in a buzz of excitement, Volunteers and Fencibles patrolling our shores, and fishermen's glasses forever on the look-out towards the opposite coast.

We had a great meeting in the town-hall, and of the speakers it was who should be most loyal to King and country. Subscriptions for a Defence Fund were straightway set afoot. It was determined the Cinque Port towns should raise a regiment of Fencibles. In Winchelsea alone the gentry and chief tradesmen agreed to raise a troop of volunteer horse to patrol along the shore and communicate with depots of the regular military formed at Dover, Hastings, and Deal. The fishermen were enrolled to serve as coast and look-out men. From Margate to Folkestone the coast was watched and patrolled; and privateers were equipped and sent to sea from many of the ports along our line. On the French shore we heard of similar warlike preparations. The fishermen on either coast did not harm each other as yet, though presently they too fell to blows: and I have sad reason to know that a certain ancestor of mine did not altogether leave off his relations with his French friends.



However, at the meeting in the town-hall, Grandfather came forward with a subscription and a long speech. He said that he and his co-religionists and countrymen of France had now for near a century experienced British hospitality and freedom; that when driven from home by Papist persecution, they had found protection here, and that now was the time for French Protestants to show that they were grateful and faithful subjects of King George. Grandfather's speech was very warmly received; that old man had lungs, and a knack of speaking, which never failed him. He could spin out sentences by the yard, as I knew, who had heard him expound for half-hours together with that droning voice which had long ceased (Heaven help me!) to carry conviction to the heart of Grandfather's graceless grandson.

When he had done, Mr. George Weston, of the Priory, spoke, and with a good spirit too. (He and *my dear friend, Mr. Joe*, were both present, and seated with the gentlefolks and magistrates at the raised end of the hall.) Mr. George said that as Mr. Duval had spoken for the French Protestants, he, for his part, could vouch for the loyalty of another body of men, the Roman Catholics of England. In the hour of danger he trusted that he and his brethren were as good subjects as any Protestants in the realm. And as a trifling test of his loyalty — though he believed his neighbor Duval was a richer man than himself (Grandfather shrieked a "No, no!" and there was a roar of laughter in the hall) — he offered as a contribution to a defence fund to lay down two guineas for Mr. Duval's one.

"I will give my guinea, I am sure," says Grandfather, very meekly, "and may that poor man's mite be accepted and useful!"

"One guinea!" roars Weston; "I will give a hundred guineas!"

"And I another hundred," says his brother. "We will show, as Roman Catholic gentry of England, that we are not inferior in loyalty to our Protestant brethren."

"Put my faze-in-law Peter Duval down for one 'ondred guinea!" calls out my mother, in her deep voice. "Put me down for twenty-five guinea, and my son Denis for twenty-five guinea! We have eaten of English bread and we are grateful, and we sing with all our hearts, God save King George!"

Mother's speech was received with great applause. Farmers, gentry, shopkeepers, rich and poor, crowded forward to offer their subscription. Before the meeting broke up, a very handsome sum was promised for the arming and equipment of the Winchelsea Fencibles; and old Colonel Evans, who had been present at Minden and Fontenoy, and young Mr. Barlow, who had lost a leg at Brandywine, said that they would superintend the drilling of the Winchelsea Fencibles, until such time as his Majesty should send officers of his own to command the corps. It was agreed that everybody spoke and acted with public spirit. "Let the French land!" was our cry. "The men of Rye, the men of Winchelsea, the men of Hastings, will have a guard of honor to receive them on the shore!"

That the French intended to try and land was an opinion pretty general amongst us, especially when his Majesty's proclamation came, announcing the great naval and military armaments which the enemy was preparing. We had *certain communications* with Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk still, and our fishing-boats sometimes went as far as Ostend. Our informants brought us full news of all that was going on

in those ports; of the troops assembled there, and royal French ships and privateers fitted out. I was not much surprised one night to find our old Boulogne ally Bidois smoking his pipe with Grandfather in the kitchen, and regaling himself with a glass of his own brandy, which I know had not paid unto Cæsar Cæsar's due. The pigeons on the hill were making their journeys still. Once, when I went up to visit Farmer Perreau, I found M. de la Motte and a companion of his sending off one of these birds, and La Motte's friend said sulkily, in German, "What does the little *Spitzbube* do here?" "Versteht vielleicht Deutsch," murmured La Motte, hurriedly, and turned round to me with a grin of welcome, and asked news of Grandfather and my mother.

This ally of the Chevalier's was a Lieutenant Lütterloh, who had served in America in one of the Hessian regiments on our side, and who was now pretty often in Winchelsea, where he talked magnificently about war and his own achievements, both on the Continent and in our American provinces. He lived near Canterbury as I heard. I guessed, of course, that he was one of the "Mackerel" party, and engaged in smuggling, like La Motte, the Westons, and my graceless old grandfather and his ally, Mr. Rudge, of Rye. I shall have presently to tell how bitterly Monsieur de la Motte had afterwards to rue his acquaintance with this German.

Knowing the Chevalier's intimacy with the gentlemen connected with the Mackerel fishery, I had little cause to be surprised at seeing him and the German captain together; though a circumstance now arose, which might have induced me to suppose him engaged in practices yet more lawless and dangerous than smuggling. I was walking up to the hill — must I let slip

the whole truth, Madame, in my memoirs? Well, it never did or will hurt anybody; and, as it only concerns you and me, may be told without fear. I frequently, I say, walked up the hill to look at these pigeons, for a certain young person was a great lover of pigeons too, and occasionally would come to see Father Perreau's columbarium. Did I love the sight of this dear white dove more than any other? Did it come sometimes fluttering to my heart? Ah! the old blood throbs there with the mere recollection. I feel — shall we say how many years younger, my dear? In fine, those little walks to the pigeon-house are among the sweetest of all our stores of memories.

I was coming away, then, once from this house of billing and cooing, when I chanced to espy an old schoolmate, Thomas Measom by name, who was exceedingly proud of his new uniform as a private of our regiment of Winchelsea Fencibles, was never tired of wearing it, and always walked out with his firelock over his shoulder. As I came up to Tom, he had just discharged his piece, and hit his bird too. One of Farmer Perreau's pigeons lay dead at Tom's feet — one of the carrier-pigeons, and the young fellow was rather scared at what he had done, especially when he saw a little piece of paper tied under the wing of the slain bird.

He could not read the message, which was written in our German handwriting, and was only in three lines, which I was better able to decipher than Tom. I supposed at first that the message had to do with the smuggling business, in which so many of our friends were engaged, and Measom walked off rather hurriedly, being by no means anxious to fall into the farmer's hands, who would be but ill-pleased at having one of his birds killed.

I put the paper in my pocket, not telling Tom what

I thought about the matter : but I did have a thought, and determined to converse with my dear Dr. Barnard regarding it. I asked to see him at the Rectory, and there read to him the contents of the paper which the poor messenger was bearing when Tom's ball brought him down.

My good Doctor was not a little excited and pleased when I interpreted the pigeon's message to him, and especially praised me for my reticence with Tom upon the subject. "It may be a mare's nest we have discovered, Denny, my boy," says the Doctor ; "it may be a matter of importance. I will see Colonel Evans on this subject to-night." We went off to Mr. Evans's lodgings : he was the old officer who had fought under the Duke of Cumberland, and was, like the Doctor, a justice of peace for our county. I translated for the Colonel the paper, which was to the following effect :<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Evans looked at a paper before him, containing an authorized list of the troops at the various Cinque Port stations, and found the poor pigeon's information quite correct. "Was this the Chevalier's writing ?" the gentleman asked. No, I did not think it was M. de la Motte's handwriting. Then I mentioned the other German in whose company I had seen M. de la Motte : the Monsieur Lütterloh whom Mr. Evans said he knew quite well. "If Lütterloh is engaged in the business," said Mr. Evans, "we shall know more about it ;" and he whispered something to Dr. Barnard. Meanwhile he praised me exceedingly for my caution, enjoined me to say nothing regarding the matter, and to tell my comrade to hold his tongue.

As for Tom Measom he was less cautious. Tom talked about his adventures to one or two cronies ;

<sup>1</sup> Left blank by Mr. Thackeray.

and to his parents, who were tradesmen like my own. They occupied a snug house in Winchelsea, with a garden and a good paddock. One day their horse was found dead in the stable. Another day their cow burst and died. There used to be strange acts of revenge perpetrated in those days; and farmers, tradesmen, or gentry, who rendered themselves obnoxious to *certain parties* had often to rue the enmity which they provoked. That my unhappy old grandfather was, and remained in the smugglers' league, I fear is a fact which I can't deny or palliate. He paid a heavy penalty to be sure, but my narrative is not advanced far enough to allow of my telling how the old man was visited for his sins.

There came to visit our Winchelsea magistrates Captain Pearson, of the "Serapis" frigate, then in the Downs; and I remembered this gentleman, having seen him at the house of my kind patron, Sir Peter Denis, in London. Mr. Pearson also recollected me as the little boy who had shot the highwayman; and was much interested when he heard of the carrier-pigeon, and the news which he bore. It appeared that he, as well as Colonel Evans, was acquainted with Mr. Lütterloh. "You are a good lad," the Captain said; "but we know," continued he, "all the news those birds carry."

All this time our whole coast was alarmed, and hourly expectant of a French invasion. The French fleet was said to outnumber ours in the Channel: the French army, we knew, was enormously superior to our own. I can remember the terror and the excitement; the panic of some, the braggart behavior of others; and especially I recall the way in which our church was cleared one Sunday, by a rumor which ran through the pews, that the French were actually

landed. How the people rushed away from the building, and some of them whom I remember the loudest amongst the braggarts, and singing their "Come if you dare!" Mother and I in our pew, and Captain Pearson in the Rector's, were the only people who sat out the sermon, of which Dr. Barnard would not abridge a line, and which, I own, I thought was extremely tantalizing and provoking. He gave the blessing with more than ordinary slowness and solemnity; and had to open his own pulpit-door, and stalk down the steps without the accompaniment of his usual escort, the clerk, who had skipped out of his desk, and run away like the rest of the congregation. Dr. Barnard had me home to dinner at the Rectory; my good mother being much too shrewd to be jealous of this kindness shown to me and not to her. When she waited upon Mrs. Barnard with her basket of laces and perfumeries, Mother stood as became her station as a tradeswoman. "For thee, my son, 'tis different," she said. "I will have thee be a gentleman." And faith, I hope I have done the best of my humble endeavor to fulfil the good lady's wish.

The war, the probable descent of the French, and the means of resisting the invasion, of course formed the subject of the gentlemen's conversation; and though I did not understand all that passed, I was made to comprehend subsequently, and may as well mention facts here which only came to be explained to me later. The pigeons took over certain information to France, in return for that which they brought. By these and other messengers our Government was kept quite well instructed as to the designs and preparations of the enemy, and I remember how it was stated that his Majesty had occult correspondents of his own in France, whose information was

of surprising accuracy. Master Lütterloh dabbled in the information line. He had been a soldier in America, a recruiting-crimp here, and I know not what besides; but the information he gave was given under the authority of his employers, to whom in return he communicated the information he received from France. The worthy gentleman was, in fact, a spy by trade; and though he was not born to be hanged, came by an awful payment for his treachery, as I shall have to tell in due time. As for M. de la Motte, the gentlemen were inclined to think that his occupation was smuggling, not treason, and in that business the Chevalier was allied with scores, nay hundreds, of people round about him. One I knew, my pious grandpapa: other two lived at the Priory, and I could count many more even in our small town, namely, all the Mackerel men to whom I had been sent on the night of poor Madame de Saverne's funeral.

Captain Pearson shook me by the hand very warmly when I rose to go home, and I saw, by the way in which the good Doctor regarded me, that he was meditating some special kindness in my behalf. It came very soon, and at a moment when I was plunged in the very dismallest depths of despair. My dear little Agnes, though a boarder at the house of those odious Westons, had leave given to her to visit Mrs. Barnard; and that kind lady never failed to give me some signal by which I knew that my little sweetheart was at the Rectory. One day the message would be, "The Rector wants back his volume of the 'Arabian Nights,' and Denis had better bring it." Another time my dearest Mrs. Barnard would write on a card, "You may come to tea, if you have done your mathematics well," or, "You may have a



French lesson," and so forth — and there, sure enough, would be my sweet little tutoress. How old, my dear, was Juliet, when she and young Capulet began their loves? My sweetheart had not done playing with dolls when our little passion began to bud: and the sweet talisman of innocence I wore in my heart hath never left me through life, and shielded me from many a temptation.

Shall I make a clean breast of it? We young hypocrites used to write each other little notes, and pop them in certain cunning corners known to us two. Juliet used to write in a great round hand in French; Romeo replied, I dare say, with doubtful spelling.

We had devised sundry queer receptacles where our letters lay *poste restante*. There was the China pot-pourri jar on the Japan cabinet in the drawing-room. There, into the midst of the roses and spices, two cunning young people used to thrust their hands, and stir about spice and rose-leaves, until they lighted upon a little bit of folded paper more fragrant and precious than all your flowers and cloves. Then in the hall we had a famous post-office, namely, the barrel of the great blunderbuss over the mantel-piece, from which hung a ticket on which "loaded" was written, only I knew better, having helped Martin, the Doctor's man, to clean the gun. Then in the churchyard under the wing of the left cherub on Sir Jasper Billings's tomb, there was a certain hole in which we put little scraps of paper written in a cipher devised by ourselves, and on these scraps of paper we wrote:—well, can you guess what? We wrote the old song which young people have sung ever since singing began. We wrote "Amo, amas," etc., in our childish handwriting. Ah! thanks be to Heaven, though the hands tremble a little now, they

write the words still! My dear, the last time I was in Winchelsea, I went and looked at Sir Jasper's tomb, and at the hole under the cherub's wing; there was only a little mould and moss there. Mrs. Barnard found and read one or more of these letters, as the dear lady told me afterwards, but there was no harm in them; and when the Doctor put on his *grand sérieux* (as to be sure he had a right to do), and was for giving the culprits a scolding, his wife reminded him of a time when he was captain of Harrow School, and found time to write other exercises than Greek and Latin to a young lady who lived in the village. Of these matters, I say, she told me in later days; in all days, after our acquaintance began, she was my truest friend and protectress.

But this dearest and happiest season of my life (for so I think it, though I am at this moment happy, most happy, and thankful) was to come to an abrupt ending, and poor Humpty Dumpty having climbed the wall of bliss, was to have a great and sudden fall, which, for a while, perfectly crushed and bewildered him. I have said what harm came to my companion Tom Measom, for meddling in Monsieur Lütterloh's affairs and talking of them. Now, there were two who knew Meinherr's secret, Tom Measom, namely, and Denis Duval; and though Denis held his tongue about the matter, except in conversing with the Rector and Captain Pearson, Lütterloh came to know that I had read and explained the pigeon-despatch of which Measom had shot the bearer; and, indeed, it was Captain Pearson himself, with whom the German had sundry private dealings, who was Lütterloh's informer. Lütterloh's rage, and that of his accomplice, against me, when they learned the unlucky part I had had in the discovery, were still greater than their

wrath against Measom. The Chevalier de la Motte, who had once been neutral, and even kind to me, was confirmed in a steady hatred against me, and held me as an enemy whom he was determined to get out of his way. And hence came that catastrophe which precipitated Humpty Dumpty Duval, Esq., off the wall from which he was gazing at his beloved, as she disported in her garden below.

One evening—shall I ever forget that evening? It was Friday.<sup>1</sup> After my little maiden had been taking tea with Mrs. Barnard, I had leave to escort her to her home at Mr. Weston's at the Priory, which is not a hundred yards from the Rectory door. All the evening the company had been talking about battle and danger, and invasion, and the war news from France and America; and my little maiden sat silent, with her great eyes looking at one speaker and another, and stitching at her sampler. At length the clock tolled the hour of nine, when Miss Agnes must return to her guardian. I had the honor to serve as her escort, and would have wished the journey to be ten times as long as that brief one between the two houses. "Good-night, Agnes!" "Good-night, Denis! On Sunday I shall see you!" We whisper one little minute under the stars; the little hand lingers in mine with a soft pressure; we hear the servants' footsteps over the marble floor within, and I am gone. Somehow, at night and at morning, at lessons and play, I was always thinking about this little maid.

"I shall see you on Sunday," and this was Friday! Even that interval seemed long to me. Little did either of us know what a long separation was before us, and what strange changes, dangers, adventures, I was to undergo ere I again should press that dearest hand.

<sup>1</sup> Left blank by Mr. Thackeray

The gate closed on her, and I walked away by the churchwall, and towards my own home. I was thinking of that happy, that unforgotten night of my childhood, when I had been the means of rescuing the dearest little maiden from an awful death; how, since then, I had cherished her with my love of love; and what a blessing she had been to my young life. For many years she was its only cheerer and companion. At home I had food and shelter, and, from Mother at least, kindness, but no society; it was not until I became a familiar of the good Doctor's roof that I knew friendship and kind companionship. What gratitude ought I not to feel for a boon so precious as there was conferred on me? Ah, I vowed, I prayed, that I might make myself worthy of such friends; and so was sauntering homewards, lost in these happy thoughts, when—when something occurred which at once decided the whole course of my after-life.

This something was a blow with a bludgeon across my ear and temple which sent me to the ground utterly insensible. I remember half a dozen men darkling in an alley by which I had to pass, then a scuffle and an oath or two, and a voice crying, "Give it him, curse him!" and then I was down on the pavement as flat and lifeless as the flags on which I lay. When I woke up, I was almost blinded with blood: I was in a covered cart with a few more groaning wretches; and when I uttered a moan, a brutal voice growled out with many oaths an instant order to be silent or my head should be broken again. I woke up in a ghastly pain and perplexity, but presently fainted once more. When I awoke again to a half-consciousness I felt myself being lifted from the cart and carried, and then flung into the bow of a boat, where I suppose I was joined by the rest of the ~~cart's~~ ~~boat's~~ company.

Then some one came and washed my bleeding head with salt-water (which made it throb and ache very cruelly). Then the man, whispering, "I'm a friend," bound my forehead tight with a handkerchief, and the boat pulled out to a brig that was lying as near to land as she could come, and the same man who had struck and sworn at me would have stabbed me once more as I reeled up the side, but that my friend interposed in my behalf. It was Tom Hookham, to whose family I had given the three guineas, and who assuredly saved my life on that day, for the villian who attempted it afterwards confessed that he intended to do me an injury. I was thrust into the forepeak with three or four more maimed and groaning wretches, and, the wind serving, the lugger made for her destination, whatever that might be. What a horrid night of fever and pain it was! I remember I fancied I was carrying Agnes out of the water; I called out her name repeatedly, as Tom Hookham informed me, who came with a lantern and looked at us poor wretches huddled in our shed. Tom brought me more water, and in pain and fever I slept through a wretched night.

In the morning our tender came up with a frigate that was lying off a town, and I was carried up the ship's side on Hookham's arm. The Captain's boat happened to pull from shore at the very same time, and the Captain and his friends, and our wretched party of pressed men with their captors, thus stood face to face. My wonder and delight were not a little aroused when I saw the Captain was no other than my dear Rector's friend, Captain Pearson. My face was bound up, and so pale and bloody as to be scarcely recognizable. "So, my man," he said rather sternly, "you have been for fighting, have you? This comes of resisting men employed on his Majesty's service."

"I never resisted," I said; "I was struck from behind, Captain Pearson."

The Captain looked at me with a haughty, surprised air. Indeed, a more disreputable-looking lad he scarcely could see. After a moment he said, "Why, bless my soul, is it you, my boy? Is it young Duval?"

"Yes, sir," I said; and whether from emotion, or fever, or loss of blood and weakness, I felt my brain going again, and once more fainted and fell.

When I came to myself, I found myself in a berth in the "Serapis," where there happened to be but one other patient. I had had fever and delirium for a day, during which it appears I was constantly calling out, "Agnes, Agnes!" and offering to shoot highwaymen. A very kind surgeon's mate had charge of me, and showed me much more attention than a poor wounded lad could have had a right to expect in my wretched humiliating position. On the fifth day I was well again, though still very weak and pale; but not too weak to be unable to go to the Captain when he sent for me to his cabin. My friend the surgeon's mate showed me the way.

Captain Pearson was writing at his table, but sent away his secretary, and when the latter was gone shook hands with me very kindly, and talked unreservedly about the strange accident which had brought me on board his ship. His officer had information, he said, "and I had information," the Captain went on to say, "that some very good seamen of what we called the Mackerel party were to be taken at a public-house in Winchelsea," and his officer netted a half-dozen of them there, "who will be much better employed" (says Captain Pearson) "in serving the King in one of his Majesty's vessels, than in cheating him on board their own. You were a stray fish that was









DENIS'S VALET.



caught along with the rest. I know your story. I have talked it over with our good friends at the Rectory. For a young fellow, you have managed to make yourself some queer enemies in your native town ; and you are best out of it. On the night when I first saw you, I promised our friends to take you as a first-class volunteer. In due time you will pass your examination, and be rated as a midshipman. Stay — your mother is in Deal. You can go ashore, and she will fit you out. Here are letters for you. I wrote to Dr. Barnard as soon as I found who you were.”

With this, I took leave of my good patron and captain, and ran off to read my two letters. One, from Mrs. Barnard and the Doctor conjointly, told how alarmed they had been at my being lost, until Captain Pearson wrote to say how I had been found. The letter from my good mother informed me, in her rough way, how she was waiting at the “Blue Anchor Inn” in Deal, and would have come to me ; but my new comrades would laugh at a rough old woman coming off in a shore-boat to look after her boy. It was better that I should go to her at Deal, where I should be fitted out in a way becoming an officer in his Majesty’s service. To Deal accordingly I went by the next boat : the good-natured surgeon’s mate, who had attended me and taken a fancy to me, lending me a clean shirt, and covering the wound on my head neatly, so that it was scarcely seen under my black hair. “*Le pauvre cher enfant ! comme il est pâle !*” How my mother’s eyes kindled with kindness as she saw me ! The good soul insisted on dressing my hair with her own hands, and tied it in a smart queue with a black ribbon. Then she took me off to a tailor in the town, and provided me with an outfit a lord’s son might have brought on board. My uniforms

were ready in a very short time. Twenty-four hours after they were ordered Mr. Levy brought them to our inn, and I had the pleasure of putting them on; and walked on the Parade with my hat cocked, my hanger by my side, and Mother on my arm. Though I was perfectly well pleased with myself, I think she was the prouder of the two. To one or two tradesmen and their wives, whom she knew, she gave a most dignified nod of recognition this day; but passed on without speaking, as if she would have them understand that they ought to keep their distance when she was in such fine company. "When I am in the shop, I am in the shop, and my customers' very humble servant," said she; "but when I am walking on Deal Parade with thee, I am walking with a young gentleman in his Majesty's navy. And Heaven has blessed us of late, my child, and thou shalt have the means of making as good a figure as any young officer in the service." And she put such a great heavy purse of guineas into my pocket, that I wondered at her bounty. "Remember, my son," added she, "thou art a gentleman now. Always respect yourself. Tradespeople are no company for thee. For me 'tis different. I am but a poor hair-dresser and shop-keeper." We supped together at the "Anchor," and talked about home, that was but two days off, and yet so distant. She never once mentioned my little maiden to me, nor did I somehow dare to allude to her. Mother had prepared a nice bedroom for me at the inn, to which she made me retire early, as I was still weak and faint after my fever; and when I was in my bed she came and knelt down by it, and with tears rolling down her furrowed face offered up a prayer in her native German language that He who had been pleased to succor me from perils hitherto,

would guard me for the future, and watch over me in the voyage of life which was now about to begin. Now, as it is drawing to its close, I look back at it with an immense awe and thankfulness, for the strange dangers from which I have escaped, the great blessings I have enjoyed.

I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Barnard, narrating my adventures as cheerfully as I could, though, truth to say, when I thought of home and a little Someone there, a large tear or two blotted my paper, but I had reason to be grateful for the kindness I had received, and was not a little elated at being actually a gentleman, and in a fair way to be an officer in his Majesty's navy.

As I was strutting on the Mall, on the second day of my visit to Deal, what should I see but my dear Dr. Barnard's well-known post-chaise nearing us from the Dover Road? The Doctor and his wife looked with a smiling surprise at my altered appearance; and as they stepped out of their chaise at the inn, the good lady fairly put her arms round me, and gave me a kiss. Mother, from her room, saw the embrace, I suppose. "Thou hast found good friends there, Denis, my son," she said, with sadness in her deep voice. "'T is well. They can befriend thee better than I can. Now thou art well, I may depart in peace. When thou art ill, the old mother will come to thee, and will bless thee always, my son." She insisted upon setting out on her return homewards that afternoon. She had friends at Hythe, Folkestone, and Dover (as I knew well), and would put up with one or other of them. She had before packed my new chest with wonderful neatness. Whatever her feelings might be at our parting, she showed no signs of tears or sorrow, but mounted her little chaise in the inn-yard,

and, without looking back, drove away on her solitary journey. The landlord of the "Anchor" and his wife bade her farewell, very cordially and respectfully. They asked me, would I not step into the bar and take a glass of wine or spirits? I have said that I never drank either; and suspect that my mother furnished my host with some of these stores out of those fishing-boats of which she was owner. "If I had an only son, and such a good-looking one," Mrs. Boniface was pleased to say (can I, after such a fine compliment, be so ungrateful as to forget her name?) — "If I had an only son and could leave him as well off as Mrs. Duval can leave you, I would n't send him to sea in wartime, that I would n't." "And though you don't drink any wine, some of your friends on board may," my landlord added, "and they are always welcome at the 'Blue Anchor.'" This was not the first time I had heard that my mother was rich. "If she be so," I said to my host, "indeed it is more than I know." On which he and his wife both commended me for my caution; adding with a knowing smile, "We know more than we tell, Mr. Duval. Have you ever heard of Mr. Weston? Have you ever heard of Monsieur de la Motte? We know where Boulogne is, and Ost——" "Hush, wife!" here breaks in my landlord. "If the Captain don't wish to talk, why should he? There is the bell ringing from the 'Benbow' and your dinner going up to the Doctor, Mr. Duval." It was indeed as he said, and I sat down in the company of my good friends, bringing a fine appetite to their table.

The Doctor on his arrival had sent a messenger to his friend, Captain Pearson, and whilst we were at our meal, the Captain arrived in his own boat from

the ship, and insisted that Dr. and Mrs. Barnard should take their dessert in his cabin on board. This procured Mr. Denis Duval the honor of an invitation, and I and my new sea-chest were accommodated in the boat and taken to the frigate. My box was consigned to the gunner's cabin, where my hammock was now slung. After sitting a short time at Mr. Pearson's table, a brother-midshipman gave me a hint to withdraw, and I made the acquaintance of my comrades, of whom there were about a dozen on board the "Serapis." Though only a volunteer, I was taller and older than many of the midshipmen. They knew who I was, of course—the son of a shop-keeper at Winchelsea. Then, and afterwards, I had my share of rough jokes, you may be sure: but I took them with good-humor; and I had to fight my way as I had learned to do at school before. There is no need to put down here the number of black eyes and bloody noses which I received and delivered. I am sure I bore but little malice: and, thank Heaven, never wronged a man so much as to be obliged to hate him afterwards. Certain men there were who hated *me*: but they are gone, and I am here, with a pretty clear conscience, Heaven be praised; and little the worse for their enmity.

The first lieutenant of our ship, Mr. Page, was related to Mrs. Barnard, and this kind lady gave him such a character of her very grateful, humble servant, and narrated my adventures to him so pathetically, that Mr. Page took me into his special favor, and interested some of my messmates in my behalf. The story of the highwayman caused endless talk and jokes against me which I took in good part, and established my footing among my messmates by adopting the plan I had followed at school, and

taking an early opportunity to fight a well-known bruiser amongst our company of midshipmen. You must know they called me "Soapsuds," "Powder-puff," and like names, in consequence of my grandfather's known trade of hair-dresser; and one of my comrades bantering me one day, cried, "I say, Soapsuds, where was it you hit the highwayman?" "There!" said I, and gave him a clean left-handed blow on his nose, which must have caused him to see a hundred blue lights. I know about five minutes afterwards he gave me just such another blow; and we fought it out and were good friends ever after. What is this? Did I not vow as I was writing the last page yesterday that I would not say a word about my prowess at fisticuffs? You see we are ever making promises to be good, and forgetting them. I suppose other people can say as much.

Before leaving the ship my kind friends once more desired to see me, and Mrs. Barnard, putting a finger to her lip, took out from her pocket a little packet, which she placed in my hand. I thought she was giving me money, and felt somehow disappointed at being so treated by her. But when she was gone to shore I opened the parcel, and found a locket there, and a little curl of glossy black hair. Can you guess whose? Along with the locket was a letter in French, in a large girlish hand, in which the writer said, that night and day she prayed for her dear Denis. And where, think you, the locket is now? where it has been for forty-two years, and where it will remain when a faithful heart that beats under it hath ceased to throb.

At gunfire our friends took leave of the frigate, little knowing the fate that was in store for many on board her. In three weeks from that day what a



change! The glorious misfortune which befell us is written in the annals of our country.

On the very evening whilst Captain Pearson was entertaining his friends from Winchelsea, he received orders to sail for Hull, and place himself under the command of the Admiral there. From the Humber we presently were despatched northward to Scarborough. There had been not a little excitement along the whole northern coast for some time past, in consequence of the appearance of some American privateers, who had ransacked a Scottish nobleman's castle, and levied contributions from a Cumberland seaport town. As we were close in with Scarborough a boat came off with letters from the magistrates of that place, announcing that this squadron had actually been seen off the coast. The commodore of this wandering piratical expedition was known to be a rebel Scotchman: who fought with a rope round his neck to be sure. No doubt many of us youngsters vaped about the courage with which we would engage him, and made certain, if we could only meet with him, of seeing him hang from his own yard-arm. It was *Diis aliter visum*, as we used to say at Pocock's; and it was we threw *deuceace* too. Traitor, if you will, was Monsieur Paul John Jones, afterwards knight of his Most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit; but a braver traitor never wore sword.

We had been sent for in order to protect a fleet of merchantmen that were bound to the Baltic, and were to sail under the convoy of our ship and the "Countess of Scarborough," commanded by Captain Percy. And thus it came about that after being twenty-five days in his Majesty's service, I had the fortune to be present at one of the most severe and desperate combats that has been fought in our or any time.

I shall not attempt to tell that story of the battle of the 23d September, which ended in our glorious Captain striking his own colors to our superior and irresistible enemy. Sir Richard has told the story of his disaster in words nobler than any I could supply, who, though indeed engaged in that fearful action in which our flag went down before a renegade Briton and his motley crew, saw but a very small portion of the battle which ended so fatally for us. It did not commence till nightfall. How well I remember the sound of the enemy's gun of which the shot crashed into our side in reply to the challenge of our captain who hailed her! Then came a broadside from us — the first I had ever heard in battle.

## NOTES ON DENIS DUVAL

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THE readers of the "Cornhill Magazine" have now read the last line written by William Makepeace Thackeray. The story breaks off as his life ended — full of vigor, and blooming with new promise like the apple-trees in this month of May:<sup>1</sup> the only difference between the work and the life is this, that the last chapters of the one have their little pathological gaps and breaks of unfinished effort, the last chapters of the other were fulfilled and complete. But the life may be left alone; while as for the gaps and breaks in his last pages, nothing that we can write is likely to add to their significance. There they are; and the reader's mind has already fallen into them, with sensations not to be improved by the ordinary commentator. If Mr. Thackeray himself could do it, that would be another thing. Preacher he called himself in some of the Roundabout discourses in which his softer spirit is always to be heard, but he never had a text after his own mind so much as these last broken chapters would give him *now*. There is the date of a certain Friday to be filled in, and Time is no more. Is it *very* presumptuous to imagine the Roundabout that Mr.

<sup>1</sup> The last number of "Denis Duval" appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" of June, 1864.

Thackeray would write upon this unfinished work of his, if he could come back to do it? We do not think it is, or very difficult either. What Carlyle calls the divine gift of speech was so largely his, especially in his maturer years, that he made clear in what he *did* say pretty much what he *would* say about anything that engaged his thought; and we have only to imagine a discourse "On the Two Women at the Mill,"<sup>1</sup> to read off upon our minds the sense of what Mr. Thackeray alone could have found language for.

Vain are these speculations — or are they vain? Not if we try to think what he would think of his broken labors, considering that one of these days our labors must be broken too. Still, there is not much to be said about it: and we pass on to the real business in hand, which is to show as well as we may what "Denis Duval" would have been had its author lived to complete his work. Fragmentary as it is, the story must always be of considerable importance, because it will stand as a warning to imperfect critics never to be in haste to cry of any intellect, "His vein is worked out: there is nothing left in him but the echoes of emptiness." The decriers were never of any importance, yet there is more than satisfaction, there is something like triumph in the mind of every honest man of letters when he sees, and knows everybody must see, how a genius which was sometimes said to have been guilty of passing behind a cloud toward the evening of his day, came out to shine with new splendor before the day was done. "Denis Duval" is unfinished, but it ends *that* question. The fiery genius that blazed over the city in "Vanity Fair," and passed on to a ripe afternoon in "Esmond," is not a whit less

<sup>1</sup> "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left."

great, it is only broader, more soft, more mellow and kindly, as it sinks too suddenly in "Denis Duval."

This is said to introduce the settlement of another too-hasty notion which we believe to have been pretty generally accepted namely, that Mr. Thackeray took little pains in the construction of his works. The truth is, that he very industriously *did* take pains. We find that out when we inquire, for the benefit of the readers of his Magazine, whether there is anything to tell of his designs for "Denis Duval." The answer comes in the form of many most careful notes, and memoranda of inquiry into minute matters of detail to make the story *true*. How many young novelists are there who *have n't* much genius to fall back upon, who yet, if they desired to set their hero down in Winchelsea a hundred years ago for instance, would take the trouble to learn how the town was built, and what gate led to Rye (if the hero happened to have any dealings with that place), and who were its local magnates, and how it was governed? And yet this is what Mr. Thackeray did, though his investigation added not twenty lines to the story and no "interest" whatever: it was simply so much conscientious effort to keep as near truth in feigning as he could. That Winchelsea had three gates, "Newgate on S. W., Landgate on N. E., Strandgate (*leading to Rye*) on S. E.;" that "the government was vested in a mayor and twelve jurats, jointly;" that "it sends canopy bearers on occasion of a coronation," etc., all is duly entered in a note-book with reference to authorities. And so about the refugees at Rye, and the French Reformed church there; nothing is written that history cannot vouch for. The neat and orderly way in which the notes are set down is also remarkable. Each has its heading, as thus: —

*"Refugees at Rye.* — At Rye is a small settlement of French refugees, who are for the most part fishermen, and have a minister of their own.

*"French Reformed Church.* — Wherever there is a sufficient number of faithful there is a church. The pastor is admitted to his office by the provincial synod, or the colloquy, provided it be composed of seven pastors at least. Pastors are seconded in their duties by laymen, who take the title of Ancients, Elders, and Deacons precentors. The union of Pastors, Deacons, and Elders forms a consistory."

Of course there is no considerable merit in care like this, but it is a merit which the author of "Denis Duval" is not popularly credited with, and therefore it may as well be set down to him. Besides, it may serve as an example to fledgling geniuses of what *he* thought necessary to the perfection of his work.

But the chief interest of these notes and memoranda lies in the outlook they give us upon the conduct of the story. It is not desirable to print them all; indeed, to do so would be to copy a long list of mere references to books, magazines, and journals, where such byway bits of illustration are to be found as lit Mr. Thackeray's mind to so vivid an insight into manners and character. Still, we are anxious to give the reader as complete an idea of the story as we can.

First, here is a characteristic letter, in which Mr. Thackeray sketches his plot for the information of his publisher:—

"MY DEAR S——, — I was born in the year 1764, at Winchelsea, where my father was a grocer and clerk of the church. Everybody in the place was a good deal connected with smuggling.

"There used to come to our house a very noble French gen-

tleman, called the COMTE DE LA MOTTE, and with him a German, the BARON DE LÜTTERLOH. My father used to take packages to Ostend and Calais for these two gentlemen, and perhaps I went to Paris once and saw the French queen.

"The squire of our town was SQUIRE WESTON of the Priory, who, with his brother, kept one of the genteel houses in the country. He was churchwarden of our church, and much respected. Yes, but if you read the 'Annual Register' of 1781, you will find that on the 13th July the sheriffs attended at the TOWER OF LONDON to receive custody of a De la Motte, a prisoner charged with high treason. The fact is, this Alsatian nobleman being in difficulties in his own country (where he had commanded the Regiment Soubise), came to London, and under pretence of sending prints to France and Ostend, supplied the French Ministers with accounts of the movements of the English fleets and troops. His go-between was Lütterloh, a Brunswicker, who had been a crimping-agent, then a servant, who was a spy of France and Mr. Franklin, and who turned king's evidence on La Motte, and hanged him.

"This Lütterloh, who had been a crimping-agent for German troops during the American war, then a servant in London during the Gordon riots, then an agent for a spy, then a spy over a spy, I suspect to have been a consummate scoundrel, and doubly odious from speaking English with a German accent.

"What if he wanted to marry THAT CHARMING GIRL, who lived with Mr. Weston at Winchelsea? Ha! I see a mystery here.

"What if this scoundrel, going to receive his pay from the English Admiral, with whom he was in communication at Portsmouth, happened to go on board the 'Royal George,' the day she went down?

"As for George and Joseph Weston, of the Priory, I am sorry to say they were rascals too. They were tried for robbing the Bristol mail in 1780; and being acquitted for want of evidence, were tried immediately after on another indictment for forgery—Joseph was acquitted, but George was capitally convicted. But this did not help poor Joseph. Before their trials, they and some others broke out of New-

gate, and Joseph fired at, and wounded, a porter who tried to stop him, on Snow Hill. For this he was tried and found guilty on the Black Act, and hung along with his brother.

"Now, if I was an innocent participator in De la Motte's treasons, and the Westons' forgeries and robberies, what pretty scrapes I must have been in ?

"I married the young woman, whom the brutal Lütterloh would have had for himself, and lived happy ever after."

Here, it will be seen, the general idea is very roughly sketched, and the sketch was not in all its parts carried out. Another letter, never sent to its destination, gives a somewhat later account of Denis, —

"My grandfather's name was Duval ; he was a barber and perruquier by trade, and elder of the French Protestant Church at Winchelsea. I was sent to board with his correspondent, a Methodist grocer, at Rye.

"These two kept a fishing-boat, but the fish they caught was many and many a barrel of Nantz brandy, which we landed — never mind where — at a place to us well known. In the innocence of my heart, I — a child — got leave to go out fishing. We used to go out at night and meet ships from the French coast.

"I learned to scuttle a marlinspike,  
reef a lee-scupper,  
keelhaul a bowsprit

as well as the best of them. How well I remember the jabbering of the Frenchmen the first night as they handed the kegs over to us ! One night we were fired into by his Majesty's revenue cutter 'Lynx.' I asked what those balls were fizzing in the water, etc.

"I would n't go on with the smuggling ; being converted by Mr. Wesley, who came to preach to us at Rye — but that is neither here nor there —"

In these letters neither "my mother," nor the Comte de Saverne and his unhappy wife appear ;



while Agnes exists only as "that charming girl." Comte de la Motte, the Baron de Lütterloh, and the Westons, seemed to have figured foremost in the author's mind: they are historical characters. In the first letter, we are referred to the "Annual Register" for the story of De la Motte and Lütterloh: and this is what we read there, —

"*January 5, 1781.* — A gentleman was taken into custody for treasonable practices, named Henry Francis de la Motte, which he bore with the title of baron annexed to it. He has resided in Bond Street, at a Mr. Otley's, a woollen draper, for some time.

"When he was going up stairs at the Secretary of State's office in Cleveland Row, he dropped several papers on the staircase, which were immediately discovered by the messenger, and carried in with him to Lord Hillsborough. After his examination, he was committed a close prisoner for high treason to the Tower. The papers taken from him are reported to be of the highest importance. Among them are particular lists of every ship of force in any of our yards and docks, etc.

"In consequence of the above papers being found, Henry Lütterloh, Esq., of Wickham, near Portsmouth, was afterwards apprehended and brought to town. The messengers found Mr. Lütterloh ready booted to go a hunting. When he understood their business, he did not discover the least embarrassment, but delivered his keys with the utmost readiness. . . . Mr. Lütterloh is a German, and had lately taken a house at Wickham, within a few miles of Portsmouth; and as he kept a pack of hounds, and was considered as a good companion, he was well received by the gentlemen in the neighborhood.

"*July 14, 1781.* — Mr. Lütterloh's testimony was of so serious a nature, that the court seemed in a state of astonishment during the whole of his long examination. He said that he embarked in a plot with the prisoner in the year 1778, to furnish the French court with secret intelligence of the Navy; for which, at first, he received only eight guineas a month; the

importance of his information appeared, however, so clear to the prisoner, that he shortly after allowed him fifty guineas a month, besides many valuable gifts; that upon any emergency, he came post to town to M. de la Motte, but common occurrences relative to their treaty, he sent by the post. He identified the papers found in his garden, and the seals, he said, were M. de la Motte's, and well known in France. He had been to Paris by direction of the prisoner, and was closeted with Monsieur Sartine, the French Minister. He had formed a plan for capturing Governor Johnstone's squadron, for which he demanded eight thousand guineas, and a third share of the ships, to be divided amongst the prisoner, himself, and his friend in a certain office, but the French court would not agree to yielding more than an eighth share of the squadron. After agreeing to enable the French to take the commodore, he went to Sir Hugh Palliser, and offered a plan to take the French, and to defeat his original project with which he had furnished the French court.

"The trial lasted for thirteen hours, when the jury, after a short deliberation, pronounced the prisoner guilty, when sentence was immediately passed upon him; the prisoner received the awful doom (he was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered) with great composure, but inveighed against Mr. Lütterloh in warm terms. His behavior throughout the whole of this trying scene exhibited a combination of manliness, steadiness, and presence of mind. He appeared at the same time polite, condescending, and unaffected, and, we presume, could never have stood so firm and collected at so awful a moment, if, when he found himself fully convicted as a traitor to the State which gave him protection, he had not, however mistakenly, felt a conscious innocence within his own breast that he had devoted his life to the service of his country.

"M. de la Motte was about five feet ten inches in height, fifty years of age, and of a comely countenance; his deportment was exceedingly genteel, and his eye was expressive of strong penetration. He wore a white cloth coat, and a linen waistcoat worked in tambour." — *Annual Register*, vol. xiv. p. 184.

It is not improbable that from this narrative of a trial for high treason in 1781 the whole story radiated. These are the very men whom we have seen in Thackeray's pages; and it is a fine test of his insight and power to compare them as they lie embalmed in the "Annual Register," and as they breathe again in "Denis Duval." The part they were to have played in the story is already intelligible, all but the way in which they were to have confused the lives of Denis and his love.

"'At least, Duval,' De la Motte said to me when I shook hands with him and with all my heart forgave him, 'mad and reckless as I have been and fatal to all whom I loved, I have never allowed the child to want, and have supported her in comfort when I myself was almost without a meal.'"

What was the injury which Denis forgave with all his heart? Fatal to all whom he loved, there are evidences that De la Motte was to have urged Lütterloh's pretensions to Agnes: whose story at this period we find inscribed in the note-book in one word — "Henriette Iphigenia." For Agnes was christened Henriette originally, and Denis was called Blaise.<sup>1</sup>

As for M. Lütterloh, "that consummate scoundrel, and doubly odious from speaking English with a Ger-

<sup>1</sup> Among the notes there is a little chronological table of events as they occur —

"Blaise, born 1763.  
Henriette de Barr was born in 1766-7.  
Her father went to Corsica, '68.  
Mother fled, '68.  
Father killed at B., '69.  
Mother died, '70.  
Blaise turned out, '79.  
Henriette *Iphigenia*, 81.  
La Motte's catastrophe, '82.  
Rodney's action, '82."

man accent" — having hanged De la Motte, while confessing that he had made a solemn engagement with him never to betray each other, and then immediately laying a wager that De la Motte *would* be hanged, having broken open a secretaire, and distinguished himself in various other ways — he seems to have gone to Winchelsea, where it was easy for him to threaten or cajole the Westons into trying to force Agnes into his arms. She was living with these people, and we know how they discountenanced her faithful affection for Denis. Overwrought by the importunities of Lütterloh and the Westons, she escaped to Dr. Barnard for protection; and soon unexpected help arrived. The De Viomesnils, her mother's relations, became suddenly convinced of the innocence of the Countess. Perhaps (and when we say perhaps, we repeat such hints of his plans as Mr. Thackeray uttered in conversation at his fireside) they knew of certain heritages to which Agnes would be entitled were her mother absolved: at any rate, they had reasons of their own for claiming her at this opportune moment — as they did. Agnes takes Dr. Barnard's advice and goes off to these prosperous relations, who, having neglected her so long, desire her so much. Perhaps Denis was thinking of the sad hour when he came home, long years afterward, to find his sweetheart gone, when he wrote: — "O Agnes, Agnes! how the years roll away! What strange events have befallen us; what passionate griefs have we had to suffer: what a merciful Heaven has protected us, since that day when your father knelt over the little cot, in which his child lay sleeping!"

At the time she goes home to France, Denis is far away fighting on board the "Arethusa," under his old captain, Sir Richard Pearson, who commanded the

"Serapis" in the action with Paul Jones. Denis was wounded early in this fight, in which Pearson had to strike his own colors, almost every man on board being killed or hurt. Of Pearson's career, which Denis must have followed in after days, there is more than one memorandum in Mr. Thackeray's note-book:—

"'Serapis,' R. Pearson. 'Beatson's Memoirs.'

"'Gentleman's Magazine,' 49, pp. 484. Account of action with Paul Jones, 1779.

"'Gentleman's Magazine,' 502, pp. 84. Pearson knighted, 1780.

"Commanded the 'Arethusa' off Ushant, } 'Field of Mars,'  
1781, in Kempenfeldt's action. } art. Ushant."

And then follows the question,—

"Qy. How did Pearson get away from Paul Jones?"

But before that is answered we will quote the "story of the disaster" as Sir Richard tells it, "in words nobler than any I could supply:" and, indeed, Mr. Thackeray seems to have thought much of the letter to the Admiralty Office, and to have found Pearson's character in it.

After some preliminary fighting—

"We dropt alongside of each other, head and stern, when the fluke of our spare anchor hooking his quarter, we became so close, fore and aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides. In this position we engaged from half-past eight till half-past ten; during which time, from the great quantity and variety of combustible matter which they threw in upon our decks, chains, and, in short every part of the ship, we were on fire no less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion imaginable at times, that we were able to get it extinguished. At the same time the largest of the two frigates kept sailing round us the whole action and raking us fore and aft, by which means

she killed or wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks.

"About half-past nine a cartridge of powder was set on fire, which, running from cartridge to cartridge all the way aft, blew up the whole of the people and officers that were quartered abaft the mainmast. . . . At ten o'clock they called for quarter from the ship alongside; hearing this, I called for the boarders and ordered them to board her, which they did; but the moment they were on board her, they discovered a superior number lying under cover with pikes in their hands ready to receive them; our people retreated instantly into our own ship, and returned to their guns till past ten, when the frigate coming across our stern and pouring her broadside into us again, without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her, I found it in vain, and, in short, impracticable, from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success. I therefore struck. Our mainmast at the same time went by the board.

"I am extremely sorry for the misfortune that has happened — that of losing his Majesty's ship I had the honor to command; but at the same time, I flatter myself with the hopes that their lordships will be convinced that she has not been given away, but that on the contrary every exertion has been used to defend her."

The "Serapis" and the "Countess of Scarborough," after drifting about in the North Sea, were brought into the Texel by Paul Jones; when Sir Joseph Yorke, our ambassador at the Hague, memorialized their High Mightinesses the States-General of the Low Countries, requesting that these prizes might be given up. Their High Mightinesses refused to interfere.

Of course the fate of the "Serapis" was Denis's fate; and the question also is, how did *he* get away from Paul Jones? A note written immediately after the query suggests a hairbreadth escape for him after a double imprisonment.

"Some sailors are lately arrived from Amsterdam on board the 'Læstia,' Captain March. They were taken out of the hold of a Dutch East Indiaman by the captain of the 'Kingston' privateer, who, having lost some of his people, gained some information of their fate from a music-girl, and had spirit enough to board the ship and search her. The poor wretches were all chained down in the hold, and but for this would have been carried to perpetual slavery." — *Gentleman's Magazine*, 50, pp. 101.

Do we see how truth and fiction were to have been married here? Suppose that Denis Duval, escaping from one imprisonment in Holland, fell into the snares of Dutch East Indiamen, or was kidnapped with the men of the "Kingston" privateer? Denis chained down in the hold, thinking one moment of Agnes and the garden wall, which alone was too much to separate them, and at the next moment of how he was now to be carried to perpetual slavery, beyond hope. And then the music-girl; and the cheer of the "Kingston's" men as they burst into the hold and set the prisoners free. It is easy to imagine what those chapters would have been like.

At liberty, Denis was still kept at sea, where he did not rise to the heroic in a day, but progressed through all the common-place duties of a young seaman's life, which we find noted down accordingly : —

"He must serve two years on board before he can be rated midshipman. Such volunteers are mostly put under the care of the gunner, who caters for them; and are permitted to walk the quarter-deck and wear the uniform from the beginning. When fifteen and rated midshipman, they form a mess with the mates. When examined for their commissions they are expected to know everything relative to navigation and seamanship, are strictly examined in the different sailings, working tides, days' work, and double-altitudes — and are expected

to give some account of the different methods of finding the longitudes by a time-keeper and the lunar observations. In practical seamanship they must show how to conduct a ship from one place to another under every disadvantage of wind, tide, etc. After this, the candidate obtains a certificate from the captain, and his commission when he can get it."

Another note describes a personage whose acquaintance we have missed :—

"A seaman of the old school, whose hand was more familiar with the tar-brush than with Hadley's quadrant, who had peeped into the mysteries of navigation as laid down by J. Hamilton Moore, and who acquired an idea of the rattletraps and rigging of a ship through the famous illustrations which adorn the pages of Darcy Lever."

Denis was a seaman in stirring times. "The year of which we treat," says the "Annual Register" for 1779, "presented the most awful appearance of public affairs which perhaps this country had beheld for many ages;" and Duval had part in more than one of the startling events which succeeded each other so rapidly in the wars with France and America and Spain. He was destined to come into contact with Major André, whose fate excited extraordinary sympathy at the time: Washington is said to have shed tears when he signed his death-warrant. It was on the 2d of October, 1780, that this young officer was executed. A year later, and Denis was to witness the trial and execution of one whom he knew better and was more deeply interested in, De la Motte. The courage and nobleness with which he met his fate moved the sympathy of Duval, whom he had injured, as well as of most of those who saw him die. Denis has written concerning him:—"Except my kind namesake, the captain and admiral, this was the first



*gentleman* I ever met in intimacy, a gentleman with many a stain, — nay, crime to reproach him, but not all lost, I hope and pray. I own to having a kindly feeling towards that fatal man.”

Lütterloh’s time had not yet come; but besides that we find him disposed of with the “Royal George” in the first-quoted letter, an entry in the note-book unites the fate of the bad man with that of the good ship.<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile, the memorandum “Rodney’s action, 1782,” indicates that Duval was to take part in our victory over the French fleet commanded by the Comte de Grasse, who was himself captured with the “Ville de Paris” and four other ships. “De Grasse with his suite landed on Southsea Common, Portsmouth. They were conducted in carriages to the ‘George,’ where a most sumptuous dinner had been procured for the Count and his suite, by Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parkes, who entertained him and his officers at his own expense.” Here also was something for Denis to see; and in this same autumn came on the trial of the two Westons, when Denis was to be the means — unconsciously — of bringing his old enemy, Joseph Weston, to punishment. There are two notes to this effect.

“1782-3. Jo. Weston, always savage against Blaise, fires on him in Cheapside.

“The Black Act is 9 George II. c. 22. The preamble says : — ‘Whereas several ill-designing and disorderly persons have associated themselves under the name of Blacks, and entered into confederacies to support and assist one another in stealing

<sup>1</sup> Contemporary accounts of the foundering of the “Royal George” represent her crowded with people from the shore. We have seen how Lütterloh was among these, having come on board to receive the price of his treason.

and destroying deer, robbing warrens and fish-ponds' . . . It then goes on to enact that 'if any person or persons shall wilfully or maliciously shoot at any person in any dwelling-house or other place, he shall suffer death as in cases of felony without benefit of the clergy.'"

A Joseph Weston was actually found guilty under the Black Act, of firing at and wounding a man on Snow Hill, and was hanged with his brother. Mr. Thackeray's note-book refers him to the "The Westons in 'Session Papers,' 1782, pp. 463, 470, 473," to the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1782, to "Genuine Memoirs of George and Joseph Weston," 1782, and "Notes and Queries," Series I. vol. x.<sup>1</sup>

The next notes (in order of time) concern a certain very disinterested action of Duval's:—

*Deal Riots, 1783.*

"*DEAL.*—Here has been a great scene of confusion, by a party of Colonel Douglas's Light Dragoons, sixty in number, who entered the town in the dead of the night in aid to the excise officers, in order to break open the stores and make seizures; but the smugglers, who are never unprepared, having taken the alarm, mustered together, and a most desperate battle ensued."

Now old Duval, the perruquier, as we know, belonged to the great Mackerel party, or smuggling conspiracy, which extended all along the coast; and frequent allusion has been made to his secret stores,

<sup>1</sup> These notes also appear in the same connection:—

"*Horse-Stealers.* One Saunders was committed to Oxford jail for horse-stealing, who appears to have belonged to a gang, part of whom stole horses in the north counties, and the other part in the south, and about the midland counties they used to meet and exchange. — *Gentleman's Magazine*, 39, 165.

"1783. *Capital Convictions.*—At the Spring Assizes, 1783, 119 prisoners received sentence of Death."

and to the profits of his so-called *fishing* expeditions. Remembering what has been written of this gentleman, we can easily imagine the falsehoods, tears, lying asseverations of poverty and innocence which old Duval must have uttered on the terrible night when the excise officers visited him. But his exclamations were to no purpose, for it is a fact that when Denis saw what was going on, he burst out with the truth, and though he knew it was his own inheritance he was giving up, he led the officers right away to the hoards they were seeking.

His conduct on this occasion Denis has already referred to where he says:— "There were matters connected with this story regarding which I *could* not speak — Now they are secrets no more. That old society of smugglers is dissolved long ago: nay, I shall have to tell presently how I helped myself to break it up." And therewith all old Duval's earnings, all Denis's fortune that was to be, vanished; but of course Denis prospered in his profession, and had no need of unlawful gains.<sup>1</sup>

But very sad times intervened between Denis and prosperity. He was to be taken prisoner by the French, and to fret many long years away in one of their arsenals. At last the Revolution broke out, and he may have been given up, or — thanks to his foreign tongue and extraction — found means to escape. Perhaps he went in search of Agnes, whom we know he never forgot, and whose great relations were now in trouble; for the Revolution which freed him was terrible to "aristocrats."

<sup>1</sup> Notices of Sussex smuggling (says the note-book) are to be found in vol. x. of "Sussex Archaeological Collections," 69, 94. Reference is also made to the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. viii. pp. 172, 292.

This is nearly all the record we have of this part of Denis's life, and of the life which Agnes led while she was away from him. But perhaps it was at this time that Duval saw Marie Antoinette;<sup>1</sup> perhaps he found Agnes, and helped to get her away: or had Agnes already escaped to England, and was it in the old familiar haunts — Farmer Perreau's *Columbarium*, where the pigeons were that Agnes loved; the Rectory garden basking in the autumn evening; the old wall and the pear-tree behind it; the plain from whence they could see the French lights across the Channel; the little twinkling window in a gable of the Priory House, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock — that Denis and Agnes first met after their long separation?

However that may have been, we come presently upon a note of "a tailor contracts to supply three superfine suits for £11 11s. ("Gazetteer" and "Daily Advertiser"); and also of a villa at Bekenham, with "four parlors, eight bedrooms, stables, two acres of garden, and fourteen acres of meadow, let for £70, a year," which may have been the house the young people first lived in after they were married. Later, they moved to Fareport, where, as we read, the Admiral is weighed along with his own pig. But he

<sup>1</sup> The following memoranda appear in the note-book: —

"Marie Antoinette was born on the 2d November, 1755, and her saint's day is the FÊTE DES MORTS.

"In the Corsican expedition the Legion de Lorraine was under the Baron de Viomesnil. He emigrated at the commencement of the Revolution, took an active part in the army of Condé, and in the emigration, returned with Louis XVIII., followed him to Gand, and was made marshal and peer of France after '15.

"Another Viomesnil went with Rochambeau to America in 1780."

cannot have given up the service for many years after his marriage, for he writes:—

“T’other day when we took over the King of France to Calais (H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs have a post-chaise from Dover to look at that old window in the Priory House at Winchelsea. I went through the old wars, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as vehemently after forty years as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the schoolboy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy.”

Elsewhere he writes:—

“And who, pray, was Agnes?” “To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work-table hard by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her—to win such a prize in life’s lottery has been given but to very few. What I have done—of any worth—has been done by trying to deserve her.” . . . “*Monsieur mon fils*,”—(this is to his boy) “if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, ‘I loved him,’ when the daisies cover me.”

Once more of Agnes he writes:—

“When my ink is run out, and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o’clock prayers shall toll for a certain D. D., you will please, good neighbors, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan when her turn shall arrive.”

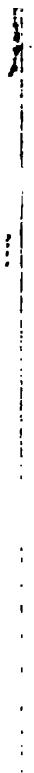


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